MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL

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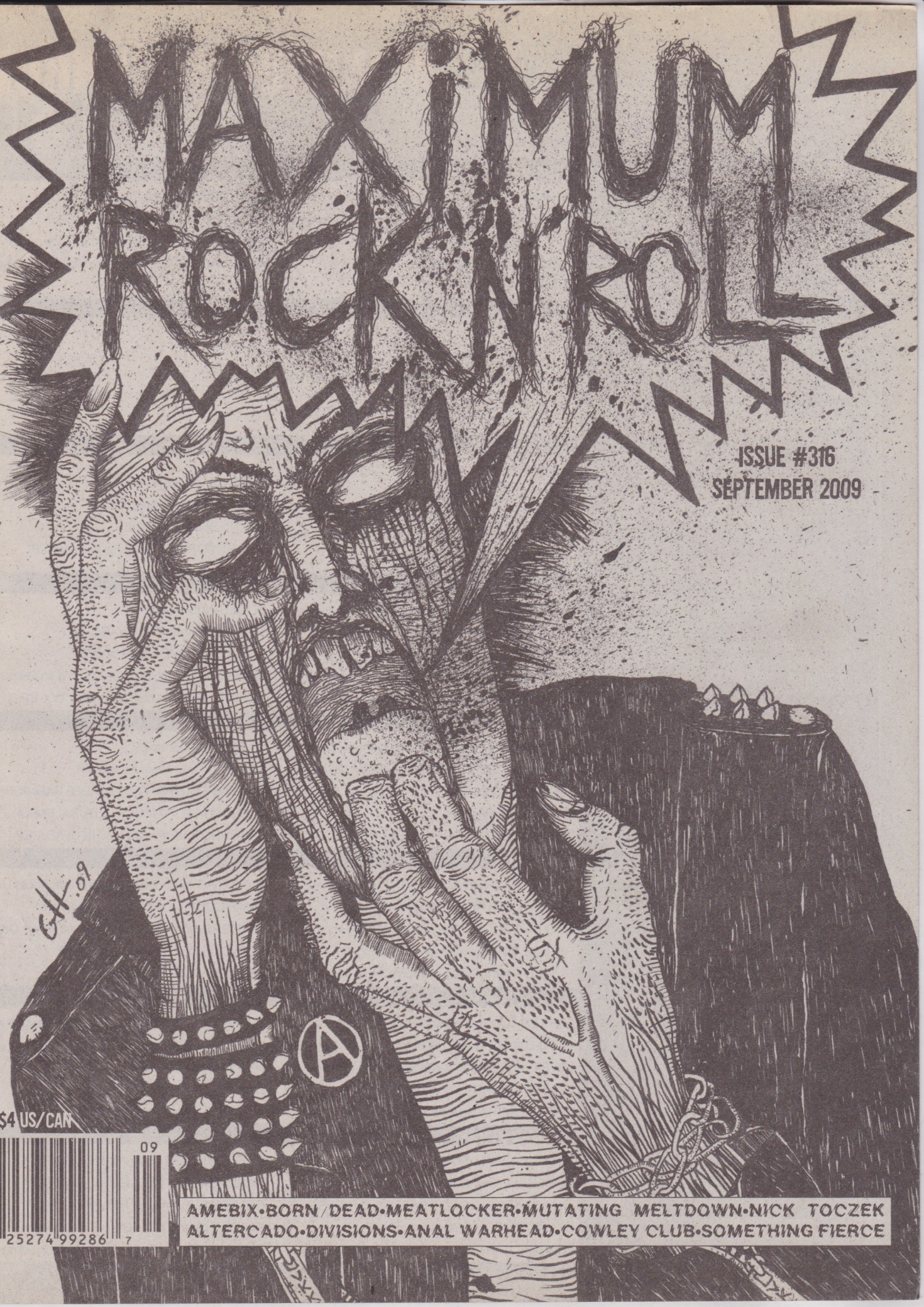

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#156 pt. 2, 175, 179-181, 184, 186-197, 199, 204, 206, 208, 209214, 215, 218, 221-225, 227, 229-236, 238-247, 249-306, 308-315

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

DIANE ANASTASIO

- XYX-Momento Ácido Contemporáneo-EP
- THEE DEAD CLODETTES-Je Cherche un Garçon-EP
- TUBERCULOSIS-tape
- DIRECT CONTROL-Farewell-LP
- HYGIENE-TV Girl-EP
- LOGIC PROBLEM-No Center-EP
- SHITTY LIMITS-Beware the Limits-LP
- STATE POISON-Wolf In Sheep's Clothing-EP
- WOVEN BONES-Your Sorcery/Howlin' Woof-45
- V/A-No Bullshit Vol. 4-EP

JUSTIN BRIGGS

HAPPY BIRTHDAY...

TIM BROOKS

- SCATHA-After the Dust Settles-2xLP
- MANIKIN-Stop the Sirens-LP
- SHITTY LIMITS-Beware the Limits-LP
- BASEBALL FURIES-Throw Them to the Lions-LP
- GOVERNMENT WARNING-Executed-EP
- HYGIENE-TV Girl-EP
- ARRIVALS-My Generation-EP
- V/A-No Bullshit Vol. 4-EP
- SMART COPS-Cominciare A Vivere-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

- AK 77/DEATH STATISTIC-split EP
- BURNT CROSS-In Nature We Trust-EP
- LYBIAN HIT SQUAD-live
- ASPIRIN-We Do Painkilling To Your Anger-EP
- STATE POISON-Wolf In Sheep's Clothing-EP
- SLICES-Nub City-EP
- THE SESS-Brain Ruster/ABC-45
- ECT/RECLUSIVE MUTE-split EP
- THEE DEAD CLODETTES-Je Cherche un Garçon-EP
- MORNE/WARPRAYER-split LP / XYX-EP

LAYLA GIBBON

- XYX-Momento Ácido Contemporáneo-EP
- THEE DEAD CLODETTES-Je Cherche un Garçon-EP
- TUBERCULOSIS-live
- SLICES-Nub City-EP
- BLACK TIME/TY SEGALL-split LP
- TY SEGALL-Cents-EP
- LOS YETIS-Me Siento Loco-EP
- HYGIENE-TV Girl-EP / NOVEDADES CARMINHA-LP
- MIRRORS-LP / YUSSUF JERUSALEM-LP
- ESKORBUTO/RIP-split LP / INTIFADA-EP

BOB GOLDIE

- LOSER LIFE-Friends With a Demon-LP
- DIRECT CONTROL-Farewell-LP
- MAD MINDS-Can't Take Much More-EP
- FUTURE VIRGINS-Easiest Years-EP
- MONKS-Pretty Suzanne/Monk Time-45
- TOP TEN-Girls Understand/Don't Talk About Us-45
- SMART COPS-Cominciare A Vivere-EP
- MIRRORS-Something That Would Never Do-LP
- NERVOUS DOGS-Great Doors-EP
- SECRET ARMY-Redemption-EP

KENNY KAOS

- TOP TEN-Girls Understand/Don't Talk About Us-45
- LET'S DANCE-Calling All Cars-EP
- LOVER!-Let's Play a Game/Salt Water Surprise-45
- LES HATEPINKS-Live at the Stork Club-LP
- SHITTY LIMITS-Beware the Limits-LP
- ROCKNROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-Hillbilly Psychosis-LP
- LADIES-Hole Sailor-EP
- HYGIENE-TV Girl-EP
- LOS YETIS-Me Siente Loco-EP
- THE SESS-Brain Ruster/ABC-45

CAROLYN KEDDY

- JACK OBLIVIAN-Sweet Thang-45
- TY SEGALL-Cents-EP
- MAYYORS-Deads-12" / BASEBALL FURIES-LP
- BLACK TIME/TY SEGALL-split LP
- FRANCIS HAROLD AND THE HOLOGRAMS-45
- WOVEN BONES-45 / SMART COPS-EP
- HARD ONS with NEIL HAMBURGER-EP
- OBLIVIANS-Barristers Ninetyfive-LP
- OBLIVIANS and GORIES-live in Memphis
- CHROME CRANKS-CD / V/A-World's Lousy-EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

PAUL LUCICH

- BLACK SUNDAY-Lights/Can't Keep My Hands-45
- DIGITAL LEATHER-Frest Secrets-EP
- PINK NOISE-Alpha-LP
- GARY WAR-Anhedonic Man-EP
- BURNT CROSS-In Nature We Trust-EP
- FUTURE VIRGINS-Easiest Years-EP
- HARD SKIN-Same Meat Different Gravy-LP
- FUNERAL ORATION-The Godsend-LP
- HUNX AND HIS PUNX-Teardrops On My Telephone-EP
- MANIKIN-Stop the Sirens-LP

RAY LUJAN

- GRABASS CHARLESTONS-Gone Fishin'-EP
- DIRTY FILTHY MUGS-Half-Pint-CD
- K-JELL-Refreshing Power-EP
- NERVOUS DOGS-Great Doors-EP
- LOVER!-Let's Not Play a Game-EP
- PUNKS NOT DAD-We Are the Dads-CD
- VIVIAN GIRLS-Moped Girls/Death-45
- ANCHOR DOWN-Steel to Dust-CD
- POUR HABIT-Suiticide-CD
- THE ZERO-liveß

MARK MURRMANN

- MAYYORS-Deads-12"
- HUNCHES-Home Alone 5-LP
- MIRRORS-Something That Would Never Do-LP
- ESKORBUTO-RIP-split LP
- XYX-Momento Ácido Contemporáneo-EP
- DC SNIPERS-Reaction-LP
- THE SESS-Brain Ruster/ABC-45
- WAR PIGS-No Hope, No Faith, No Point-EP
- JACK OBLIVIAN-Sweet Thang-45
- TURN IT OFFS-Too Much Static-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- HAMMERLOCK/BEFORE I HANG-live
- BURNT CROSS-In Nature We Trust-EP
- SPREAD 'EM-Pizza Crisis-EP
- LADIES-Hole Sailor-EP
- NEVER HEALED-Untitled I/Untitled II-45
- DIRECT CONTROL-LP / HARRINGTON SAINTS-EP
- DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR-Our Glory Days-EP
- SMART COPS-EP / V/A-Speed Punk Metal Crust-EP
- FUNERAL SHOCK-California's Dying-45
- GOVERNMENT WARNING-Execute-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

- FUTURE VIRGINS-Easiest Years-EP
- OK?-Everything Is Going To Be-EP
- XYX-Momento Ácido Contemporáneo-EP
- WHAT IF-Ivy's Birthday-EP
- STREET EATERS/WHITE NIGHT-split EP
- ADD/C/LANDLORD-split EP
- AK 77/DEATH STATISTIC-split EP
- DOG FACED HERMANS-Hum of Life-LP
- MAYYORS-Deads-12"
- SHITTY LIMITS-Beware the Limits-LP

CISSIE SCURLOCK

- ESKORBUTO/RIP-split LP
- ILEGAL-demo
- SLICES-Nub City-EP
- DIRECT CONTROL-Farewell-LP
- INTIFADA-Sounds So Good-EP
- MANIKIN-Stop the Sirens-LP
- HARD SKIN-Same Meat Different Gravy-LP
- XYX-Momento Ácido Contemporáneo-EP
- ASPIRIN-We Do Painkilling To Your Anger-EP
- LOGIC PROBLEM-EP / STATE POISON-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

RELAXING AT THE BEACH

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Distort #22*
- *Doll #264*
- *Equalizing-X-Distort Volume 9, Issue 2*
- *Give Me Back #5*
- *Gutterslug#1*
- *My Time Annihilator*
- *Ploppy Pants #8*
- *Rock and Roel*
- *Seven Inches To Freedom #7*
- *Smile, Hon, You're In Baltimore #11*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality."

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep . '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#307/December '08. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops. Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

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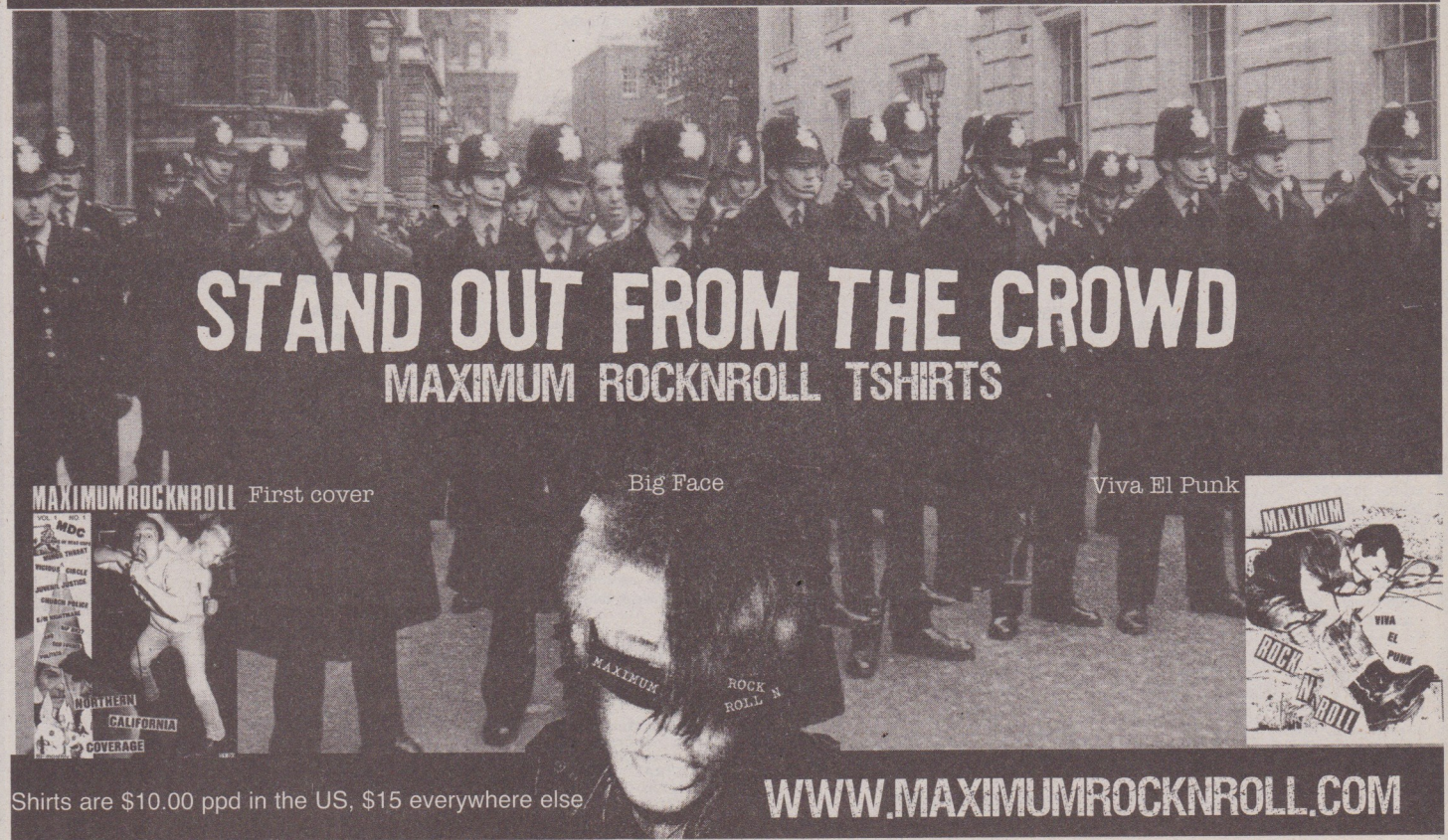

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Dear MRR—
This is in response to the article from the Shotgun Seamtress; as a "punk of color," I found the article with Nia Diaspora interesting. But unlike Nia I decided to stay with punk. I am 40 years old and sing for the band Cthuwulf. I have seen punk go up and down over the years. I discovered punk when I happened on Suicidal Tendencies "Institutionalized" video—before that I was a new waver (thanks to bussing in the early '80s). When I heard the lyrics I could relate to what was said!!! No song had ever spoke to me like that, and when I saw the video with Rocky George playing guitar and a band that looked like kids I saw in my neighborhood!!! I bought the record the next day and was very surprised to see Grant Estes instead of Rocky George, but I put it on the record player and it scared the shit out of me!!!!!! But as I listened I grew more interested and sought out more punk bands to listen to.

I ended up in small town in predominately black neighborhood in Alabama, I was fortunate enough to meet to other black punks who are my life long friends, despite the fact that they are no longer punks. When I returned to L.A. in the late '80s I was still a punk, but sat out many shows because of the rising nazi skinhead violence. I was still buying records, and attended a few shows and I was never made to feel uncomfortable at punk gigs. I did feel uncomfortable at a few thrash metal shows as there were many metalheads who were racist. I left punk for hip-hop, as I felt at that time as a college student that punk had nothing to offer me as a young black man, and rap at that time was a lot smarter than it is now.

But I never sold my records or tapes, and always found myself playing them for old times, I would still read *MRR* even if I didn't buy it. Soon I found myself buying a 7" here and an LP there, thanks to the *MRR* and *Flipside* magazines I had started buying again. It was like punk had a hold on me that no other music had, and I started going to shows again, and yeah nine times out of ten I was the only black punk at the shows but it didn't matter because it was where I belonged. When you saw another black person there, sometimes they would give you a nod and you didn't feel so alone and they didn't feel alone. And yeah sometimes I felt patronized by kids in peace punk/anarcho scenes that felt just because I was black I was to be treated like a prized pony!!! Through it all I stayed with the punk scene. It ain't perfect, things like kids fucking up spaces, bands that think they're rockstars and shit, and it may not solve the worlds problems but one thing it does do it makes you think about things, such as gender, sexual, social, and racial issues. It challenges you to think about things in a different way, even if you leave it, it has influenced you in some way.

One thing, I'm black and I'm punk and I don't ask for special favors, and I don't look for them every show I've gone to. There's no denying that and anyone who knows me knows this as well. I got into punk because I was "out of step" with what everyone else was doing, this is as much my community as anyone else's and I'll always be here. Like a friend told me I didn't choose this, it chose me.
Thank you,
—Sam

Hey Sam—
Thanks for writing. I've been thinking a lot about whether you can be punk without a scene and I feel like your letter really speaks to that idea. For most of us who aren't white, straight or otherwise "normal" or typical punks, it's the scene that's the problem. The feeling of being outnumbered, people saying stupid shit to you, not being able to find people to date, not knowing how to address your experience with race in a white space—those are some of the problems many people of color in punk scenes face, and they are the result of being in a predominantly white space. But, like you pointed out, the principals of punk rock are what we take with us whether we leave punk scenes or not. Take Nia Diaspora from the interview you're responding to. She considers herself ex-punk but continues to be a vegan, straight edge zinester. Does punk rock own veganism or zines or the choice to abstain from drugs? No, but that's where Nia found out about all that stuff so we can't say that they're no relationship there. However, she realizes that she doesn't have to be surrounded by white punk kids to be these things. I've had my periods of withdrawing from punk, not going to shows or other situations where I'd be surrounded by white punk kids. Even now, I've got a ton of friends of aren't really punks. And it doesn't change my values or the way I live me life, it just makes me more well-rounded and less insane feeling. For a lot of black and brown punk kids, withdrawing from the punk scene (even just temporarily) like you did might be a healthy solution to their troubles. You don't necessarily have to abandon your values, your ideals and your way of life, and that's what matters the most anyway.

I love hearing about black punk kids who managed to make friends with other black punks early on, like even when they were still teenagers. I just did an interview with James Spooner (the maker of the documentary Afro-Punk*) where he talks about growing up in a tiny, narrow-minded town and somehow by the grace of the goddess meeting this other black punk kid named Travis who he later even started a band with. What are the chances? It's meeting those one or two people that makes all the difference in the world. I know people like to act like they're so non-conformist, and they just do whatever they want whenever they want no matter what, but representation really is such an important thing. Seeing an example of someone of your same identity being the way you wanna be deep down in your heart is crucial. If you're a black punk, queer, feminist, freak but you never ever see an example of that in your life, it's so much harder to find the courage to be who you really are deep down. Some brave people do it anyway, and those people are my heroes. So anyway, it's awesome that you found other black punks early on and that you're still reading MRR and being true to yourself after all this time.*
Peace,
Osa

Dear MRR—
I'm Madison from Temple City, a small city in LA County. Over the past few years I have been reading a lot of your back issues. I first found one while browsing old magazines in Amoeba records; it was the September '88 issue. I recognized it because I had just finished reading *The Philosophy of Punk*, which by the way is the best book on punk I have ever read. It referenced *MRR* quite a bit. I bought the issue and ever since I was hooked. I found a site where you could read all the back issues for free and as i read more and more I thought to myself "Thisss is what punk is supposed to be!" I was a bit disappointed though when I ordered my first newer issue, June '09 #313. There were only three letters in there! The letters are my favorite part of reading *MRR*. So, here is a letter to fill in the blank space. Hope it will inspire more people to start writing in.

Now I've been into punk for about five years now, I was introduced to it by my older sisters friend. I had mostly been listening to underground hip-hop, which seemed like the only kind of music that really had anything to say anymore. Many would disagree but just like punk, for as much crap that was out there, there was just as much good stuff. It just wasn't very popular; people don't seem to like music with meaning anymore... Anyways, to me, punk was *exactly* what I had been looking for. I had always had the ideals and attitude of punk since I was a little girl. I didn't have a "normal" home life, me and my sister basically raised ourselves, that gave me room to actually think for myself and come up with my own ideas of what was right and what was wrong. I started going to shows every weekend when I was about fifteen. I loved the music and the atmosphere and a lot of the people there where chill as fuck, real fuckin' punks you know? but those people weren't easy to come across. I don't want to sound pessimistic or bring anyone down but it seems like punk has become exactly what hip hop has become, a bunch of dumb kids in dumb crews running around fighting each other and trying to act like they're tough and shit.

People judge you just the same too. I've gone to shows dressed like a "punk" and everyone wants to talk to me. Other times I've gone to shows dressed "normal" and people would look down on me, like I wasn't supposed to be there or something. Punk is a state of mind. If I feel comfortable in jeans and a t-shirt it doesn't make me any less of a punk. Oh, and

isn't punk supposed to endorse respecting women as well? I mean if you talk about standing up for the oppressed why would you leave one group out? I cant tell you how many times guys have just grabbed me at shows like i was a fucking piece of meat! What's worse is when I would get in their face about it they would just stand there with their friends and laugh. How fucking degrading. I guess it makes sense though since probably about fifty percent of the punks in LA worship GG Allin. I mean, I'm sorry but the guy was a fucking disgrace. Yes, he lived by his own rules but that's about all I can say was punk about him. How is "I want to rape you" and "watch me kill" punk? Maybe I'm missing something here...
I know there are still some real punks out there but where the hell are you guys?!?!?
If anyone wants to write me my email address is webb.madison@gmail.com
—Madison

I think your letter proves that you are punker than some judgmental GG Allin fan—it's always funny to me how closed minded punks can be if you don't wear the right uniform! I also hate how some punks think being a sexist pig is part of the don't-give-a-fuck attitude of the subculture. In my eyes they're no better than the jock shitbags that sexually harrass women on the street. Punk is about thinking for yourself, not reflecting mainstream patriarchal bullshit.

My current favorite LA punk bands are Rayos X and Tuberculosis; you should check them out www.myspace.com/rawponxlosangeles. Their scene seems to be based on the DIY ethic, community, questioning politics, and really raging music…
—Layla

Dear MRR—
Ho, hoo boy, ya got me all worked up now *MRR*. Alright I'm really not that pissed, I'm more perturbed, or even miffed. Y'know, I am a faithful subscriber, one who stays true to the magazine though you routinely deny my submissions for guest columns, and traditionally send my letters to the shredder. Do I get upset? No. A few dings are chipped into the old ego, but my mother told me she loved me everyday, so I have plenty to spare. Ok, so pull up a chair and put on your bib, because I am going to cut you a big slab of beef. I never thought I would be the guy to write one of these types of letters, but here goes.

My band the Rich White Males got a less than favorable review in the August issue. My problem isn't that it was a bad review. But, rather, that it was actually a good review disguised as a bad review. It was a back-handed review. First of all, the review was done by Ray Lujan, who in the same section gushed over an emo hardcore record, so please I implore you, in the future, can you distribute the CDs to reviewers who actually have some affinity for the genre in which the music is a party. Our record is a pop punk record. On purpose. Within the lazy review that runs only about three sentences long, he makes no other effort than to say that we sound like Screeching Weasel and the Queers. How easy was that? Like shooting fish in a barrel. Everything tastes like chicken. In the same breath however, in regards to the content he deems it, "fun competent stuff." Hmm...OK. Does any more need to be said? If a record is fun and competent, then what beyond that stone solid bottom line needs to be stated?

In defense to the remark about us being generic and influenced heavily by Screeching Weasel and The Queers, I say damn straight we are, I love those bands. And as honestly as I can make that statement, I can also say that I didn't listen to either of those bands when I wrote all eleven songs on that record. Our reviewer has an untrained ear and has no business reviewing, because anyone with half a half of a wit would hear the heavy influence of the Forgotten Rebels (our cover of Surfing On Heroin was left on the cutting room floor in fact because I thought the album was coming out to Rebels-esque), the Sex Pistols, Pakinska Patka, Hubble Bubble, or any one of the six good bands that were on Killed By Death. And how can you listen to the last song on the disc and not hear that I am desperately trying to write something that could have been on Stiff Records?

Lastly, let me reiterate that yes, this is a pop punk record. On purpose. And that is the key because in our previous recordings I flirted more with the garage rock sound deeply swimming in the vein of the Spits and the reviews for those songs were great in all printed media (Note to self and anyone else listening: in today's climate, all one has to do in order to land a swell review is to record your album in a trashcan, playing your guitar out of a cassette player and recording it using two tin cans. That way you can get that ultra cool garage sound. Get in the front seat, bad recordings, you're riding shotgun! Move over good song writing, your riding bitch, bitch.). Oddly enough, a lot of those songs were on this album, the one that got slammed. Yet when they were on the previous records, and sounded like they were recorded inside my ass, they got ecstatic reviews from *MRR*.

On this record I made a conscious decision to make a pop punk record. To put a kybosh on all of the crappy pop punk that gets produced by bands who are rewarded for their mediocrity by being championed to the heavens, and flown to play big festivals in Baltimore. I can write a better record than any of those guys, and I did. That is why the record is called *We've Come To Kick Ass and Play Bubblegum*. So if your only slam is that it is a pop punk record, well listen up dummy, it was completely intentional to be a pop punk record. One that was done right. I purposely stayed within the confines of the genre and yes dammit, we added something original to the otherwise stale template. My problem is that the only slight was that it was a pop punk record. If the songs sucked, fine. Production blew? Then let me have it. But none of those things were the problem. We are simply guilty of playing a certain style. I hate pop punk. I made that record to show how good it can be. And damn if it didn't turn out fine. If I were a lazy shitworker I might even say it was "fun competent stuff." What else is a record supposed to be?
—Rich White
Buy the record here and see for yourself:
richwhitemales.blogspot.com. I will send you a free CD-R copy if you MySpace message me here: www.myspace.com/therichwhitemales. Just type: "RICH WHITE MALES SUCK" or any other personal insult of your choice (be creative kids!), and include your address.

Hey Rich—
When you send something in for review, you have to accept that the reviewer may not have as high an opinion of your apparently faultless and magnificent work as you yourself do.
—Layla

Dear MRR—
In regards to Jaoa Da Sila's letter in #314, while I agree with the general tone of your letter, Cult Ritual have done the absolutely punkest thing possible (in my opinion, anyway). The records are out there in the secondary market for object fetishists (bless their hearts) but the entire Cult Ritual discography is available via their blog. *Bam,* the band makes some money and (possibly) holds on to some records to flip on the secondary market, *and* releases the contents of said records for free digitally. It just feels like the right way to go about things in this super limited pressing age.
—Gene Quagmire
Ypsilanti, MI, USA

Hmmm, I agree with you in theory, but who would rather have an MP3 than a 12"? Especially of a record that they love. I think the 99c bin at Amoeba makes it clear that people pressed way too many records in the nineties, but living in an era where you can't get a record because all the message board dudes bought the 200-only pressing sucks! I would way rather buy a seven inch from a distro than from some asshole flipper on Ebay. I also think all MP3s should be free...
—Layla

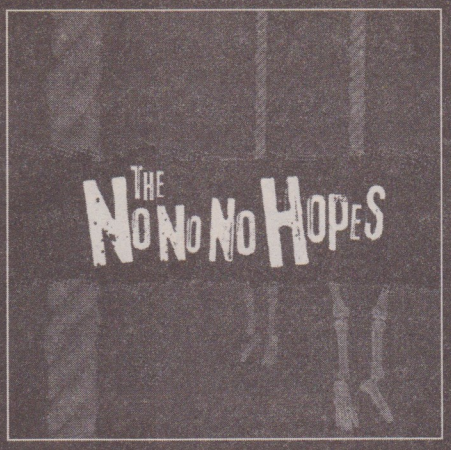
Dear Maximum Rocknroll—
Thank you for reviewing our (Pagrus) demo in the latest issue of *MRR* (#315), however there seems to be a big misunderstanding. In the letter that we sent to you with our demo, we indicated that Pagrus as a band had played shows with Fuck On The Beach and Banjax (as completely separate bands and entities, unrelated to Pagrus), but we are *not* members of those bands, nor does Pagrus feature any former members of those bands.

Yosef's review of the Pagrus demo begins with "All right, here we have folks from Fuck On The Beach and Banjax playing..." But our band doesn't feature members of those bands, and that isn't what we wrote in our letter to you either.

So, although we appreciate that our demo was reviewed, we are placed now in the embarrassing situation of having to explain all of this to Fuck On The Beach and Banjax.
We kindly request a correction.
Thank you.
—Dan (Pagrus)

Dear Maximum Rocknroll—
Is John Ryan my cousin? I don't think so. The Flying Trichecos are not hard-hitting punk, they are street punk like Last Resort. Violence Mind. In the future when gratuitously namedropping members to establish your own credibility, please also include Paul: Inmates, Cider, Brainwashed Youth, the only band ever. Marcus: Upstab, Puncture Wound (lot of knife rock). Shaun: Midnight, PW, Annihilation Time, he's a professional musician and Artist (look at your shitty WHN record). Further, Alessandro was in a better known band, the Grabbies. Cover of your magazine. What did you ever put in about Grabbies? I don't think so. And thanks for the disclosure to the INS or ICE or whatever the letters are. Similar shit made *Anarchy* magazine not carried by AK Press anymore. We have our eye on you. Tim would never let this stand! Darvocets have left this earth. If you must jerk off Italians in your pages, do it to the Romantic Robots.

Cleveland has many good bands, all of which I manage, and we resent the implication of the fact of the matter as anything else. If there are any factual inaccuracies it's because your favorite polenta eater (Polentone) relayed the review to me.
—Beckett Warren, Manager
Flying Trichecos, Sunday Manager, Now That's Class.



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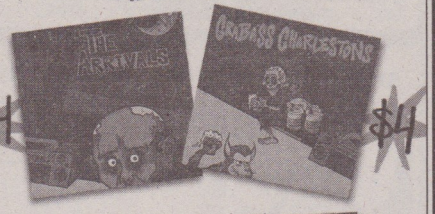

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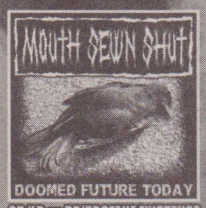

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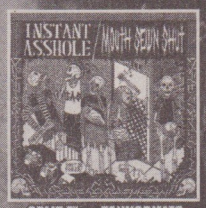

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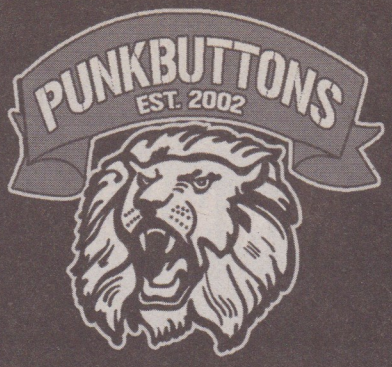

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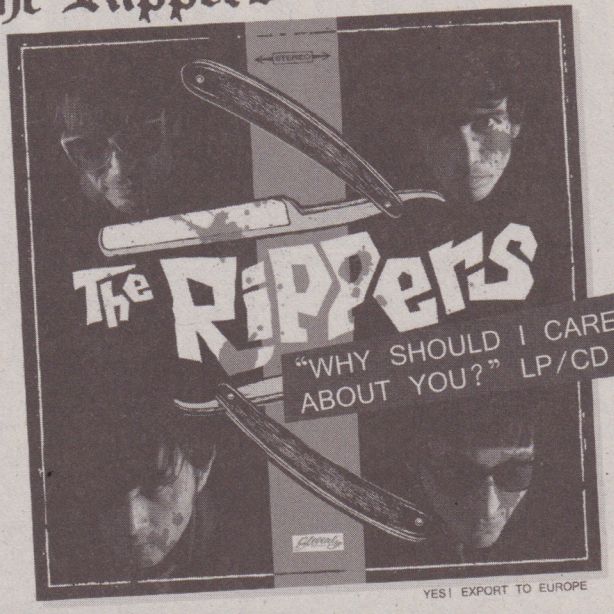

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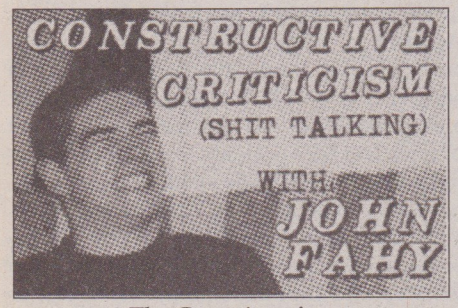


The Great American Teenage Suicide Rebellion

Sometimes, while delving into the ocean of music that is unknown to you, you will ask a friend for help. There are plenty of bands you've heard *of* out there, but not actually heard. So you ask for some guidance now and then to see if certain bands or records are worth your time, dollars and effort. You might say to your friend while flipping through records, "Oh, is this band any good?" And your friend will say, "Oh yeah, they're great, definitely check them out!" Curious, you'll reply, "Well is there a certain record I should start out with?" To which your friend may say, "Uh, they're all awesome, get everything!" At this point you begin to think your friend is full of shit and giving the *right* answer and not the one they actually believe, because there is almost *always* a "best" record that should be checked out first. Sometimes, though, it simply is true that everything a *few* bands put out, is absolutely brilliant. GUYANA PUNCH LINE and IN/HUMANITY are two such bands.

I told you last month I'd be back waving the flag of noisy '90s hardcore once again and here I am. I've been listening to GUYANA PUNCH LINE and IN/HUMANITY nonstop the last few months and simply have to run my mouth about them. Both bands pull off everything I could want a hardcore band to—play fast, heavy, dissonant hardcore while screaming rapid-fire, ugly lyrics about uncomfortable topics. The records either band would release throughout the mid-'90s to early noughties came with a deluge of inserts, artwork, writing, lyrics and occasionally, personal effects and handwritten notes. All of it was interesting, challenging, disturbing and above all, entertaining.

Lyrically, both bands pulled no punches, taking aim at everything from 9/11 hysteria (in the immediate aftermath) to their own audience of punks and hardcores (very often). Chris Bickel, who sang in both groups, brought something new to the table lyrically simply by hailing from the ignorant, bigoted, hysterically-Christian Deep South—there's a lot of room for scathing lyrics with this background alone. IN/HUMANITY's "Greener Eyes" is a wild hardcore song interspersed with some old-country influenced lyrical melodies berating the sleazy elements of the south, but a better example of their southern-backlash hardcore is the last song on the first GUYANA PUNCH LINE LP, *Maximum Smashism* - "Protect The Fear". The song is about three young kids railroaded by the court system after a child is murdered and the public suspects them of being satan-worshipping killers simply because of their interest in heavy metal. "Being the oddball or misfit is sometimes all that it takes / Being the kid in the back of the room can be your fatal mistake". Part of the song's backhanded response to knee-jerk ignorant Christianity is to taunt it further by actually *sounding evil.*

The *evil* sound both bands conjured is something that made them stand out against the many other noisy hardcore bands of their time. IN/HUMANITY's *The History Behind The Mystery - Music To Kill Yourself By* LP begins in this spectacularly creepy, evil fashion with "If It's Wrong, It's Real". A little percussion and some very somber cellos suddenly give way to plodding, heavy, death-march hardcore and maniacally screamed vocals before ending as it began, somber and morose. An ideal song for the funeral of The Church Of Satan's Anton LaVey. When the band mixed this vibe with their ability to write simple, catchy rock and roll riffs, it created songs like the unforgettable "Me And My Shadow", "We're Sick Of Music And We Hate Each Other", and "Let There Never Be Another Song Ever Wrote(sic)" of the same record. All of these songs are deeply infectious - the kind you cannot get out of your head for days. Some of their songs like "Modern Hate Vibe" and "Portion of 130 Faces" have choruses that are so catchy in their simplicity and sung with such energy and innocence that they come off as Mickey Mouse Club anthems perverted by Bickel and company.

GUYANA PUNCH LINE, the more recent of the two bands, kept up many of the same lyrical themes as IN/HUMANITY; religion, cults, and suicide—but GPL spoke to the underground punk culture directly far more often. Their last LP in particular, *Direkt Aktion*, stays on the topic of "smashism" and the incitement-of-youth topic almost throughout. "Direct Aktionists Daily Affirmation" has few lyrics but these: "You can do the crime and never do the time / Don't get caught! Don't get caught! Don't get caught!..." While the band seeks to both incite and criticize their audience in the literature and lyrics within the album, the overall message that jumps out at the listener is "fuck shit up, seriously."

I tried to look up Bickel to talk about both bands but did not have any success. Maybe that's for the best. Sometimes you can meet people from hardcore bands you respect and they turn out to be total tools and then you have all these records you used to love, but now can't bring yourself to listen to. I don't know much about the man other than he used to write for this fine publication you hold in your Cheetos-stained hands right now, but I do know one story about the man. I have no idea if it's actually *true*, but fuck it, it's a good story.

Allegedly, long ago Chris Bickel was saving to open a record store in South Carolina. To fund the venture, he stripped for a living while sharing an apartment with another musician. The musician, it turns out was soon-to-be-famous as a Blowfish of Hootie And The Blowfish. On the road to "success," the Blowfish would try to guide Bickel in the same direction by explaining to him, "Chris, you're never going to make it if you keep playing all-original material. Here's what you do: start playing covers at bars. Then, after you get a name for yourself, *then* you slip in an original. And after a while, if people like it, you can play whatever you want." Bickel, un-phased tells the Blowfish he is not interested in playing anything other than his own music. Some time later, the Blowfish are huge and Bickel has opened his record store. Being the hometown of Hootie and the other clowns, Bickel sees that there is a market for Hootie bootlegs and accordingly, sells them under the counter for a few extra dollars. Word gets out too far about this, and the FBI shut down Bickel's store over Hootie and the fucking Blowfish.

GUYANA PUNCH LINE and IN/

HUMANITY have a lot of material out, luckily for us. All of them have songs that will put you on your ass, guaranteed. Really, all of them are good, seriously.

ENDNOTES:

1. When I say "all of them", I mean the ones I have: IN/HUMANITY's *History Behind The Mystery* LP, *The Nutty AntiChrist* LP, *Your Future...* EP, *Gets Killed By Robots* EP, GUYANA PUNCH LINE's *Irritainment*, *Maximum Smtashism* and *Direkt Aktion* LPs, *Sounds For The New Youth Aesthetic* EP, and *Don't Forget The Heroes* EP. Maybe you have some that I don't...but I want. Tape them and contact me: John Fahy/ 15011 Lakeside View Dr./ Apt. 2402/Fort Myers/FL/33919.

2. Thanks to everyone who helped with booking the PANZRAM tour! Demos are available from me still for five bucks ppd, and you can hear the whole thing at the blog: www.humancrushrecordings.blogspot.com Also, all the other Human Crush releases can be heard there, though not in their entirety like the demo.

3. I have two columns in the new Seven Inches to Freedom, one of which has been printed here before. There are also legions of reviews, articles on Rupture, communal living, and tons more Joe is getting these suckers printed now and they look great, so send him a big-deal two bucks for a copy: hiszeroisgone@yahoo.com or Joe Lachut/P.O. Box 457/Fort Myers/FL/33902

4. Noisy hardcore bands, send your fucking demos to the address above!

Summer's in full swing finally. More sweaty days and nights. When I'm not too beat from work (which has unfortunately become a manual labor job), I've been over at our practice space trying to work out recordings with friends. Force Fed from Pennsylvania came up and recorded a five song 7" to be released on Painkiller shortly, we released a demo previously for them, but I'm happy to say this thing sounds a little dirtier, and I much prefer the drum sound. I just had this, and a 7" of death metal by Innumerable Forms mastered at Enormous Door Studio by Jack Control, if you need a quick and affordable mastering job done, look into this gentleman. He has a consummate knowledge of hardcore, punk, and miscellaneous brutality, and has worked on four or five projects for me now, all with admirable results.

In addition I've been twisting some knobs on some new Mind Eraser and New Lows material, both of which are coming along pretty well. They were done almost back to back, which might have been more stressful if Doug of New Lows (and Rival Mob) hadn't just donated a TV and DVD player to the practice space. Both sessions I tried to really build up a massive guitar sound by using more mics, but only two guitars per song. To do this I've been experimenting a bit with bass mics and room mics to add more depth to the sound. This can get tricky because of all the low frequency mud it brings into the mix. I haven't devised a good system other than just adjusting the EQ's and compression rates accordingly, but so far I haven't had any major fiascos. This also kind of leads to my next thought.

The other day I was reading my latest mailing of TapeOp, and I was sort of struck by a quote in a letter from one of the readers. In a letter (about a past feature some over rated indie artists that I have little personal interest in) there was a moment of beautiful clarity, where-in reader Dave Scott stated, "Music can be made anywhere, with anything." I love it, it sums up the way I really feel about music and recording. All you have to do is find out what works for you and do it. You can make the best record in your bedroom or garage. You can do it with one busted 30-watt combo amp, and a ramshackle drum kit. You can do it with a 4-track. You can do it with only a couple of cheap mics. Nice shit helps facilitate the process, but sometimes having nothing and making it work can be better. This month I've compiled a list of my favorite punk(-ish) records that help to remind you that *music can be made anywhere with anything*, a good thing to remember and an easy one to forget. It's a top nine, because everything is a top ten now… or maybe because my column is gonna be late again.

1.The Germs – *Forming* (What? 1977)

The perfect way to start this list, in my opinion is with the Germs "Lexicon Devil" single. Never has there been a better summation of the anywhere/anything concept. One mic for the music, one mic for the vocal, one riff, and probably the most brain cell destroying drumbeat of all time, no art school skronking, only true cultural deconstruction. The B-side, "Sex Boy" is a live recording of course, with two riffs instead of one, but isn't half as historically important as the A-side. It's funny though and a pretty good brain dead dirger.

2. The SS – *The Original* (Alchemy, 1985)

Next, kind of on the same tip as "Sex Boy" from the Germs single is The SS' *The Original* 12". Whether or not this is the first hardcore record to come from the country of Japan, there's no doubt that it's one of the fastest recordings made in 1978. Sometimes accidents happen, and sometimes they predict where others will intentionally heading. On *The Original*, the band tears through a bunch of Ramones style licks, but at least triple the speed, and with the simple documentary style "recording" that comes from pointing one microphone at the source of the racket. Something about this is maybe more honest and it brings on a feeling like whatever you're hearing hasn't fully congealed yet.

3. Agnostic Front – *United Blood* (self, 1983)

For undisputed hardcore, little beats Agnostic Front's "United Blood". The arrangements are simple both in terms of songwriting, and in terms of mic placement and sound. It's dry as hell, the guitars are out of tune, and the vocals are louder than everything else, but it's made an impact with innumerable people over the past three decades. You don't need fancy skills, if you have a vision and a little bit of ingenuity you can work around your limitations, even if they're extreme.

4. Skitslickers – *Cracked Cop Skulls* (Malign Massacre, 1982)

Sweden's Skitslickers took a similar route as Agnostic Front, but had wholly different results. A 4-track and a load of distortion could produce the same results. Note to all you glue-huffers out there, some of this stuff just can't be faked on your parent's Macintosh with garage band. Go on EBay (you know what that is) and pick up a used cassette 4-track. If this is the sound you want, that's how to get it.

5. Big Black – *Lungs* (Ruthless, 1982)

Big Black's *Lungs* E.P. is a fine example of a loner creep using his available tools (a practice amp, a guitar, a drum machine) to make a perfect document of Midwestern US alienation. Steve Albini (who has since professed his disgust for this self produced one man masterpiece) bartered a case of beer for the use of a 4-track for the week and then took the bombast of stalwarts like Killing Joke and Suicide, stripped away all the rock critic approved sheen and replaced with all the teenaged anomie that could fit into these tracks. The guitars and bass are run direct, and rather than try to make it like he had a real amp (or drummer) at his disposal, Albini emphasized the artificial cold feeling they naturally had.

6. Bathory – s/t (Black Mark, 1984)

Bathory's s/t LP is the absolute perfection of lo-fi thrashing punk metal. Recorded in 68 hours with a 20-watt practice amp in a mechanic's garage the first Bathory LP stands as a reminder that if you have a persistent vision, everything else becomes secondary. Up until that point it's probably the harshest sounding punk/metal release that I can think of.

7. V/A – Flex Your Head (Dischord, 1982)

Dischord's *Flex Your Head* comp will

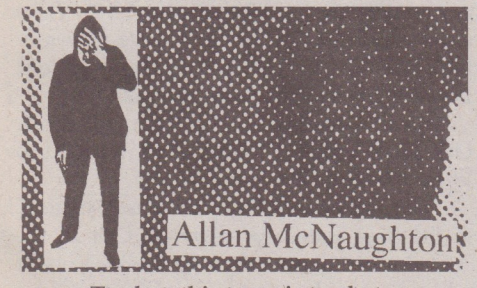
always have a special place in my life, not only because it sums up the previously mentioned sentiments, but also makes the addition of *anyone* to the anywhere/anything equation. In this case an entire scene of teenagers was assembled and knocked the rest of the world on their ass after compiling their demo tracks onto this LP.

8. Repulsion – *Slaughter of The Innocent* Demo '86 (later issued as the *Horrified* LP) (Necrosis, 1989)

Repulsion had the odds stacked against them. They were a metal band from Michigan and they were playing about three years ahead of the curve in terms of speed and brutality. They just never could catch a break and this demo, which was meant to secure a record deal came out raw like a fresh cut of tuna, and as a result languished on the shelves for three years while the band disintegrated. Eventually it became one of the templates of the whole grindcore movement, and was issued by members of Carcass in 1989, but for the less brutal minded readers, please understand—this recording is punk as fuck. While so many of their peers of the day were neutered in the studio by slick haired coke snorting producers, these guys got a recording that was a totally accurate representation of who they were. Filthy distortion soaked thrashers that sounded like Discharge at warped speed? I think so.

9. Sewer Zombies – *Reach Out* (Subversive, 1985)

The Sewer Zombies LP is not a classic. You probably don't own it. You've maybe heard it or seen it for $4.99 somewhere. For me though it's one of the coolest and most bizarre hardcore releases ever. It's basically improvised HC/Thrash from Florida circa '85. Sometimes it's in Flipper mode, sometimes it's sort of like if Deep Wound had no songs, but made an album. Most of the time the guitars and bass have nothing to do with each other. Sometimes songs stop so the head Sewer Zombie (rumor is this was a one man band) can take a piss or speak into a reverb unit. Most of the time when I play it I'm just struck by how much of an outsider LP it is. If music can be made anyplace and anywhere, this music probably came from Mars.



Too hot, this town is too hot...

Last Saturday was one of the hottest days of the year so far. Me and the missus spent the afternoon enjoying the sunshine in the backyard of the Brooks family, along with assorted family members, punks, and herberts. Mrs. Brooks had laid on a lovely spread of tacos and we may have consumed a light beer or two. I understand the party continued 'til the wee hours, but we had to leave early. I had a previous engagement to play some records at Eli's Mile High Club, a bar in Oakland. Eli's has been around for a long time as a blues club, but I think it's been through a couple of changes in ownership, and now it seems to have found a new lease on life as a punk rock dive bar. Wee Phil (who plays drums in a bunch of bands in the Bay Area, including my band, which will not be named) had hooked up a DJ spot for Saturday night and asked me to help him out. I packed up my Osmonds 7" carrying case and biked it down to Eli's in time to get the party started with my tired collection of dollar-bin singles.

Things were going swimmingly—Phil was on the decks playing the Dickies or something when a couple of crusty girls appeared from the smoking patio and proclaimed themselves to be barflies (first time I've ever heard someone use that expression to refer to themselves) and politely insisted that they just had to hear some Too $hort. Funnily enough, this wasn't on Phil's planned playlist for the evening and he'd neglected to bring along any Too $hort records, but luckily one of the girls proceeded to dig a CD (no case) out of her military surplus backpack. Phil was happy to oblige and once he'd figured out how to make the CD player work (like any proper DJ, Phil usually only plays vinyl) the dance floor shook to the sounds of some sexually explicit hip hop. The girls ground into each other for the duration of the long, lewd song while we embarrassed DJs sorted our records and the missus laughed at us. Philip followed up Too $hort with some Geza X or Klaus Fluoride or something. The ladies took their CD, thanked us, and went back out to the patio to smoke some more. I thought for sure that we'd set an unfortunate precedent, and would be fielding requests to play customer's own CDs all night, but luckily that wasn't the case.

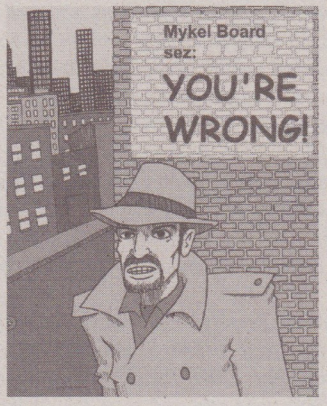
A bit later, I took over the wheels of steel and the bartender loaded up a DVD on the large projection screen. To my dismay, the DVD was titled *Ghetto Fights* and appeared to feature real footage of impoverished and intoxicated Americans knocking lumps out of each other on the streets of predominantly African-American neighborhoods. On the screen, scrawny black girls grabbed at each other in disputes over god knows what. Boobs popped out of their tube-tops as clumps of fake hair came away in Lee Press-on claws. Grown men settled meaningless beefs with drunken punches swung at perceived haters. It depressed me to be playing a soundtrack of punk records alongside these visuals to a diverse crowd in a part of Oakland that many people would consider the "ghetto" (although it's not a term I would commonly use).

I wasn't sure what to do, but I decided to try and counter the exploitative video by playing some ska. I think I was playing the Selecter when a tall, burly skinhead approached the DJ booth. He was shaved for battle, with docs, braces, and a flight jacket. Although I've known many such skins over the years, one still never knows what to expect, but luckily he simply praised my music choice, and commented that it was a shame about the negative imagery we were forced to watch while I was playing such positive music. Later on we chatted for a bit. His name was Scotty and he was a pretty friendly guy. Shortly after our first interaction, he went over to the DVD player and shut it off. I gave him the thumbs up as he went back to the bar. No one protested at the DVD being turned off, but then, Scotty didn't look like the kind of guy you argue with.

The rest of the night went off without a hitch. Well past closing, me and the missus, Phil, and his bird, Loz wobbled our bikes erratically* homeward in the warm night air.

*We got paid in booze.

PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609. Archives (I think) at www.maximumrocknroll.com.



"History will be kind to me, for I intend to write it." -Winston Churchill

"As an Internet discussion grows longer, the probability of a comparison involving Nazis or Hitler approaches 1." –Godwin's Law

"Those who study history are condemned to live in it." -Mykel Board

I'm madder than a Klansman whose wife bought colored—instead of white—sheets. My fucking boss. Accusing me of *sexual harassment* because I ask a female student to sew a button on my shirt. Telling me what I can and can't say in class. He's a fascist.

"I'm gonna take a picture of him. Then, photoshop on a little mustache and comb-over," I say, "Post it in the teacher's lounge."

I sit in Jennifer's kitchen. The kettle on the stove whistles. Jennifer walks over to it.

Using a Motel 6 towel as a potholder, she picks it up and pours the water over some green leaves.

"Oh, Mykel," she says, "cut it with that Hitler stuff. Everything is Hitler—or the Nazis. If you get too much cream in your coffee, it's the Nazis. Somebody takes your seat on the subway. They're Hitler. Give it up already."

Kerpow.

News item: *Will Smith finds himself in hot water with the Jewish Defense League. He told a Scottish newspaper that Hitler didn't mean to do evil, but rather, using "a twisted, backwards logic, he set out to do what he thought was 'good.'"*

The JDL denounced Smith's remark as "ignorant, detestable, and offensive."

In response, Smith issued a statement clarifying his position on Hitler as a "vile, heinous, vicious killer."

This column isn't (only) about Hitler. Though, he's probably the best example. Here are some others:

Wikipedia: *The Armenian Genocide also known as* the Armenian Holocaust, the Armenian Massacres *and, by Armenians, as* The Great Calamity *refers to the deliberate and systematic destruction (genocide) of the Armenian population of the Ottoman Empire during and just after World War I. It was characterized by the use of massacres, and deportations involving forced marches under conditions designed to lead to the death of the deportees, with the total number of Armenian deaths generally held to have been between one and one-and-a-half million.*

Wikipedia Two: In God, Greed, and Genocide: The Holocaust Through the Centuries, *Grenke quotes Chalk and Jonassohn with regards to the* Cherokee Trail of Tears *that "an act like the Cherokee deportation would almost certainly be considered an act of genocide today".*

"The Indian Removal Act of 1830" led to the Trail of Tears. About 17,000 Cherokees—along with approximately 2,000 black slaves owned by Cherokees—were removed from their homes. The number of people who died as a result of the Trail of Tears has been variously estimated. American doctor and missionary Elizur Butler, who made the journey with one party, estimated 4,000 deaths.

From the Internet: *The 1831 uprising in Southampton, Virginia was led by Nat Turner, who was himself a slave. Slave rebels systematically went from house to house killing about sixty whites before they were disbanded. In the suppression of the revolt, about one hundred African Americans died and authorities hanged sixteen more.*

In Turner's lengthy autobiographical statement, he says that God led him to bring judgment against whites because of the institution of slavery.

Newsflash: *The bloodbath began when an eight-year-old girl attending a Christmas Eve party answered a knock at the door. A man dressed as Santa and carrying what appeared to a present, pulled out a handgun and shot her in the face. Then, he began shooting indiscriminately as partygoers tried to flee.*

By the time it was over, at least eight people at the party were dead and the house was torched. The gunman killed himself hours after exacting revenge against his ex-wife with the massacre at his former in-laws' home.

Flash to last week: I'm at my nephew's Bar Mitzvah. I mine-sweep the tables for the dregs of the vodka bottles. Following me is my cousin, B who came in from Thailand. A man whose mind runs through the same trough as mine, he moved there after his wife dumped him. A new girlfriend (35 years his junior) later, he's in New York for the festivities.

"Hey B," I say. "Did you meet S? She's over there and she's got a pair of lips on her that could suck a car engine out through a tailpipe."

He looks over his shoulder.

"Yeah," he says. "But I gotta keep away from her. We have a history."

Flashback to 1487: It's two a.m. You're in bed. You lay naked, face up, your knees pressed close to your ears. On top of you, Pablo lies with his tubular bell, pressed deep into your belfry. Your lips press against his. You feel each thrust, stretching that once tight sphincter into an open, welcoming ring.

Pain. Delightful pain, as Pablo bites into your shoulder, as he grunts to hold back the inevitable. Your own arm reaches around the back of your leg to pump yourself from the front, while Pablo comes up the rear.

Blam! The doors smash open. You hear a shout.

Sodomia!

A clothed arm curls around Pablo's neck. He's wrenched off you, thrown back against the wall. You smell the stench of your own body.

Then two hands grab under your shoulders, pulling you naked out of the room. Your feet scrape against the cobblestones as you're dragged through the streets. Your naked body comes to rest—face-down—in the basement of the cathedral.

You struggle. Something metallic smashes into your face. A warm liquid drips from the corner of your eye to the corner of your mouth. You taste the sweet saltiness of your own blood.

You're face down, in chains, handcuffed to a kind of pedestal. It pressed into your stomach, and feels like it will tear your hips apart.

Voices in Latin speak above you. Again, you hear the word *sodomia!*

Then you feel it. *The Pear.* You know what it is without seeing it. It's been your nightmare for years.

Now you feel it, the metal. Like a clamp. Pear shaped. Shoved into your already bleeding rectum. A fist-sized metal flower bud at the end of a screw. It's massive. You'll die.

But not too soon. That's just the beginning. The screw is turned. Slowly, the clamp expands. Its petals open inside you like a flower blooming from a bud. Opening larger and larger. Your insides rip. Then they shred. Death can't come soon enough for you. Stop! *Stop!*

****

Yes, *stop!* Everybody's got their history. Everybody's got some saga that justifies being mean to someone else. Something 50 years ago, 100 years ago, 5000 years ago. Armenians, Jews, homos.

History is a grudge factory that justifies any atrocity in the name of one that passed. Conservatives want to kill Muslims in the name of 9/11. Palestinians want to kill Israelis in the name of land taken in 1967. Israelis want to ethnically cleanse Israel from Palestinians in the name of God who "gave them" the land 5000 years ago.

Get it?

I'm writing about *history*. Its abuse at the hands of every vengeful despot. It provides the all-purpose excuse for the worst atrocities. Its erection rises to impale everyone who is close, but *different*.

History. A bunch of guys killing other guys. Written by the winner. Words in a book.

The Bible, the single most deadly book in the world, is a history book. It starts on day zero, and goes downhill from there.

Find a Jew. There's a holocaust museum. Talk to Catholics in Northern Ireland and you'll wait ten seconds before *Protestant Oppression in Irish History* pops to the fore. Talk to an anarchist? *The commies, what they did to us in the Spanish Civil War.* In Africa, tribal histories resurface every few years, along with severed limbs, and spilled intestines. People hate people they've never met. Why? History!

The solution is simple. And very New York. *Fuhgeddaboudit!*

Yeah. Ignore that history. Let it go. Armenian's three million, trumped by Jews eight million, trumped by Stalin's nine million, trumped by Mao's, I dunno, a billion? It's over. Start again. *Fuhgeddaboudit!*

The CIA tortured. G.W. Bush conspired. OK, show us the pictures. It's important to know the truth, but then *let it go!*

The future won't right the past. "Justice" is the drag name for revenge. Call in the Alzheimer's! Start every day thinking about what's gonna happen tomorrow. What you do now will make that day. Yesterday's over. You won't change it. Forget it.

ENDNOTES:
[email subscribers (god @mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to comment on and discuss the column]

—>*Whoever said cops can't laugh dept:* Ex-suburban Chicago cop, Drew Peterson, called into a local radio talk show. Peterson, in jail on suspicion of the murder of his third wife and the disappearance of his fourth, suggested a new on-the-air game: *Win a Conjugal Visit with Drew.* He did not say, however, if the winner would be leaving the prison alive.

—>*Sometimes capitalism is its own best humor dept:* The Aggronautix company has released GG Allin and Tesco Vee bobblehead dolls. Called Throbbleheads, the dolls will be a "limited edition" (yeah right) collector's item. The Dwarves collection is next. I shit you not (But does the GG doll?).

—>*Al and the Xenophobes dept:* An organization calling itself Repower America is spamming email from coast to coast. Throwing Al Gore's name around, they're sponsoring a TV/YouTube commercial promoting "clean energy."

The commercial features some hick-looking actor, shucking hay and walking in front of a horse. The focus? "We've got to stop being held hostage by foreign oil." And "we're still borrowing money to buy oil from dictators who don't like us." How about, "we're burning it in ways that kill God's green earth."

Yeah, it's the new liberal strategy. Appeal to the worst in us: xenophobia and religion. *Evil foreigners and God's earth.* It elected George Bush, right? Maybe it'll work for the environment.

Sorry, bub, I don't want to breathe clean air made for God and against foreigners. *You* breathe it. It makes me sick.

—>*Madam, I'm Adam dept:* I found an old email from Rob Hernandez. It's good diet advice. And a palindrome:

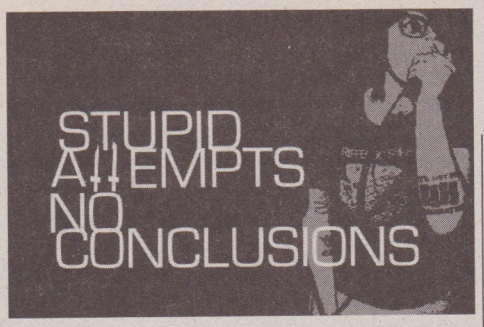
Doc, note I dissent, a fast never prevents a fatness. I diet on cod.

—>*What about* homo *department:* In Staten Island, that wonderful borough that brought you Rudy Giuliani, it is illegal for a father to call his son a "faggot" or "queer" in an effort to curb "girlie behavior."

Now, that's a way to take the power out of a word. Make it illegal. Just like making heroin illegal took the power out of that drug, right?

—>*Tea baggin' dept:* Thanks to Amy K. and Trevor Y for their... er... action DVD. Amy, you've got talent. I don't know how you fit them BOTH at the same time. And Trevor, are you sure you don't have some kind of... er... disease?

I need more! Send me your homemade videos. I'm still at: Mykel Board, POB 137, Prince Street Sta, New York NY 10012



Being a normal human trying to have realistic expectations of myself, I originally opted out doing my column this month. You see, the deadline is the fifth and around then I had just finished two consecutive three-week tours and I was in the middle of getting my gigantic, gas-devouring van (nine-seater, motherfucker!) from New York City back home to Newfoundland. I was driving an average of like, I dunno, 500 miles a day, my computer wouldn't turn on, and when I was using someone else's, I was trying really, really hard to convince flaky craigslist losers to join us for the drive, as to thin out the insane amount of gas required for such a van. It didn't really work out. My boyfriend and I went most of the trip alone. I guess all the potential ride-sharers could sense the stank of nine punks and a lack of windows during an east coast June and backed out. Squares.

Anyways, I'm not a machine! I'm a broke-ass kid lacking the proper technology to keep up with all this shit. One day, when I get a real adult salaried job and don't live in a region with a monopolized phone service run by corrupt super-corporations taking advantage of our geographical isolation from the rest of the world, I'll do my columns via text message, like those novels in Japan that are ruining the traditional structure of Kanji. Mobile phone novels. You know what I'm talking about. But for now, I'm sharing a 30-buck land line with my two roommates and buying a shitty $200 used laptop every year after I do something stupid with the last one, like drop it when I'm all shaky during 7 a.m. security check-in a JFK airport, because I chose shitty Brooklyn drugs over sleep.

Blah, blah, blah, so I got home on the tenth, check up on my square-mail (that's "e-mail" for you squares), and find lambasting from coordinator-in-feminfascist, Layla Gibbon, for dropping the ball on the cause this month. I guess the boy columnist to girl columnist ratio is way out of whack and when one of us precious few opt out, the scale tilts just that little more towards the Maximum Gender'nEquity. That was two puns in one paragraph. I'm sorry. I'm really grasping at last-minute content here.

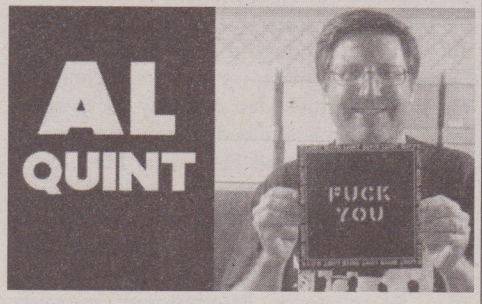
Anyways, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I will re-burden myself with the struggle of being a consistent wimmin voice in punk and thank you to the new columns editor (Props to the incoming, Judy Balmin, and the outgoing, Cassie, for putting up with our shit and doing a lot of work, and probably being representative of the vast and invisible behind-the-scenes work punk ladies tend to do that keeps all this shit going), for allowing me to submit another gripping segment of "My Bands Played Places Yours Probably Didn't" an entire week late.

Peterborough, Ontario: I'm not a fan of the "Why live in this place when you can live in that super-city over there?" ideology, but I kind of think it when I go to Peterborough. It's like a sleepy suburb half an hour out of Toronto, a bustling metropolis where the scene is young and enthusiastic and the cheap food is delicious and plentiful. But then, shelter is expensive, you can't park fucking anywhere, and it's kind of a suffocating, busy city. And Stu lives in Peterborough—Stu who does *Free Society* zine, which is long-lived and interesting and smart. And Stu does DIY shows. He prefers all-ages even though he's, like, old, like 28, but sometimes he'll have to do a show at a tiny bar, where the owner will stand outside and yell *fuck you* at the upstairs neighbor who calls the cops to complain about noise (although that first band doing a brutally poor mash-up of No Means No meets the Minute Men did play for over an hour [nobody is allowed to play for over an hour except Nas and Fleetwood Mac] and I almost called the cops too). And the bar is next door to a delicious pizzeria that donates pizzas to touring bands. And the twenty people who come will go fucking nuts when you play. So whatever, Peterborough is pretty okay. Recommended.

Orono, Maine: I took these Irish bands on tour, drove them around. I'm tour bossy, it's pretty annoying. But do you need to drink in our van outside the community center that is being surveilled by cops looking for any excuse to put the kibosh on all-ages hardcore shows? Is it me? Do I drive you to drink? But anyways, it didn't matter, because when my Irish tourmates got busted by cops, they charmed and distracted them with their passports (22-year-old small-town police: "What?! You're from Ireland?! No way, that's wicked!! Want to try out my night vision goggles?") My friends got to see the world a in new, neater, brighter night-vision-y light, the show still happened, everyone got to play, the kids responded to every band with an outrageous two-step circle pit, we all got to sleep in a giant punk farmhouse owned by an extremely young married couple who chain-smoke, run a record label, and hold up the infrastructure of their small scene on their shoulders. And all was well with the world. Highly recommended!

Coming home to my real life: My upstairs neighbor is freaking out, he's this borderline-

juggalo cab driver that got beat up really badly eighteen months ago after kicking two dudes out of his cab 'cause they called him a fag. The situation was a wake-up call for tolerance awareness in the community, but now dude walks with a limp and is prone to crazy rages, yelling so loudly the house shakes. That shit is fucking heavy, huh? My bike has a flat. The hole is right on the valve so it can't be patched, so I need a new tube and I'm pretty broke, but too dejected to try take my old stressful job back—a kid threw a boulder at me right before I left for tour. Well, a big rock. Anyway, I'm sick of driving. I vowed never to drive again, but I've got a half-tank of leftover gas and no other transportation. I predict too-hot summer in-town traffic jams on my way to shitty cross-town food banks and job interviews. So far, I've lined up a paid smoker's survey that I will have to re-learn to smoke for and an interview at the medical university where, if hired, I will have to pretend I have various disorders while medical students touch me a lot. Not recommended.
stay stoked,
juls generic



JUST THE (PUNK) ROCK THIS TIME

Since the music continues to pile up here (no complaints!), I'll eschew the bombastic political opinions this time. Besides, this being the September issue, a certain anniversary is coming up on the 11th and we'll need a respite from the mindless jingoism that will dominate that week/month.

We begin in parochial fashion with a bunch of Boston area releases. These are bands that pretty much lurk around various basement spaces, although they'll sneak into the clubs from time to time. BRAIN KILLER are one of the most exciting bands to emerge from these parts in awhile. Overdriven, chaotic scorch. Marcus's vocals are guttural as fuck and it's not a stretch to say there's a bit of a DISCLOSE influence here. Wild thrash with each song connected by a whizzle of feedback and the delivery is manic, to say the least. The connector from "Black Cloud" to "They Live//We Sleep" pushes it to an even more ominous level, as if the black cloud is about to burst, much like all this fucking rain around here lately. If you like it loud and raw, these four guys will make your day. (Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

GARBAGE STRIKE's demo tape, *United and Slam Against The System*, is nicely packaged with a small booklet including lyrics, photos and a few collages, a pin and my copy came with a CDR as well. Vocalist Dan Wars was previously in the underrated POISON CONTROL and it's good 'n' snotty punk rock with a hardcore edge. Another cool thing is the use of samples from an early Boston rock 'n' roll DJ named Arnie "Woo-Woo" Ginsburg. I imagine one of 'em must have had the knowledge handed down from a parental figure because I'm an old guy and only vaguely remember hearing him on my small red transistor radio when I was a youngster. The radio motif goes further for *Coast To Coast*, the overnight conspiracy-oriented radio show. They're off to a hell of a good start, here. Stirring songs with plenty of punchiness. (GarbageStrike@gmail.com)

LIKE RATS self-titled five song EP is hit and miss. There's a whiff of POISON IDEA from time to time, especially with Pat's gruff vocals, but also some melodic properties. "Receptor Potential" hits all the right buttons—a mid-to-fast tempo and solid riffing. When they try to speed things up, the results are less than stellar. Has its moments, but I like 'em better live, at this point. (Like Rats Records, 610 Cambridge St., Allston, MA 02134, Likeratsboston@gmail.com)

GENERAL INTEREST aren't anything like the bands reviewed so far. Their debut 12," *Right By The Beach*, showcases a nimble, ultra-tight band dishing out some formidable post-punk, for want of a better term. The lazy critic will mention the MINUTEMEN and GANG OF FOUR and yes, I'm lazy. Add some NATION OF ULYSSES to that, as well. Still, it's just a starting point. Guitar bass and drums play off each other, hooks occasionally emerge, but the main attraction is the dynamism in these compositions. Meanwhile, Steve Shea's lyrics could be "shit from a new notebook" to quote one of the above bands. There are political/sociological messages, though it's combined with a smart-assed sarcasm. "Crusty Dog Show" aims a vicious barb at, well, crusties who, while being "freegan" and "going green" still bring dogs to shows. The ultimate hope is that "your dog eats you/when you OD." "Capricious Youth" pokes fun at the type of people who can't make up their minds about everything from education choices to relationships. GENERAL INTEREST have been poking around for a couple of years now and it's about freakin' time they got something out. (Ride The Snake, www.ridethesnakerecords.com)

You might remember THE GROINOIDS from the *Boston, Not LA* and *Unsafe At Any Speed* hardcore compilations from 1982 where they contributed a pair of songs, the speedy "Angel" and thumping "Empty Skull." Those songs and three unreleased tracks show up on their *Radiobeat Sessions* 7." A scuzzier take on hardcore, with "Burn" being up to the standard of the previously-mentioned song and mocking for the brief and stoopid "Doy." "4.6 Billion Vampires" is a slower, murkier track. The Groinoids had a kinship with other local bands like THE SICKNESS and, later, KIL SLUG (and shared some members)—hard-edged but also on the verge of collapse. This 7" sold out almost immediately, but a repressing is being discussed. (Boston's Finest/Fatalist, www.i-dealrecords.com/fatalist)

The last local entry is actually from Cape Cod, about two hours south of Boston—the home of THE FREEZE and now THE REVILERS. Well, some of 'em are from there. Sturdy, street-wise punk and rock 'n roll is the name of the game on their four song *Isolation* EP. You can hear a little bit of BLITZ at times, particularly for "Dead End," but a song like "Next In Line" is fired up, rockin' fodder. Beefy guitars and gruff, heartfelt vocals. The songs are melodic without being wimpy, exuding a defiant spirit and a pure punk heart. (Patac, www.patacrecords.com)

From North Carolina, THE ROGUE NATIONS have released a solid debut LP (after a not-so-bad-itself 7"). This is sharp, catchy mid-tempo punk with strong burn 'n hooks and vocal back-ups. The lyrical sensibility is also sharp—sure, there's "political" content and it seems as though they spend quite a bit of time watching cable news and drawing out the day-to-day absurdities, tragedies and the like. The upbeat music almost seems as odds with the ideas expressed. I can hear a bit of MARKED MEN and NAKED RAYGUN from time to time although vocalist/bassist Chris Peigler sings in a higher voice than Jeff Pezzati. Plenty of punk bash to go with the poppier inclinations. (Suicide Watch, PO Box 9599, Charlotte, NC 28299, www.suicidewatchrecords.com)

KOROVA's style of hardcore punk doesn't follow any set blueprint. On their album *Another Happy Customer*, there's an abundance of thorny anger. Howls from the gut and a dollop of BLACK FLAG-ish damage on the slower songs and even the bluntness of THE NIHILISTICS at times. They go between hammering ugliness and bursts of speed. It wraps up with the heavy 'n epic crawl and bash of "Factor X." I haven't heard too many good bands from Alabama and these guys are an exception. I'm guessing there's a lot of political retrogression in their state and if I lived there, I'd probably want to express myself the same way as these three guys. (contact: i_hate_you-too@hotmail.com)

I attended the No Way Fest in Richmond, VA in late June and, as per usual when going to one of these events, came home with a few mailers packed with new records. There are a

passel of new releases from both Grave Mistake and No Way and they team up on some of 'em. Three of Richmond's top hardcore bands have unleashed new vinyl fodder. First up is *Futility*, the long-overdue debut 12" from WASTED TIME. Futility? Try hostility! This record just boils over with a ferocious aggressiveness and I'm not being hyperbolic. When I was in Richmond, someone said to me that there weren't many other bands doing American-style hardcore this well and I'd say there might be a more than a few grains of truth there. Fast rippers, circle pit starters and if "Withdrawal" isn't a fucking *anthem*, then I don't know what is. A full-bore attack and Mark Shubert's angry vocals are appropriately nettled-sounding. No sunshine and flowers in the lyrics, as you might imagine, and "For The Fatherland," another stomper, is an effective critique of the military/industrial complex.

Meanwhile, GOVERNMENT WARNING are back with a new album, *Paranoid Mess*, and single, *Executed*, and the two songs on the latter aren't on the LP. Following me here? While you get a good share of pummeling thrash, these guys further embrace the west coast blueprint created by AGRESSION, ADOLESCENTS, et al. That applies to "Urban Warfare," "Stop Again," Blurred Yellow Line" and a few others. Kenny rants like a post-adolescent (sorry) maniac, emitting words of confusion, anger and, as the title would indicate, paranoia. The cover drawing, by Scott Langlais, is reminiscent of the Cro-Mags' *Age Of Quarrel* inner sleeve, a frightened-looking guy in the midst of mayhem that swirls around him. *No Martyr* remains this band's recorded pinnacle, but I'm definitely not damning with faint praise here. The praise is genuine and this is some razor-sharp hardcore punk on both the LP and 7". The latter includes an unlisted cover of BATTALION OF SAINTS' "Modern Day Hero." Check out www.gravemistakerecords.com and www.nowayrecords.com for more info.

The final entry from the Richmond contingent is DIRECT CONTROL's latest (and last?) 12", *Farewell*. I haven't been completely blown away by much of this band's output since *You're Controlled* but this is a fairly good effort. Just don't expect *You're Controlled*. *Farewell* actually had a limited-to-100 copies pressing for the '08 No Way Fest but now it's given a wider release. Fast, throttling hardcore with rough production and Brandon's vocals sound raspier than in the past. Definitely a fatalistic worldview... society's collapsing, but all anyone cares about is what's going on in Hollywood. Half of the second side is taken up by the title track, a four-minute instrumental written by the late, great Mikey Offender, but I'm afraid it goes on a bit too long. I do have to compliment Eric's bass playing, though—it'd do Mikey (one of the best hardcore bassists ever) proud. (Feral Ward, feralward.com)

Another new Grave Mistake release is *No Center*, the second EP from LOGIC PROBLEM. Picking up where the other one left off—in fact, I'd argue they've gotten even better. It's loud/fast hardcore but there's some knottier, dense elements lurking below the surface and it enhances the songs' kinetic qualities. The words on the lyric sheet are laid out willy-nilly like puzzle pieces. Scattered thoughts but everything falls in place from a musical standpoint.

One of the best bands I saw at the fest (and I've seen them one other time since then in Boston) was SMART COPS. They may wear silly costumes when playing live—black t-shirts with an "SC" logo and black running pants with a red stripe—but there's nothing silly about this Italian band's kick-ass punk sound. On their second EP, *Cominciare A Vivere*, they continue with the jabbing tandem of old-school punk, hardcore and garage—the latter most evident for "Gambe Levate." I'm a sucker for this stripped-down, catchy approach. In addition, there's a one-sided/screened tour 7" that features a medley of anti-cop songs. Favorites from THE BOYS, DOOM, THE KIDS, RAW POWER, BLACK FLAG, DICKS and others, played seamlessly and in their own sharp style. Hell Yeah! Records, made only 300 of 'em and it was for their tour. I'm not sure how easy it'll be to get at this point, but it's definitely worth mentioning and seeking out. (Sorry State, 1102 N. Greensboro St., Carrboro, NC 25710, www.sorrystate.com).

After a couple of 7"s, SACRED SHOCK have their first full-length album *You're Not With Us* out on Residue Records. A rampaging, modern-day Swedish hardcore inspiration along with some later period POISON IDEA-ish riffage. And Alex's hoarse vocal style makes me want to loan him some lozenges. Not always blindingly fast but still a speedy rumble and it creates something powerful and driving. The lyric sheet—handwritten white lettering on a washed-out background is tough to read, right down to the song titles but the expressed rage comes through loud and clear. Best stuff to date for these Texans. (www.residue-records.com)

I got a demo from BOMBER called *Mourning* awhile back, but, as often happens, it got a bit lost in the shuffle. Now I get a second chance as it's been pressed on vinyl by Cowabunga Records. Punk with a garage tinge and slobbering, ranting vocals. This is some quality noise that makes me feel badly about missing it before. Brief, tough-sounding songs—six of 'em in about seven minutes—with the verbal sneering accompanied by barbed-wire guitar/bass/drums jolt. (Cowabunga, 1441 N. Mountain Ave., Claremont, CA 91711, www.cowabungarecords.com)

One more Cowabunga release before calling it a column and that's DARK AGES' *Vicious Lie* EP. Manic hardcore packed with a musical and vocal urgency, punctuated by creative guitar lines, some formidable bass runs and a good amount of instrumental intricacy. No musical masturbation, though, as the chops-flexing never becomes excessive. It makes me think of the period in the mid-'80s where bands built on a thrashy base, but also added different elements without crossing over in metal territory.

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net

R.I.P. Pat Brady (Moving Targets drummer)

Pink Saturday: Party or Police State?

OK, so I actually kind of like Pink Saturday, the night before pride when the Castro gets blocked off to traffic and people wander around getting smashed and dancing to terrible music blasted from sound stages in the street. I like it because it's more honest than any other pride event—no one's pretending to do anything but wander the streets getting smashed, walking back and forth in a never-ending international gay suburbanite runway gawkfest. In all of its disastrousness, it is kind of fun to watch.

Over the last few years, Pink Saturday has gotten younger and younger, probably because San Francisco has never been a great place for queer youth, since there's nowhere for queer youth to go. Except on Pink Saturday, when the bars are turned inside out so that the street is where it's happening and inside just feels like a bad view. Oh, and the other thing about Pink Saturday is that it's probably the only day of the year when dykes outnumber fags in the Castro, since the Dyke March ends right at Castro and Market and that's usually where the main stage is placed. So there's this crazy intersection between every dyke in the Bay Area and beyond, queer youth of all races flooding in from the suburbs, and the usual gay tourists and yuppies.

I like to sit in front of Harvest Market, eating vegan soup and watching the crowds,

gasping at the outfits, and cruising the fashion masculinity fags I wish I wasn't attracted to. Over the last few years, this has been a tradition I've shared with my friend Hilary, who is usually visiting from LA, but now she's just moved here—in fact, this year we actually decided to call it a tradition, and made a plan for 9:30 p.m. in our usual spot.

I decide not to take the underground to the Castro, since it's always so crowded on Pride, but then I regret my decision since the bus is so slow. It looks like Market Street is blocked off earlier than usual, since the bus is taking about ten minutes per block, so I get out just after Church Street and sure enough there are all sorts of people sprawled out in the middle of Market and it kind of feels festive. I walk towards the barricades, and can't figure out why exactly they go all the way across the sidewalk—usually there's a place where the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence harass people for "donations," but only several blocks up. This time some guy in an orange security t-shirt starts yelling at me from behind the barricades that this isn't an entrance, I have to stand in line over there, and he points to the other side of the street where there are hundreds of people crammed together, trying to get in. I say, oh, I'm just going to Harvest Market, right over there, but he yells at me that I have to stand in line, and I think about jumping the barricades and rushing down the street, but then I realize this guy is the type who would probably tackle me, so then there I am, in line with hundreds of suburbanites and teenagers, and suburbanite teenagers.

One of the Sisters is standing on the median in the middle of Market yelling through a bullhorn that we all need to stand in line, and I yell: why don't you just open the fucking barricades? Then the blonde woman next to me, red-faced with booze, turns to me and says: do you think we should rush the line? I say not a bad idea, but people would probably get hurt, and she looks surprised and sad for a second, decides against that idea.

Get this: the security staff yells at us that we need to form separate lines for "men" and "women"—I kid you not! Binary gender lines at a queer event in San Francisco, organized by a bunch of queens who dress as nuns. The security staff is frisking people and making people throw away water bottles, asking us if we have any drugs or sharp objects—wait, I thought this was a public street, I didn't realize we were visiting our friends in the tank at 850 Bryant.

As far as I can tell, pretty much everyone who's working security is straight, and aggressive, and way behind the security line are the Sisters, standing with their donation buckets and acting like they don't notice the screaming hordes. My turn and the security guard pulls my bag out of my hand and tells me I have to get rid of my water bottle. My water bottle is one of those overpriced metal things that I carry around so that I don't have to waste plastic everywhere—I don't want to just throw it away, so I'm arguing with him and he says I'm not even supposed to let you bring your bag in, you'll have to get in the back of the line. I'm almost ready to hit him over the head with my water bottle, but finally I just throw the it to the side, in this pile of discarded plastic bottles, and then I walk through the financial checkpoint so enraged that my eyes are almost closed and it's a good thing no one says anything to me because otherwise I would just rip them to shreds.

Over at Harvest Market, there's no sign of Hilary and I'm worried that I've missed her because now I'm 45 minutes late. But no, turns out she got stopped at another checkpoint and they made her go home to return her backpack. Are you kidding? What the hell is going on? When did Pink Saturday turn into a police state? Not just security at the gates, but roaming around inside are dozens of uniformed SFPD officers. And probably a few hundred of the security monitors in orange shirts, almost all of them straight black men. Did the Sisters, a group of almost exclusively white drag queens, consciously make this racialized choice, or did they hire an outside contractor to do their dirty work? Triple Canopy? Dimecorp? Xe/Blackwater? Or, perhaps a local favorite like Bechtel Corporation. (Note from Bechtel: "Bechtel does not offer or provide security services, it is an engineering, construction and project management company." Dammit!)

I go into a restaurant to use the bathroom and they stop me, I say I don't mind buying something, but apparently that's still not OK. The waitress points me in the direction of port-a-potties, and there they are with maybe 85 people in line.

Back at Harvest, the owner is working the register and I figure maybe he'll have some insight; I say when did they decide to move the barricades so far back? He says I guess this year. I say what the hell is the point of all this security? He says, oh I've seen it much worse—he's probably talking about Halloween, when roaming straights show up with baseball bats and a few years ago the police decided to shut the whole neighborhood down instead of letting anyone in. I say, what do you mean? Nothing has ever happened on Pink Saturday. He says it's to keep away the outsiders. I say what the hell you're talking about—95% of these people aren't from San Francisco!

At least Hilary and I can be angry together. For some reason the cops keep coming over and staring at people's ginger ale bottles, telling people they can't be drinking that in public. This is ginger ale! But, guess what—you're not allowed to drink anything that's not in a plastic cup—even if you're sitting on the benches provided by Harvest Market, drinking something that you bought inside.

This is crazy. Earlier someone pointed out the huge disco ball hanging in the middle of 16th and Market, but somehow I didn't notice that it was suspended by an enormous crane. Who the hell paid for that? I go closer. Oh, no—it's sponsored by some new vodka called Blue Angel—I guess it's like those US Navy fighter jets that terrorize US skies to get people all excited about blowing up Iraqi or Afghani civilians—drink Blue Angel, and double your pleasure—get bombed, while you're doing the bombing!

I forgot to mention that one of the other things I like about Pink Saturday is that it doesn't usually have any of the corporate sponsorship—at least not for the last several years. Way back I remember maybe it was sponsored by Budweiser, and was an official SF Pride event, but I never remember security checkpoints on all sides for blocks around, and right in front of us is a huge booth dispensing Popchips—"Never Fried or Baked—Love. Without the Handles." You can even get your picture taken in a free photo booth—as long as you're holding a bag of Popchips. No doubt to use in their promotional materials. But can I guzzle my Blue Angel at the same time as I'm chomping on chips? Pop!

Then there's a huge video screen suspended from the corner in front of the giant disco ball, Hilary and I are watching it to try to figure out what it's advertising, but we're not sure. The dance stage, sponsored by corporate gay dance radio, starts playing Michael Jackson—everywhere in the world, they're probably playing Michael Jackson right now in one kind of corporate-crazed ritual or another. And then we spot the Budweiser truck parked on the corner—"Thrill-ler!" Sure enough, walking further we discover a huge booth, just like the ones at Pride, selling overpriced beer and cocktails and bottled water. Oh, that's why they confiscated our bottles—so that they could make more money—they don't even do that at Pride!

What are the Sisters doing with all this money, I mean all the money that doesn't go to Budweiser or Blue Angel or Red Bull, sponsor of the tables in front of the Budweiser booth, decorated with the Sisters insignia and featuring maybe 20 bartenders pouring drinks. And, of course, across from the Budweiser booth is an enormous booth selling Polish sausage and ribs—this all explains why most of the neighborhood businesses look relatively abandoned. Supposedly the profits go to nonprofits—I love that phrase, so let's repeat it: the profits go to nonprofits. I love nonprofits that enforce a security state, how comforting!

But there's more—just as Hilary and I are trying to make our way through the crowds to get to one of the exit checkpoints, we spot

a few friends, and guess what? This year, the Dyke March got stopped at 17th and Sanchez, stopped by the line of straight male security guards who demanded that all the dykes walk single-file through the frisking station. That's right—on the one day of the year when dykes actually flood the Castro, it's important to make sure there's extra security! Outsourced security, no doubt.

My latest book is a novel, So Many Ways to Sleep Badly, *and yes unfortunately I'm still sleeping badly! Even though now I'm working on* lostmissing: a public art project, *and I just finished a new anthology called* Why Are Faggots so Afraid of Faggots? *I know you're wondering the same thing. You can communicate with me via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past MRR columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.*

I miss Bush.

Stop the presses and shut off the RSS feeds: the bashiest of the Bush-bashers is starting to appreciate the Exile of Crawford.

I haven't forgiven George W. Bush for stealing two elections, starting two wars, bankrupting the treasury and doing his damnedest to turn the US into a fascist state. He deserves one of hell's hottest picnic spots for refusing to lift a finger to bring the 9/11 murderers to justice. Bush was stupid. He was vicious. He should be in prison. He was the worst president the US had ever had. Until this one.

On major issues and a lot of minor ones, Obama is the same as or worse than Bush. But Bush had an opposition to contend with. Obama has a compliant Democratic Congress. Lulled to somnolent apathy by Obama's charming manners, mastery of English (and yes, the color of his skin), leftist activists and journalists have been reduced to quiet disappointment, mild grumbling and unaccountable patience.

I don't care about window dressing. Sure, it's nice that Obama is intelligent. But policies matter—not charm. And Obama's policies are at least as bad as Bush's.

Guantánamo was but the beginning of Obama's betrayals. First he ordered the camp closed—not immediately but in a year. Now he's expanding the US concentration camp at Bagram—where 600 innocent men and children are being tortured—so he can send the 245 Gitmo prisoners there. In the Bush era, Gitmo POWs received legal representation. Obama has ordered that the POWs sent to Bagram not be allowed to see a lawyer.

You saw the headline: "Obama Bans Torture." But it was a lie. Obama's CIA director told Congress that there's a "review process that's built into [Obama's] executive order" that allows torture to continue. Leon Panetta said the Obama Administration will keep using at least nineteen torture techniques against detainees. In addition, Team Obama will "look at those kinds of enhanced techniques to determine how effective they were or weren't and whether any appropriate revisions need to be made as a result of that."

As editorial boards of liberal newspapers tut-tut and the feds convene committees, the screams of the victims pierce the night.

Bush was the biggest spender in history, running up a $1.8 trillion deficit with wasteful wars and tax cuts. But next to Obama, Bush was a tightwad. Glamour Prez hasn't been around six months, yet the Congressional Budget Office reports that he already has quadrupled the deficit by an extra $8.1 trillion. "The total debt held by the public [will] rise from 57 percent of GDP in 2009 to 82 percent (!) of GDP in 2019," reports *US News & World Report*.

Obama is sinking us into financial oblivion 72 times faster than Bush.

Where'd the money go? Mostly to insurance companies. Banks. Brokerage firms. Who used it to redecorate their offices and give themselves raises. Against logic and history Obama claimed his bailout package would create jobs. Instead, unemployment has risen by 1.3 million. Has Obama's plan saved a single homeowner from foreclosure? Reporters can't find any.

I liked Bush better. He wasted our money when the economy wasn't quite as sucky. And he didn't insult us by pretending to care. Come on, Barack, smirk! Truth in advertising!

I know: he's a politician. Politicians break promises. As the presidential scholar Stephen Hess says: "There are some pledges that a candidate reverses when he becomes president, because things look different. He knows things that he didn't know then." *Some*? Obama hasn't even tried to keep a single major promise. He hasn't gotten rid of "don't ask, don't tell." His ballyhooed "cap and trade" law on emissions is toothless. Remember Obama's pledge to renegotiate NAFTA to strengthen environmental regulations? Forgotten.

In Obama's case, "things look[ing] different" has meant giving in to entrenched dirtbags, like the spooks who read your emails and the entrenched Pentagon torturers who don't want us to see photos that make Abu Ghraib look like child's play (an official familiar with the photos in question tells me they include, among other atrocities, US personnel sodomizing a child).

Obama has done more damage than Bush. And no one's stopping him. Which makes him worse.

Sorry, Mr. Bush. If I'd known what was coming, I would've been nicer.

Coming soon: "The Year of Loving Dangerously," my new graphic novel about the year I got evicted, thrown out of school, fired, dumped, and wound up homeless in NYC. It's a coming-of-age story about sex and poverty, drawn by Pablo G. Callejo and written by me (well, it's my story). Due out this fall; shoplift it from a store near you. Working on: "The Post-American Manifesto," a political manifesto about the end of the American empire and laissez faire capitalism. What comes next? Due out next year. Contact: chet@rall.com, PO Box 2760, New York NY 10163

At one point in my life there was no question about working all day, then jumping in the car and driving hours and hours to see a show. Sweaty, exhausted, exhilarated, it'd be a grueling drive back. Hitting lotsa truck stops for coffee and peeing. Getting home just hours before I had to clock in again. Back when I lived in Indiana, for a few years, at least a few times a month my days went something like: go to school, go to work, then head out to Dayton or Chicago or, fuck, Nashville for a show. Life was short! Shit was fun!

These days, I'll be fucked if it doesn't take goddamn near a miracle to get my jaded ass even just across the Bay Bridge to see some bands—even ones I'd been looking forward to seeing for months.

So, I surprised myself a few months ago by jumping in the car immediately after finishing a tiring twelve-hour work day and drove to Sacramento, just hoping I'd miss traffic, hoping the house show would start at normal show time (that is, at least an hour late) and stars would align for me to catch the HUNCHES and possibly the MAYYORS too.

It was a gamble in a lot of ways. I could miss the whole fucking show. I could get there, decide to take a "quick nap" in the car, only to wake up six hours later (done that before). I could fall asleep, crash and die on the way home.

But I had good reason to roll the dice—the HUNCHES were making their way down the West Coast for their last tour. A favorite (live and on record) since I first heard them, it wasn't something I'd want to miss. Getting to see the MAYYORS is always a treat. The lure of their new record being for sale at the show—a house show no less!—was enough to shake me loose. I kept thinking, "What would the twenty year old me do? He'd be at the fucking show!!!" And so I went, frantically texting Brace and Timmy and Andy to see if I'd missed anything yet.

A crowded—no, packed—house show. I walk in and see Mitch and Patrone, first thing. They're standing in the kitchen. I hear the MAYYORS noodling around, about to go into their first song. Perfect timing.

First note and the crowd, packed like cockandballs in a pair of too-tight tighty whities, explodes. People are pouring beers all over themselves and each other. I push my way to the front. I didn't drive up for this show just to stand in back. Kids climbing over each other, falling into the band, just going nuts. A little too nuts, you know? Over-exuberant. But still fun.

I made both bands, thanks to the Hunches showing up late. Drank some of Brace's beers (thanks Randy!), bought the MAYYORS 12", hung out until the Hunches got there. They were ragged and stressed from being late. The crowd was drunker, stupider. They kept pushing and falling into the band. Kids kept climbing on each other to crowd surf. In a tiny living room. Um…? DJ Rick got bloodied. It was a good set, but not great. Actually, it was probably the least good set from the Hunches I'd seen, but fuck, still better than 95% of the crap I've sat through this year.

Once the Hunches wrapped up, I hit the road. In and out. All around great fucking night. I made the bands. Didn't fall asleep in my car–outside the show or on the way home.

The next night it was the HUNCHES again, this time in San Francisco. A better show. People still went crazy, but not so crazy that the band couldn't play. Hart went off into the crowd, disappeared, wandered off, traded insults with the crowd ("Hey, it's Jamie Piranha" "Fuck you!"), did his thing, while the rest of the band held it all together.

The HUNCHES had a new album with them on tour–vinyl only, limited to a one-time pressing of 700. It's called *Home Alone 5*, released by In the Red. Copies might still be available on the ITR website (www.intheredrecords.com). First side is studio sessions from their last album, B-side is their Peel Session recording from 2004. The Peel Sessions have been floating around the Internet for years, so you're likely familiar with them. And the new songs sound like a continuation of their last album, as you'd probably expect. Needless to say, if the HUNCHES do it for you, this is a must-have.

The MAYYORS new release, *Deads* created an Internet fury. You could hear keyboards shorting out around the world from all the sweaty palms furiously trying to find just *where to get a copy*, before the anxious masses had to resort to eBay (or, ehm, so they could buy copies only to turn them around and sell… Turds). The band pressed up more this time around and supply has seemed to better match demand, at first anyway. As with their previous two releases, the new one is an EP, but this time they stretch out to a four song 12", (see my review in this issue). The extra size of the record allows the band more room to swing even harder.

One of my most anticipated new releases (and return visits to the Bay Area) is the new album from the HEX DISPENSERS, *Winchester Mystery House*, co-released by Douchemaster and Alien Snatch. They're making a quick trip out to the Bay Area in mid-July for the annual Red Devil Records anniversary party/show.

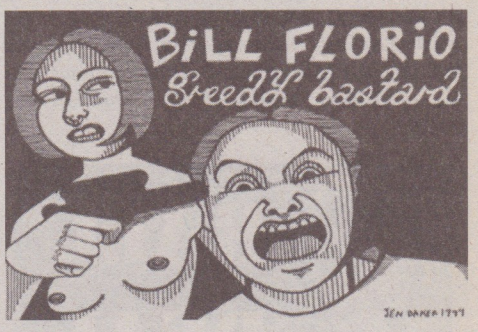
For those not in the Bay Area, Red Devil Records (www.reddevilrecords.net) is a great record store in San Rafael, just on the other side of the Golden Gate Bridge (or Richmond Bridge for those of us who live in the East Bay). Barry's the kind of record storeowner who keeps tabs on new releases, beyond just scanning the latest lists from distributors. He goes out of his way to get the limited buy/die releases for his store. It's always satisfying to walk in and not just see the latest, best records, but to see he has copies on the colored vinyl or whatever. Plus he's got tons of great used stuff too.

Anyway, Barry decided to dig deep and bring the HEX DISPENSERS out this year to play. Well done! And more, as part of the Red Devil anniversary, there are going to be 100 copies of the LP that are available only at the shows (half blue/half red colored vinyl), in addition to the 100 color vinyl copies available from the labels (blue splattered). Nerding out. I know. Beyond the scum stats, I'm fucking excited to hear the new HEX DISPENSERS LP. Their debut from a few years ago still spends plenty of time on my Garrard.

In reissue newzzz, it seems Steve Lucas repressed the *Home Is Where the Floor Is* 7" for X's recent romp around Australia with FLIPPER. Limited to 500 or so, word is the leftovers from tour walked in the door of Missing Link Records in Australia sometime in early July. They might still have copies. This is a remastered version and sounds noticeably different than the 7" that came out in 2001-ish on Rocknroll Blitzkrieg. My ears prefer the earlier release to this new one, but I'm biased. And yes, there is still talk (and some action) on getting the X *Aspirations* LP repressed.

A new Killed By Death/Teenage Treats-like comp surfaced recently. This one is called *Total Pop, Volume 1* and features all Swedish rare punk/power pop. Power pop is a bit of a stretch, but it's definitely punk that tends to the poppier end of the scale. Limited to 333 or so, these are probably gone, only to be found on eBay and collector's lists at this point. Not any overlap that I can see with *Bloodstains Across Sweden* (any of them) and only a few songs from the KBD #96-99 cassettes. You get: TANT BRUN, REBELL, VERTEX, KNUGENS HAF, HS ART, BADBOLL, PICTURES and more, including a, um, "mystery track." All around awesome.

That's this time around. Send all kicks & tips to me c/o MRR, or email: markmurrmann@gmail.com



I was trying to come up with a theme for this week: I went to the Pop-Punk fest, an old age home, an Oi show, my job. So the idea I pulled out of my concept stimulation machine, once I maneuvered it into the concept stimulation machine ignition-module (a swivel chair) was a concept of obsolescence versus forced sprung-up-man-ship or dog-dooderitis, bullshit radicalizing, or turd-polishing. I don't know what to call something that would be equal and opposite of obsolescence, so I made something up. Basically, there are things that are old hat and no one should or want to do anymore, and then there are things that really just the same thing everyone is used to with a new diaper on it. Greatness is rare and even sadder is the fact that it's not recognized by the general idiots who get excited about new diapers. I mean, it's nice that it doesn't smell like recycled milk in here, but something like a Swiffer™ is no reason for thinking shit won?t stink anymore.

Maybe this can be the part two of words I make up at work to avoid using words that are really sickeningly annoying like ?touch base,? but the truth is, those annoying words and the concept I?m talking about are very related.

I just finished reading Walter Issacson's *Einstein: His Life and Universe*, which is a pretty thorough biography as well as a really focused explanation of Einstein's theories. Something I picked up from it is Issacson sort of paints the picture that Einstein was certainly a genius, but all the men around him were probably equal geniuses if not greater minds. There were two things that set Einstein apart

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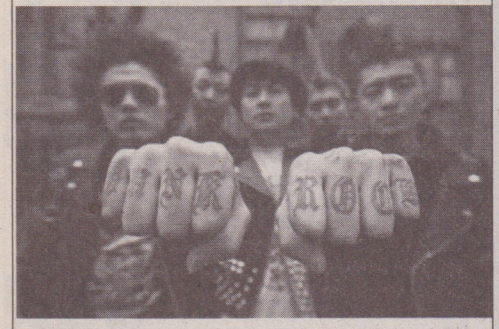

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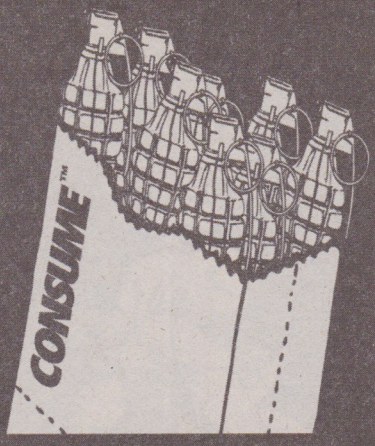

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from the pack: he played violin from a very young age and truly appreciated music and he used his music making part of his mind as much as his physics theory. The second was that Einstein was not accepted into the world of academic physics until he was in his 30s. To add to this he could not find an academic job even at an entry level and ended up working in the Swiss patent office reviewing designs of clocks and watches (perhaps some hot chocolate makers and cheese-hole measurers.) This combination of flexing his musical muscles while being forced into a position of questioning everything brought upon his desk as valid and original (sounds like half of the music reviewers at *MRR*, eh?), and his outsider status as a trained yet dissed scientist set the scene for Einstein to come up with several groundbreaking theories that no one would have dared write about under the acceptance and paid position within academics. He started one of his relativity papers with the line, "Unfortunately, I am unable to acquaint myself with everything that has been published on this subject, because the library is closed in my free time."

Einstein would be the true idea of this thinking-out-of-box baloney that everyone in business tries to pretend they do. But in reality how many Einsteins are out there. How often do the stars line up like that where you're hot dog stand can suddenly re-invent the hot-dog-stand-industry. Almost never and there's no way for anyone to really set up the mousetrap where they can allow someone to produce these sorts of world-changing ideas, so they just fake it with a cloud of bullshit.

On the other side of the cloud of bullshit change is what I would call *True-Obsolescence*. Sure computer spreadsheets are a much warranted answer to paper spreadsheets (shit, has anyone actually tried to use those things?), no one is going to dig up a typesetting machine, edit videos with two VCRs and an analog mixer or take photos in some digital camera that stored them on a floppy disk. While writing a letter is very nice and personal way to correspond with someone, you're not going to try and run your record distro expecting letters written back. If you do, you're a moron, and you probably deserve whatever "bad breaks" are going to hit you.

So when does doing things in a smart way turn brown and smell bad? For one thing, while appearances do count, there are some folks who are happy with things just looking good, and there are probably more who'd rather it would look good than work, never mind actual strokes of brilliance. Take *American Idol*—The production of this show is pretty interesting, sort of filmed like a sporting event more than a boring version of the *Gong Show*. But the talent search is narrowed to show tune singers basically. The judges are products of the stagnant since 1982 or so music industry and I'd love to see direct data on this shows effects on the music industry considering it captures the demographic that would be most likely to buy a lot of music. What I don't understand is why there aren't more copies of *American Idol* that would branch out to other types of music. Well, why would the music industry want anyone to purchase more than one type of music after spending sixty years emulsifying everything into whatever twelve-year-olds listen to nowadays?

Even more important, how would a musical Einstein appear in today's world? You start with *The Communist Manifesto*-speak about how only the rich get to do art fulltime, so art is basically a farce since those doing it the most have no concept of reality. You add in the folks who have to support themselves and don't have the man-hours in to create good music or in this world of having every song ever recorded available for download in some legal or illegal manner. You used to have record stores and regular shows at regular places where certain folks would put some controls on what was essential like Poison Idea or Black Flag or Devo, a band that everyone should listen to, and Pennywise, Dropkick Murphys, or Rancid probably better if they didn't waste shelf space in a CD rack, even better, that one-millionth of a watt of flash memory and battery power. The world would be no different without the turd-polished music and it possibly would distract less from: 1. Music that would actually be a good influence on creators and listeners and 2. Hype is hype and without substance it'll burn out once the flame gets put out. This is at least until some rich kid starts some horrible revival—I'll never forgive that Donny Darko guy for the Tears For Fears segment. That shit was never any good and if you disagree you are exactly the sort of person that is making my point here. The internet, while available to many more, it also gives slobs with no taste or reason to have taste a level authority to trump up bullshit. Also, I think even young kids are wary to artificial internet hyping and are probably more afraid to venture out and look for cool stuff than ever before. I don't blame them—MySpace is loaded with fake band after fake band and anyone with an iBook can probably create something that opens a door to nowhere as music is really a lot more than a song in your ear. Some fat dude and his girlfriend recycling and sampling crap even if it sounds nice, is not quite a well-rounded experience.

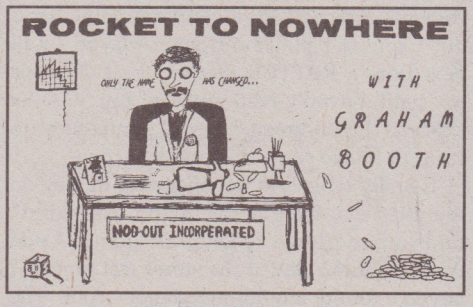
So to restart my paragraph all over again, without Tears For Fears mentioned, I'm going to try and prophesize the punk rock genius who will be able to bring us to the promised land of something that defines something really fucking great that didn't start up in Japan in 1989.

Well, one, it would have to be someone outside the general influences. I'd love to think like Tim Yo here and try to guess that it would come out of some horribly oppressed third world country, but in reality, those folks are always going to relate more to really basic really low-brow type of things. This is how the Ramones came about, but I don't really see something like this blowing anyone's minds. I'm going to pick Mexico. Face it, Canadians have been able to bank on their need to one up on us punk-band-wise. I think Mexicans have the ability to do this even better and considering the wave of excellent filmmakers coming out of Mexico in recent years, music is sure to follow.

Also, I'd really like to see females do something that isn't just a not-as-good rehash of something guys did twenty years ago. OK, so let's say some really scary fucked up women from Mexico. Another thing I can see is some strong influence of music that hasn't already been lamed up and punkified. Hmmm, what would a punk mariachi band with double bass blast beats and triple vocal harmonies sound like? I'd go see that, wouldn't you?

So, I just painted something in your head, isn't this the sort of thing all of us should be looking for? The question is—is *MRR* the type of place you'd read about it first or has this magazine fallen into the same rut everyone else has?

My email is stillbill@candids.com please feel free to tell me I'm stupid and missed out on dozens of female punk thrash mariachi bands fifteen years ago.



You're gonna have to bear with me this month folks... I'm grumpy. Maybe it's being afflicted with a summer cold the last couple weeks? Maybe it's the on-again-off-again work schedule cutting into my paychecks? Probably it's the fact that collecting punk records is getting to be too complicated and too expensive for me to keep up. Waaaaaaa-Waaaaaaaah

I've been doing this too long. Fifteen years is a long time to do anything! I already had most of the stuff I cared about ten years ago, so the last five years have been spent trying to pick off the remaining heavies with increasing difficulty. That and trying to keep up with all the new (often rarer) discoveries in the meantime. I've had a good run, but there's a

lot left. Sadly it's feeling like I'm finally priced out of the game, and the other avenues that used to exist to get records on a budget are drying up quick.

For example, there are still a handful of Australian records I'm trying to scratch off the wantlist. There's the "small" things, like those damned SLUGFUCKERS 7" EPs that I traded off almost a decade ago, only to have them seep back into my psyche with a vengeance. Of course they've done so amongst collectors everywhere, so now when they pop up once or twice a year, there's an insane bidding frenzy and they sell for four times what they would circa 2000.

Then there are the Aussie heavies. Five years ago if you asked whether I would ever get a THOUGHT CRIMINALS *Hilton Bomber* 45, I would have had to shake my head in defeat. There was a good ten year stretch where I never even saw a copy for sale! Two years ago a handful of copies started coming out of the woodwork. The prices were well into the four digits (!?!?!), but it was looking like the supply might supersede demand with each newfound copy. My hopes were dashed a couple weeks back when a copy popped up and sold for an extra Bazooka! FUCK IT!

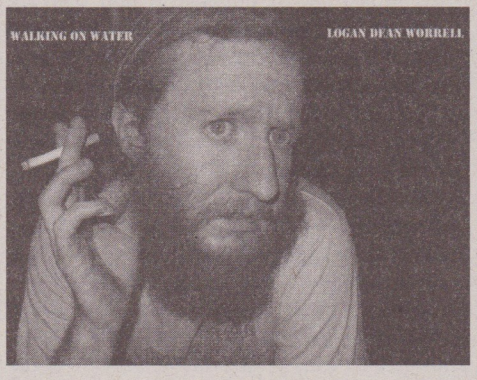
I already got priced out of the hardcore bonzer market a couple years ago. I cannot recall purchasing a single foreign '80s hardcore 7" EP in the last six months. Luckily I already have most of the ones I want, but I've basically given up on getting grails like TERVEET KÄDET *Rock Laahusta Vastan* 7" EP. I considered ponying up for an ANTI-CIMEX *Anarkist Attack* 7" EP a couple months back, but I couldn't pull the trigger. Maybe I will next time a RATTUS *Khomeni Rock* 7" pops up. I still haven't even replaced my SOA *No Policy* 7" EP on green. They're gonna have to wait 'til I have some disposable income.

Usually when I'm not spending money on the internets, there are enough "real world" finds around town to keep me going. Aside from my lucky day at the stores last month, I haven't found anything remotely cool. The stores have been picked dry, and none of them seem to be buying collections or restocking the shelves like they used to. I guess y'all know what it's like to rely on a local record store to fill your weekly vinyl fix, I know I've visited my share of great stores over the years. But something seems to be changing across the board. Shops that used to cater to the locals seem to be hoarding records in backrooms, going straight to eBay, or maybe they're too cheap to even get the records in the first place. That, and their too-cool-for-school employees won't buy cool obscure records they've never heard of. Where can you even buy records anymore?

Speaking of obscure records I've never heard of, that's what most of my money goes to nowadays. It's great when you hit upon an unknown killer, but really, that pretty much never happens. So instead I have a steady stream of records coming in that maybe 30-40% of are pretty good, and the rest I have to figure out how to get my money back out of to pay for more good ones.

It actually works OK, except that it takes a long time to sell records. eBay is great if you have like 100-200 records to unload, but any more than that, you're signing yourself up for a couple months of hard labor. And it *is* hard labor... just ask anyone who's sold more than 200 records on eBay! Too bad there aren't many other quick ways of unloading hundreds of records if you want to get a decent (any?) return. Record shows and message boards are a great way to sell off a lot of the better ones, but what about the dreck? You can either get rejected at a record store buy counter (maybe get offered 10-25 cents per record!), or you can try and sell them on a list. But that stuff's just gonna sit. For years! So it's back to eBay and the hard labor. Grim outlook.

So I'm kinda burnt out on this shit lately. I've always been the type to build a collection on a (sometimes shoestring) budget, but lately it seems like ALL EBAY ALL THE TIME. There are actually some crazy deals right now, stuff slips under the radar every day. It's mostly stuff I already have. More records for you guys I guess! Here's hoping the feeling has passed by next month.



Growing up, my dad watched a lot of TV. It was kinda his thing. He loves the shit. I'm not entirely sure why. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that he hates his own life so much that he likes to live vicariously through the stupid little people on the screen. Either way, it made me steer clear of it for most of my adult life. I have quite a love hate relationship with the "idiot box" myself. We had a roommate at Irma house who insisted that we get cable. We informed her that she should go for it, but not expect a single cent from us and for some god-awful reason she paid the whole thing. Those are the times I like to call the "Dark Ages". All I did for the two months that she lived there was smoke pot and watch TV. Thank god it was only two months and thank god that when I smoke pot now it makes me feel like some carnie is trying to enter my soul and shit in it. Now, I know what you're thinking, "TV ain't punk. That shits got all them dang ole commercials that make you buy all the consumer crap like McDonalds and Join the Army and shit." I agree. However, it has also brought us such wonderful shows as *Lost*, *Daisy of Love*, etc. *Lost* is about a bunch of fucking assholes who get stuck on some weird demon Island that just keeps trick fucking into a coma, while the latter is a "reality show" about some trollop who is on the search for love via a bunch of douche bags picked by a panel of TV executives with a sick sense of humor and hearts of solid shit. I read. I listen to records. I create. I'm an artist, but goddamn if I won't just sit in front of this dumb fucking box and just zone out every once in a while. I'm a coward.

Now, I don't want this column to be about me or my father's TV consumption, I want this column to talk about why I, Logan Dean Worrell, could survive a 70-year-plus term in a maximum security prison. Well, in the State of Indiana at least. I was flipping the channels in my new house (same situation, I don't pay, but lord knows I play) and I come across a show called *Locked Up Indiana*. Now, it's on CNBC so how brain liquefying could this really be? I was hooked once I saw this guy named Curtis who was locked up for 164 years for killing his entire family when he was 16 (he's now 34) receive a pet cat. A pet cat in prison, you say? Yes, a pet cat. He named her some weird ass born-again name like Falcore or whatever. Needless to say, I was hooked on this show like an ex-junkie hooked on snickers bars. There was Carl, who was doing a stint for aggravated B&E. He was doing 70 years. Motherfucker had face tattoos for days like if Leftover Crack threw up on his face. Looked like he'd been road hard a put up wet. So far prison didn't look so bad. Then they had some other guy who was watching TV, which he had in his cell all to himself. Spacious too. Homeboy was even smoking a cigarette while giving an interview. So let me get this straight—I can smoke, watch TV, get a college degree, have my own room with a cool bunk bed, and get three free meals a day, sick face tattoos, and a cat. I'm no scientist or anything, but what are the down sides other than being around the most dangerous mentally deranged psychotic motherfuckers on earth? I guess the no sex part, but that shit is overrated any way. I jack off with my own tears most nights at home, why not do it and meet some new friends at the same time?

Bullshit, right? Don't believe me? Fuck that, let me tell you what life on the outside gets you, countless ridicule from peers and loved ones, a house full of people, a dog who once licked my nuts while I was sleeping, only to immediately lick my face, a job serv-

ing yuppie assholes for peanuts, bills I can't pay, nonexistent face tattoos, and most importantly, no fucking cat! I'm not necessarily a cat person per say, but I can learn. Yes, I'm about a buck-fifty soaking wet, pasty as fuck, with a pair nice legs, but I really think I got a shot it in the big house. The only thing that would really a bum me out is not having my records. Wait, actually, fuck that. I saw *Shawshank Redemption* and that redneck dude was listening to a bunch of Hank Williams records. Done deal. Now all I got to do is figure out the perfect crime to commit that insures I'm not gonna be fucked in the joint. Bank robbery? No, can't do it. All those dudes get shot before they get locked. Backfire. Murder? Maybe, only I don't really hate anyone enough to kill 'em. I could kill a cop. Yeah, that's it. I'm gonna kill me a cop. A big, fat, white cop. Then I'll defend myself to save money for commissary and smokes, give the judge the old two-finger-fuck-off-wanker punk-as-fuck salute, and there it is, freedom. My cat shall be named Knuckles the Cat and together we will run Cell Block Four. Knuckles and me. A modern day Ebony and Ivory. Together forever. The first face tattoo I'm gonna get is victim in pain on my forehead followed by the Mi Vida Loca dots next to my eye. Interesting side note, a couple of months ago, I had just gotten home from work to find my roommate Randa tattooing some hipster girl's face stick and poke style in the living room. She was getting the Mi Vida Loca dots on her face. The next day she got locked up for possession of heroin. Girl fucked up. She ain't Mexican and this ain't Indiana. I digress, OK, let's face facts—I would die in prison, but I do think I would make the best of it if I wasn't brutally raped within the first twenty minutes inside. Like I've said before, I'm too cute for that shit. People have told me for years how horrible prison is. I believe 'em. That place got brown water, horrific violence, and unacceptable living conditions. So yeah, it's the straight and narrow for me from now on. No more living my life like a David Allan Coe record. I wanna live. I wanna live. I wanna live.

Send hate mail to:
Logan Dean Worrell 3306 Larry Ln. Unit A, Austin, Tx 7878778

Holy fuck does time fly fast.

So there I was, twenty years ago, looking at myself in the mirror on the back wall of the studio. I looked like Dee Dee, what with the black spiky hair, five-dollar Ray-Ban knock-offs, short sleeved black t-shirt, and sneakers. I sounded like Dee Dee, especially when I counted off "1-2-3-4" in that high pitched whine, and sang "Wart Hog." And I certainly played like Dee Dee, what with the bass slung really low, down past my balls, and almost only using rapid-fire down-strokes. To my right, on the other side of the stage, stood the guitar player. He was wearing a white Mosrite, a yellow t-shirt, faded blue jeans, yellow socks, and black sneakers. Johnny Ramone. Mr. Fashion. And behind me was Marky. The drummer. The one you call "homeless" when he has no girlfriend. The one who drools out of both sides of his mouth when the stage is level. The one who you can tell is at your front door because he knocks, but never knows when to come in. The one who stays up all night studying for a urine test, the one who—never mind—you get the idea. So there I was, with Johnny and Marky Ramone. On stage. This in itself, is amazing. What is more amazing, however, is that this was an audition. For the Ramones. The Johnny Apple seeds of Punk Rock. God. And there I was. But let me back up a bit...

***

The worst stomach-ache I ever had was when I was like eighteen. I remember lying on my mom's and step-dad's couch, the blue one with the three mattresses, so when my brothers and I came to visit them in New York, we had a place to sleep. I was in extreme pain, and I remember my parents' friend, Richard, coming over and looking at me. I was holding my stomach, and I had a fever of like one hundred and four. He says, "Gee lad, you don't look so well. You look kinda pale. Like one of those Ramones people you are always going on about." Through my clenched teeth, I told him to fuck off, which made my mom and step-dad, Nick laugh. Finally, when I was able to fry an egg on my chest, I was taken to the family doctor.

As soon as I walk in the door, my doctor says, "Hi George. You don't look so good. You look very pale. Like one of the Ramones guys you are always talking about or wearing on your shirts." I just nod my head. He tells me to go into the back examining room, and take off my clothes, which consist of a leather jacket, Ramones t-shirt, sweat pants (I couldn't wear jeans 'cause my stomach was so fucking bloated), and sneakers. I tell him okay, and the nurse shows me the way.

I get into the back room, and take off my clothes down to my underwear. I then sit on that table shaped thing with all the white paper all over it. It sticks to me 'cause I am so sweaty from the fever. Then my doctor walks in. He listens to my heart with that thingamajigger, and feels around my stomach. He then tells me to pull off my underwear, and lay on my side. I do. I hear him opening a packet of something, but can't see since I am not facing him. Suddenly I feel something going straight up my ass. It is his finger. I scream in pain, and he asks, "Does that hurt?" I scream "of course it fucking does!" He says, "oh", and continues to move his finger around up there. I scream some more, and finally he takes his finger out. Slowly. It feels like I just went to the bathroom on the table. But I didn't. Then the doctor tells me that there is something definitely wrong. I ask him if I can regain my dignity and put my underwear back on, he says to wait a second.

My doctor calls in the nurse who showed me to the room. My heart sinks into my feet. She is beautiful, as are all members of the opposite sex to an eighteen-year-old virgin. She walks in and sees me lying on my side. She kinda half smiles at me, and I feel worse. Then she walks around to my backside, where my doctor is standing. He tells her he wants her to feel something, and before I know it, her finger is up my ass. I scream in pain some more, and she laughs. Finally she takes her finger out, and they both leave the room. I get dressed and walk out to the lobby where my mom and Nick and the doctor are talking. The doctor is telling them that he thinks maybe my appendix is bursting, and I need to get to the hospital. My mom and Nick look very worried, but I kinda don't really notice, since I am busy wondering if the nurse and doctor shoulda wiped my butt after they were through.

The next thing I know, I am at New York Hospital, the emergency room. My fever is still really high, and I have begun to hallucinate, as I often do when I get fevers. I also start to babble, which I often do as well. I look around me, and there are all sorts of injuries and such. One lumberjack-looking guy is holding his hand in a towel, and there is blood all over his lap and pants. Some Indian woman, with a dot on her head, is rocking back and forth, screaming in a high-pitched whine. Some guy, who I must assume is a cab driver, has a bloody head and face, and is bitching about someone cutting him off, and getting the fare first. And then there is some cop who keeps throwing up white stuff, which I assume are powdered donuts. Wonderful. I love New York.

Finally I am taken in an elevator with a doctor and a bunch of residents. The doctor explains to his students that I may be a classic example of an appendix rupture, and then pulls down my sweat pants and sticks his finger up my ass. I yelp in pain, and I swear I hear some of the residents laugh. The doctor feels around for a while, and then withdraws his finger. I somehow say through my delirium, "Wipe, toilet paper, wipe". No such luck. Suddenly, I feel another finger go up my ass.

Then another. And another. And so on. Not all at once of course, just one finger from one resident at a time. They all feel around, roughly, I may add, and then withdraw from my backside. At this point, my stomach is not hurting nearly as much as my ass. Finally, I hear a girl resident say it is her turn, and then feel her finger go up my ass. As she is feeling around, she puts her face in front of mine and I see her. She has long brown hair, green eyes, and nice white teeth. Cute. Suddenly she gets a look of recognition in her eyes, and I again feel my heart sink into my feet. She then says, "Hey, aren't you George, the guy from the band that can not be mentioned?" Stupid fever.

I am taken to an operating room where a doctor tells me he is going to take out my appendix. He also tells me I look really pale, like that New York Puerto-Rican band, the Ramones. He then puts a mask over my face, and shoots me up with Sodium Pentathal. I sing "Twenty-twenty-twenty four hours to go, I wanna be sedated" as I pass out.

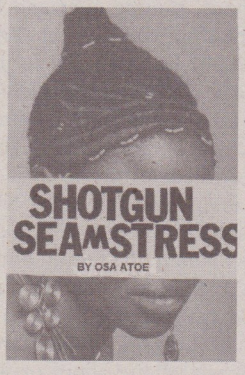
I awake in a hospital bed, with Nick and my mom by my bedside. I still have a very high fever, and ask Nick what is going on. He tells me that they removed my appendix, but there was nothing wrong with it. My mom looks really worried. I nod my head, and start to feel around to make sure they didn't remove anything else. I start to move my hand toward my crotch, under the sheets, of course, and suddenly feel something really smooth. Where my dick should be. It's Gone! Oh my God, they cut off my dick. My heart starts to race. I start to grasp around frantically, and finally find it, below the smooth skin. I sigh a breath of relief, as I realize that they only shaved off my pubic hair. Then I start to think about what they used to do that, and start to panic again. My mother asks me what's wrong, and I can almost see tears in her eyes. I force myself to relax, and tell her it's nothing, I'm fine.

I stay at the hospital for another week, while more tests are run on me. Finally the doctors figure out I have something called Camphlobacter, a bacterial infection. They begin to treat it with antibiotics, and my fever begins to go down. But that doesn't stop them from coming by everyday, with a bunch of residents, and sticking their fingers up my ass. I am beginning to feel like a one-finger bowling ball.

Also, while I am at the hospital, I kinda develop a crush on a nurse named Wanda. She is from Long Island, and has that cute accent. Her and my mom become good friends, and Wanda looks after me really good. We really begin to like one another, but then it happened. It was my bowels. They decided to move. After like almost a week. And they didn't just move, it was like a mudslide. And I couldn't walk cause I was tied to an I.V., and was stitched up. So I yelled for a bedpan, and really made a mess. Then Wanda came in to clean me up. Wanda. The nice girl from Long Island. The girl my mom liked. And there I was, helpless and butt-deep in shit. Anyway, it sucked. She kept telling me it was okay, and "normal," but I knew it wasn't. Here I was, this eighteen-year-old virgin punk rocker, and this girl, Wanda, had to wipe my butt and clean me up. The next day I told my mom I didn't want Wanda around anymore. She asked why, but I demanded that she just do it. She did. I had a different nurse for the rest of my stay. An old woman I didn't feel sexually weird around. On the way out of the hospital, I ran into Wanda, who gave me her phone number, and asked me to call her for a date. I never did. Even though I was still a virgin, and she was really cool and great, I could never date a girl who did "that" with me. I am still banging my head against the wall.

Stomachaches came, and stomachaches went, and every time I went to the doctor's office, he stuck his finger up my ass. It got to the point where I'd walk into his office, and just pull down my pants and lay on my side. It soon got to be that it didn't matter what was wrong, he was gonna stick his finger up there one way or another. I began to think that maybe it was my doctor, and he got thrills from invading my anus, so I went and saw another guy. He too stuck his finger up my ass. My ass has seen more fingers than a used piano. And eventually, I got used to it. Which brings us, of course, to the Ramones.

To be Continued…



Before I moved to New Orleans a month ago, I had this idea of putting on queer/lady DIY punk shows, because I knew that kind of scene was lacking here. During my last couple of years living in Portland, somehow everyone I was close to was either from the New Orleans or had lived there at some point—everyone from bandmates to housemates, even the lady I was babysitting for. It was through those people that I first learned about GirlGang Productions in New Orleans.

GirlGang was a group of three queer women who put on queer shows around town. They started in 2002 after a similar group called She Loves Me/She Loves Me Not went defunct. GirlGang petered out in 2006 after Katrina, but not solely because of the hurricane. The queer DIY scene in New Orleans was always tiny and whenever queer bands came to town, there was just one band to play with, and that band was Tragic Girls End Up Like This. My ex-bandmate Cassia Gammill played keyboards in that band along with Sarah Brooks (aka Sarah Action, ex-Ovary Action), Erin Dwyer (ex-Ovary Action), Kaleb Shervington, Elaine Little and Emily Elhaj. Tragic Girls opened for pretty much every queer band that came through Nola and kept the scene alive for women and queers in New Orleans, pretty much until the hurricane hit.

I decided to call the new effort to recreate a queer girl punk scene in New Orleans No More Fiction. I just looked at a list of Essential Logic song titles and picked one. (Runners up: "Music is a Better Noise" and "Born In Flames.") Before I really got started, I felt like it was important for me to get in touch with Mags, one of GirlGang's organizers who still lives in town. I called her up and we talked for a bit about the past and future of a queer girl punk scene in New Orleans. Basically, she told me, she's 40-something years old and in grad school and feels out of the loop when it comes to knowing which bands to invite to town. And if queer bands *were* brought to New Orleans, who would open for them now that Tragic Girls no longer exists? Mags agreed that there definitely would be enthusiasm and support for a new queer DIY scene in New Orleans. She's really well connected after having been here for so long, and offered her support with spreading the word about shows once No More Fiction got started.

Armed with Mags' blessing, I felt like I could finally start making shit happen. I already had a band in mind that I wanted to set up a show for. Marilyn, the singer/guitar player of Fleabag, this amazing pop-punk band from Oakland, got in touch with me and mentioned that they would be coming through New Orleans on tour in a couple of weeks. Not only is Marilyn's band great, but she's also another queer woman of color in punk. What a perfect band for No More Fiction's first show! I knew I had to get something together for them, but I had to do it fast! Step 1: Search for a venue.

I exhausted the venue list on www.noladiy.org with no success at all. A couple of weeks notice just isn't enough for most places, and there are very, very few non-bar spaces that have shows here. Nowe Miasto, a punk warehouse in Mid-City, was an obvious choice but they only really do one show a month, so I didn't want to overburden them. Dozens of phone calls later, I felt like I had no other choice so I rode my bike over to Nowe, walked through their unlocked front

door and up the stairs to the kitchen.

"Hey, who lives here?" I said to the half dozen people crowded in that ridiculously hot kitchen. "I do... What are you looking for?" replied this tall girl with a rattail who was standing at the sink. Her name is Candice and she plays guitar in a New Orleans punk band called Necro Hippies. I told her about No More Fiction, Fleabag and my immediate need for a show space. She was like, "Hey, let me call my friend Hilary. She just moved into this house and they wanna have shows there. I know they'd want to have a show like this at their house." She called Hilary left a message and then said, "Hang on, I'm gonna go get Takiya." She walked out of the kitchen, which, by then, was empty except for me. Takiya? Candice reemerged with this tall, young black girl with baby dreads who was visiting New Orleans from Miami. (You say her name: ta-KEY-ya.) Pretty much immediately she was like, "Hey you play music? What do you play? You wanna play right now?" And right then, Deny It was born.

Step 2: Find an opening band.

Or if there isn't a fitting opening band, make one from scratch. Candice and Takiya showed me the songs they'd been making up together with Candice on guitar and Takiya playing saxophone. I asked to sit in and play drums and they both seemed pretty patient and happy with my simple, no-lessons style beats. We decided we would open for Fleabag, Candice and Takiya decided the band should be called Deny It, and we scheduled practice again for the next day.

Step 3: Make a shitty flyer and hand it out.

Hilary and her housemate Becca decided to call their house Witch Cunt. I ran into Hilary one night at a show and she talked to me about how psyched she was to have queer girl shows at her house. We both bubbled about how exciting it was that all these new things were coming together at once. Finally we've got a space for the show, an opening band and a flyer. On to...

Step 4: Carry extremely heavy things over to Witch Cunt, set it all up, play a show, sweat a lot and feel real happy.

I didn't move to New Orleans to do punk stuff, really. In fact, before I moved here, I was wondering if I'd have time to play a lot of music and continue making my zine with everything else I thought I'd have going on. I figured that between work and school, it would be a real challenge to fit other things in. I came to New Orleans to be a teacher, because even before Hurricane Katrina, the public schools here have been terribly under-resourced and otherwise neglected. I want to be here for this beautiful city, and do my tiny part in helping to build it back up. For sure, there are more important things for New Orleans than making sure more punk shows happen. And if you want to make it a racial issue, is my priority the predominantly white punk scene in New Orleans or the predominantly Black communities that have inhabited New Orleans? To be completely fair, an awesome mix of people came to the Fleabag show, including a bunch of queers and people of color (most of us Black), and ultimately, I don't feel like I have to choose one community or the other, anyway. I guess, I'm always trying to keep my eye on the big picture, and punk rock just isn't the big picture to me. It's a tiny, removed piece of society that I get a lot out of being a part of, but it isn't the big picture.

Unfortunately, the rest of the world isn't as laid back as punk is, because I am as passionate about the work I can do in public schools as I am about overtly feminist queer/lady-style punk rock. But Witch Cunt didn't make me fill out an application and pay a fee to have a show there. We just asked and it happened. So wish me luck filling out applications, paying a bunch of fees and taking a bunch of silly exams on my journey to becoming a public school teacher. I think it'll be worth it in the end.

If you want more information on Girl Gang, including an archive of the shows they put on during their existence, go here: www.girlgangproductions.com. For more information on No More Fiction go here: www.myspace.com/nomorefictionshows and you can e-mail us here: nomorefiction@gmail.com. If you're a band that fits into No More Fiction's mission and you're going on tour, come play New Orleans. We'll put you on!

FUNKY BUT CHIC

All right, so a pretty OK looking girl came up to me the other week at a show (that stunk) and told me that I should write about music in my column, in lieu, I guess, of my usual homosexual panic and kike shtick. I told her no and told her off, but what she said stuck with me. Aside from a few mentions of bad hipster dreck I like (you know, like Direct Control), I never really talk about what kind of music you should listen to. Murman and Chuckles already have the pre-order type market cornered, and how can I write about hardcore in the same magazine as Bruce Roehrs without looking like a sissy? So I thought about it for maybe five minutes and pulled an idea out from between the folds of fat between my gut and upper crotch.

But it stunk, then so did the next one and so on/so forth until yesterday morning I came up with this piece of shit idea while walking around, went home and wrote it. What a brilliant life I lead. Anyways, enough with this pre-amble time wasting, here's a list of *good* records made by *bad* bands (I should write for *Spin*. Have you noticed that all music magazines have replaced drugs with lists and politics? Of course you haven't, you've been too busy reading my column).

TSOL 12" (Posh Boy, 1981) – *Hey, you!* Didja know that this second rate Siouxsie and the Banshees rip-off act made an OK 12" in 1981? I tossed this fucking record on yesterday for the first time in *three years* to write this and all I could say is thank god it's on 45. Without the context provided by their later dreck, I'd think nothing of this—another Posh Boy release (probably had his pecker firmly entrenched between a young Jack G's cheeks [either set]) that came out in 1981. But when you look at this band's later material (all of which is sickeningly corny while being self-serious in the worst ways, plus the songs suck) this seems...well, it seems mediocre at best. We're not off to a good start here.

Nazareth *Loud n' Proud* (A&M, 1973) – This thing is a stone-cold killer, made by some Scots, but not the kind in dresses. *Makes Hair of the Dog* (a crappy album that only doltish metalheads pretend to enjoy) look like Chicken Foot. I'm not messing around on this one... "Teenage Nervous Breakdown" (A...Little Feat cover???) makes me puke! I've never made it to the B-side cuz they cover Joni Mitchell and Bob Dylan and who wants to hear that? The person who introduced me to this record is now dead.

UFO *Phenomenon* (Chrysalis, 1974) – I gotta say that a lot of the people who listen to this kinda schlock really—at a base level, but nonetheless an actual one—just wanna jump Annihilation Times' bones, but I, of course, am immune from such pithy criticism, and I think this is a good record. The majority of you third-raters reading this magazine live in shitty states like Wisconsin or Massachusetts, so you can assuredly find this in a dollar bin or your uncle's record collection, buy it for a buck and throw it on in a few years when you're sick of the Clit Boys. "Doctor Doctor" is a real tearjerker and the pic of the boys on the back is just a regular jerker.

Utopia *Deface the Music* (Bearsville, 1980) – Do people still like Todd Rungdren? I know only one guy who does, but he can't really, cuz he *doesn't even own this album*! This record is (I guess) a concept record that follows the career of the Beatles? A pastiche it sez on the internet, which means an imitation, not covers... So it starts off with faux-Merseybeats and ends up

in Yoko territory, but it doesn't really sound like any of that, because Todd's head was so far up Bebe Buell's behind (where he was snorting hot rails to hell with Joe Perry and Stiv Bators), he couldn't even glimpse anything but his own "genius." This record is a fine dollar bin find, but mostly notable, because Nobunny covers one of these songs (un-cited) on his LP. You fucking simps probably bought that, but not this, so what's that make you?

David Johansen s/t (Blue Sky Records, 1978) – You thought he went from being a NY crossdresser to Latin sensation Buster Pointdexter overnight? Your ignorance strangles me. He put out this mutha of a record in 1978 and it smokes (beware all other releases after this one, though). Well some of the songs are a bit *funky* for me, especially the tune "Funky But Chic," which is sort of pathetic. But almost all of the other cuts on this son of a bitch are endearing and the sheer loveable lunkiness of Johansen's personality shines through the sometimes shoddy musicianship. The songs "I'm a Lover", "Lonely Tenement" and "Frenchette" close off the album, a truly majestic triumvirate and one of those (usually "Frenchette") makes it onto every tape I make for various broads. But fuck "Frenchette." My girl, well my former girl, she went over to suckle the teat of Mother Europa for two months, just got back the other day. I sez to her before she leaves to not do no screwing around on me, for though this would mean sixty days of feverish masturbation on my part, it would also ensure that the European snare wouldn't catch her in it's devilish trap, as it has so many other young nubile girls. Anyways of course she emails me a bunch saying many love-dove sentimental things and sometimes pining for my lower regions, which by this time have become quite cobwebbed indeed, and I respond with kind queries and questions, though I am not particularly interested in the details of her Europe trip, as all of my friends it seems are there on tour, and I will have to hear about that awful place, it seems, until the day that I am dead. I joke (somewhat) to my close friends that I hope she is not being force fed some sort of baguette. I feel awful about this joke and motion to have it removed from any sort of public record, but when she returns and tells me the awful news, which centers around her falling in love with some frog-prince or something of the sort, I immediately regret my semi-fidelity and wince whilst she gives me the relatively kind long goodbye, telling me, as she leaves, that she is moving to France. So fuck you, David Johansen.

Ultravox *Ha! Ha! Ha!* (Island Records, 1977) – You have got to be kidding me brace! First you whine about some such subject, which I of course skipped over at the end of your David Johansen ramble, and now you expect me to believe of all things, that talentless synth pop group Ultravox created one of the finest punk albums that has ever existed???" *Yes*. Yes, you fucking pathetic preteen! Maybe you were misinformed by your music teacher at the continuation school you attend to the dismay of your intelligent mom and dad, but Ultravox are so much better than that useless noise you hear about from your cousin who grew up in the '80s—this is *punk*. *Weird punk* even (doesn't sound like the Damned) with angles, but not like that Gang of Four disco girlfriend cocaine garbage, this isn't *post* anything except their first album, which mostly is glammy and has a lot of violins. And look at these fucking guys. This is a far cry from that UFO shit, which now in retrospect is fucking dog shit compared to this. Michael Schenker might as well have no hands when he goes up against Stevie Shears, the original Ultravox guitarist who was *fired* after this record for being too fucking *punk*. The singer was too, and the company replaced the two of those messianic beings with some cocksuck Gary Newman pretenders—*there is no justice*. I don't know how hard this is to get, because I began to ignore everything I see and haven't in fact left my house since I purchased this. "Distant Smile" is a dead killer with a guitar lead that makes you look like a bowlegged toothless *retard*. "Man Who Dies Every Day" is about Brian Jones… I think! Pete Townshend called him that once in an interview!

These guys like Pete! Brian! Pete got arrested for jacking off to pictures of little kids getting raped and Brian Jones was a fat Aryan who could barely even play on *Beggars Banquet* and who was relegated to playing the maracas on *Rocknroll Circus*! And he's dead! So is Pete, for all I care! You don't have to kill your idols—they're already dead! But tell that to Nike, who sponsors your Indie Rock Punk Festival in Miami and sells Black Flag uncut "Louie Louie" record covers for $10,000 to probably some Japanese guy! Free shoes! Free shows! A guy from Aus Rotten's band played it and where does that leave you? When is too much too much? Ramones were on Sire! A major label! Why shouldn't you take a pair of shoes? Fuck the slaves in Southeast Asia—they deserve it, stinking Commies! Peligro Social plays a party put on by Camel Cigarettes as a promotion! Buy the next X Swatch that's on eBay, collect all ten thousand Blank Dogs records, so you can sell them on eBay next year to a junior copy editor for *The Wire*, go see the next Will Farrell movie and laugh, because you don't know any better, complain about Fucked Up getting bigger when, god, at least they're escaping all this and you never really liked anything but one side of the "Police" single anyways, ask me to book a show for your shit band, which I won't do, write a letter from prison to me talking about shit *which I have no fucking idea about.*

What? Do you expect me to write some ebullient, witty and also caring response that'll somehow whip you up from the doldrums and loneliness where you lie sargasso'd and naked, cut off from all meaningful contact except perhaps Brace Belden will write you back some day? Listen pal, I'm a piece of shit who lives off money that isn't mine (cue letters making references to a mythical trust fund) in an apartment that's smaller than most people's living rooms (something I don't have), I jack off three times a day, not cuz I want to fuck, but because I hate my prick, I can't step out of my front door without some fucking scumbag calling me white boy or faggot hipster or whatever they decide white guys with glasses are this week, and I almost got assaulted last night for a piece of pizza. But even with all that, life isn't exactly hard, it's just mostly boring, drunk, punctuated with either having sex or puking, and I guess I have nothing to complain about anyways. Besides, maybe I'm just being melodramatic (but not really). Anyways, if you see this Ultravox record, buy it.

Either that, or sit on it.

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

The German band HERPES have a relatively new 12" called *Komm Vorbei*. According to an internet translator, this means "come over." The loose interpretations you could apply to these words, its sleazy suggestions are what I mean, this is not lost on these young Teutonic warriors who used to play in the SURF NAZIS. The music lies somewhere between the synthpunk of the SCREAMERS and the garage punk of EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING. Punk punk punk punk punk punk punk punk. It's pretty upbeat and the production is so cold you could be listening to a '80s new wave hit at times, but what saves them is the inept overloaded vocals. These German nerds. Sandals, cured meats, synthpunk.

The French band STATE POISON have stepped up after a lackluster demo with an absolutely killer, mind melting new 7". I have used words like killer and mild melting so much—I can't begin to tell you how many times I've used these aphorisms. You are currently witnessing the meltdown of someone attempting to write about punk music every day for the past few months. It takes its toll. *Kill-er. Killer*. The STATE POISON EP is *killer*. Screeching, sinister feedback tones envelop a

CHAOS UK / DISORDER / *every-band-that-develops-on-this-primitive-framework-for-punk-music* style one-two-vomit beat and some French asshole blurting out haikus over the top. If you have an aversion to soap and go to sleep with the whirring tone of tinnitus numbing your senses, than you'd probably like LEBENDEN TOTEN, DISCLOSE and, now, their French offspring, STATE POISON.

Finland, 2009: YDINASEETON POHJOLA's new 7" *Euro-Ohjukset* offers bleak, raw Finnish punk. The singer has no idea how to scream, so you can picture every time they play he spends the night afterwards coughing up blood while he chokes down some greasy bootleg vodka; and the guitar tone sounds like a horrible cheap digital pedal that tremors like a dirty CD in a couple of song pauses. All of these little disconcerting moments add to the impact of the music, and fortunately the song writing is inventive, though not experimental/weird enough that the entire thing sounds like a school project in rewriting the Havoc records reissue catalog. This sounds pretty unique and interesting, another great 7" from the modern Finnish scene which has given me plenty of justification to never want to visit that country and experience the kinds of miseries that go into making this music.

Sydney, Australia, and ROYAL HEADACHE have provided the restless youth with a focus for their sensual abandon with their six-song demo tape of early Aussie/early LA styled punk. The vocalist croons with evident appreciation for Glenn Danzig, but he offers a higher tone, under which the BUZZCOCKS fanatics that make up the instrument holders belt out some uptight, frantic punk shit, bred from a select pedigree of Sydney punk, hardcore and indie rock bands. *Punk punk punk punk punk punk punk.*

If you play punk, hardcore, garage noise or any music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you *don't* live in the US, Japan or Sweden, get in touch. My address is DANIEL STEWART: PO BOX 239 NORTH CARLTON VICTORIA 3054 AUSTRALIA. If you'd like to email me, try distortheworld@gmail.com

MY BRUSH WITH DEATH OR JOIE DE VIVRE

By Helen Degenerate, in sickness and in help with Judy Balmin

When I first moved to California, it was easy to make friends. One such "easy friend", Katey B, had graciously invited me to share a room with her and Matty B at their house. I accepted and began my life in a house led by three overwhelmingly popular young men who were followed by crusty punks and scum fucks. At any given time there were fifteen people in the house, as this particular house had an open door policy to travelers, guests, and random wingnuts. As a result, it was a ripe breeding ground for fresh-faced activism, midnight oogle emergencies, and most importantly to this tale—disease.

While acclimating to my environment, I began to pursue personal interests, such as utilizing a local pirate radio station to start an absurdist radio show with my new friend, Cindi. We had been doing the show for a month when one fateful Tuesday evening, I began to feel that I was coming down with something. When Cindi arrived, I was making hot toddies in an attempt to ward off the evil spirits of oogle past, who had forcefully infiltrated my upper respiratory system. The drink was one-part lemon, one-part ginger, and one fifth of whiskey. I figured that this cocktail ought to get me through the show. Unfortunately, my efforts were in vain—the filthy, crusty virus inside me, dread mullet at full mast, was ready to launch its course through a sea of pestilent vomit. By the end of the show, I was running a fever of 105 and could barely see.

Over the next few days, and over the midst of the planning of the first Punfest, I maintained this fever (and not without the attentive nose, ears, and hands of my fellow squatmates). Every time I left my room one particular housemate would appear to be waiting for me just so he could practice his skill of supposedly therapeutic sinus jujitsu to my face. There was not always explicit dialogue about the inevitable face massage, but it was not unwelcome. Another housemate was a novice herbalist and was kind enough to attempt a remedy for what ailed me. I don't remember what was in it. It tasted really intense and I don't think it worked.

I mean, it definitely didn't work, because if it had, when my beloved friend D'angie walked into the room she wouldn't have said, "Yeah, it smells like you're sick" after I moaned to her that Katey B wasn't around and that I was very ill. The tiny bit of what I had left of my human dignity at that moment was squashed by her insensitive comment.

One evening, I was waiting for Cindi and Blorch to come over and bring gifts of wellness, and in a desperate attempt to rid myself of the darkness inside me, swallowed three garlic cloves whole. Being that that was the completely wrong thing to do, I immediately puked into the room's trashcan (a ten-gallon paint bucket) mere seconds before their arrival. My dear friends stroked my forehead as I wept and moaned for reprieve. Cindi lifted a small box from her purse and began to swab the inside of my nose with a q-tip covered in jelly. As Cindi tended to me, Blorch explained that this was a homeopathic flu remedy and would fix me right up. I nodded in acceptance, but not in understanding. This was my first run in with homeopathic medicines.

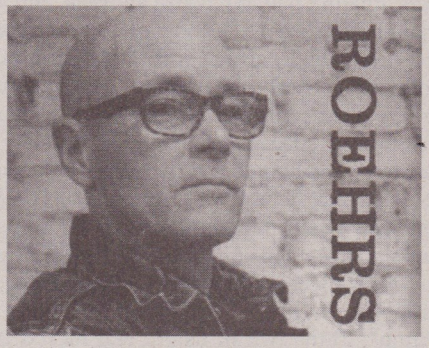
Finally, it was the eve of Punfest. All night punsters were punning around and having grand pun. I was still in the room, drooling and pissing myself like a wee infant. A large sleepover had been planned for that evening and I faked being well so no one would be mad at me for taking up the whole room for a third night in a row (I was suffering from a pitiful condition that can befall a person who shares a living space with other people—or anything at all with anyone—*sick-shame*). In the morning, I guess Dylan B was tired of sleeping with his leather jacket on, managed to wriggle out of it without waking up, and threw it from the loft and down onto my face. Leather jackets are really heavy, do you know what I'm sayin? They're sticky and sharp and Dylan's had needles and knives and shit sticking out of it. Can you believe such antagonism from the punks? First Angie, now Dylan. What a fucked up way to wake up! Especially when I already doubted the likelihood of my making it to the morn of the very first Punfest...

Luckily, I recovered from my morning "pelting," and sluggishly participated in the breakfast section of Punfest: weed doughnuts. I hadn't had any booze all week, and so thought I deserved a treat of two or three stony sweets. I partook with Jackie B in our annual ingestion of marijuana (neither of us are frequent consumers of weeds). However, this was a special occasion and, frankly, I needed something to get my mind off the fact that I could barely walk or breathe. Three very important things happened due to our decision to eat the doughnuts: 1) Jackie gave a private showing of her world-famous choreographed routine to Madonna's "Like a Virgin"; 2) the two of us got real fucked up and ended up having a psychic connection for several hours, continuously laughing and making knowing and presumptive gestures at each other as people walked by; and 3) in all my years, December 20th was the first day I'd ever gone to a show stoned. It was amazing. I cried when Broadway played, thinking how beautiful it sounded and how much I loved all of them, even Dylan. Apparently it was the worst show they ever played, but I didn't have time to notice—that Punfest could've been my last.

Throughout the day, I continued to be adversely effected by my illness although it

appeared to be subsiding. I sat down a lot and while Connie Fucking Francis played, a stony, stony Seanie Fucking Francis and I did a lot of psychic communication. Towards the end of the first half of the show, I had deluded myself enough to think I was entertaining Sam and Party Steve in Broadway The Room, attempting to tell stories but instead falling asleep on Party Steve's shoulder. Somehow, they or someone else got me to John's bus for the second half of the show where I tried really really hard to party, but couldn't stand up and eventually another, too fucked to stand, and I, all out of options, passed out on the couch until the end of the show.

So, this is where the story ends, and now comes the time to glean fable-esque morals from my pitiful tale. During this most unrighteous week, I made some misguided decisions in regards to my own self-preservation (not to mention the protection of others from the contagious beast within me), the biggest one being not going to the free clinic. My logic was so clouded by my three-day fever that I did not believe it to be an option, didn't even consider it. So, young brothers and sisters, remember, even if all there is a shack behind the infoshop with a wingnut and a stolen script pad, you should probably go talk to them and see what can be done for you. Luckily for me in this case though, a very special remedy for my very special disease stepped out of the woodwork to save me. Believe it or not, the day after Punfest, I was cured. My friends' virtuous doughnut-making skills had rescued me from my certain and hideous fate: a lonely and feces-covered death in the East Bay's most infamous squat.



INTIMIDATION

Fuck yes! DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR has a great new EP out on the consistently strong hardcore label Bridge Nine. The "Our Glory Days" EP has two originals and an amazing BRUISERS cover. We start with "Coffin Nail" about the pathetic "Junkie snitch brought to his knees by the hard world he never had the will to beat." Song two on side A is the title cut "Our Glory Days." This song remembers the youth coming up under adverse conditions—fighting the bouncers, fighting the cops, "forged an iron will in hate" from a grown man's perspective. DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR write: "Never dwell on the harder days / Learn my lessons from mistakes / Every day is a glory day when you stand by the values and refuse to fade away." Fucking excellent! Side B features a stunning version of "Intimidation" written and originally performed by Mr. Al Barr and the BRUISERS from New Hampshire, USA. This is a great record!! Order your copy from Bridge Nine Records, www.bridge9.com

Fucking A! Agipunk and Terror From Hell labels have released a fucking blazing speed metal/punk crust compilation seven inch for you head bangers! Side A come out hard and fast with CHILDREN OF TECHNOLOGY and their great song "On The Road Again." Brilliant! NUCLEAR PRO follow up with two tunes "Frost Doom" and "Tangue De Gas." Side B leaps off the vinyl with ARMAGEDDON slashing through their song "Ricard Animal." Excellent! For the grand finale on this four band split EP you get the top-notch metal band MINKIONS reducing you to rubble on two songs called "Minkions" and "Green Shit." Fuck yes! Contact the bands at their respective MySpace sites!

Yes sir! After an amazing LP on Will's No Options Records, SANCTUM is back with a bang! The new *On The Horizon* LP is fucking heavy as fuck! Side A starts with "Scepter Of Pestilence" and keeps the bleak thrash coming your way! We linger in the vaults of discomfort with "In The Shadow Of Death." The guitar playing on this song is phenomenal! Next you lucky fucks get to experience the second song on side A, "In The Shadow Of Death." Fucking brutal! We will slow things down a notch with "False Hope" and finish you off with a crushing tune, "Victory Or Defeat." Excellent! Side B perpetuates the mayhem! You start with the title cut "On The Horizon" and matriculate immediately to "And We Press On." Out of all this black negativity you get a ray of hope as the singing and the guitars coalesce to create a rare moment of optimism. Song seven is entitled "This Downward Path." This song will not pick up your spirits intellectually. If you concentrate on the ferocious guitar playing and guttural singing you will be lifted up out of the mire! SANCTUM finishes the thorough beating with "Last Breath." This is a fucking great record! For your copy of "On The Horizon" by SANCTUM, contact Agipunk Records at www.agipunk.com

Agipunk has a myriad of good product available for you this month! Agipunk has lavished their efforts on you losers with a HELLBASTARD LP from 1986. This rough and tumble punk attack slams right into your brainpan! After "Intro," HELLBASTARD demolishes your world with "Nazis Killed" and "Massacre." Just when you thought you had survived the heavy artillery you get shell-shocked with "Deceiver" and "Insanity." Fucking great! Side B is just as relentless! You barely emerge from your foxhole when you get decimated by "Death From Above." You carry on only to be brutalized by "Life For Who." Don't even attempt to catch your breath—it's no use! Next you get an onslaught of four songs that show no mercy for you fragile punks!! You are treated to "Kill Or Be Killed," "Outside Claustrophobia," "Skag Kill D. Pushers" and finally the song "And Now…." Yes sir! This is punk with a capital "P." Contact Agipunk for your HELLBASTARD *Ripper Crust* LP at www.agipunk.com

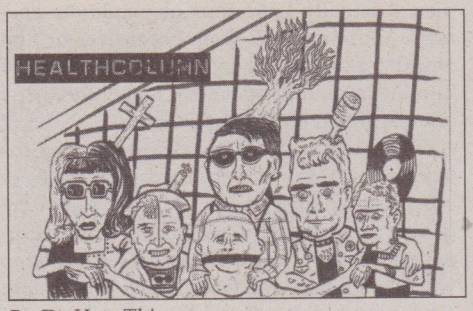
No Way Records gives you a double-shot of punk bile this month! First you get THE LADIES with their *Hole Sailor* EP. Then you get GOVERNMENT WARNING in full-on attack mode with the highly venomous *Executed* EP. On side A, Brandon and his cohorts come storming right at you with the title song "Executed." Kenny sings like this: "Lay your head in the grave you bought / You want to be smart and have it all / But we all will eventually fall… / I want to execute you for all your crimes / And see the fear in your eye, because you're all out of time." That's a great song!! Side B offers up more raw punk just seething with anger! In "Shirked Obligations" GOVERNMENT WARNING condemns the irresponsible men who father children out of wedlock and abandon them immediately. "Shirked Obligations" touches on a major problem in our society that manifests itself with a struggling single-parent mother and a maladjusted child. The final blow to your head on side B is a ferocious cover of the song "Modern Day Heroes" by the legendary southern California punk band BATTALION OF SAINTS. The *Execute* EP is essential listening for you pissed off punk rockers! Get your copy before it's too late! Contact Grave Mistake Records, PO Box 12422, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com OR No Way Records at www.nowayrecords.com

Fuck yes! The Bay Area's HARRINGTON SAINTS have released an excellent seven-inch on Mike Josephson's Longshot Music, in association with Contra Records from Germany. This catchy punk/Oi! slab will have you dancing about, spilling your beer! Side A slugs you in the face with the stellar skinhead anthem "Bootstraps," taken from the brilliant upcoming full-length album to be released on Longshot Music and Contra Records called *Dead Broke In The USA*. Side B clobbers you with "City On Fire"! This fine number has all the punk balls of a classic 1977 opus like STIFF LITTLE FINGERS' "Suspect Device." The "Bootstraps" 45rpm seven inch by the HARRINGTON SAINTS is another feather in the cap of Longshot Music. While you are ordering the HARRINGTON SAINTS, be sure to also pick up the incredible BONECRUSHER 10" EP called "Our Nations Burning"!! Contact Longshot Music at: 980 Harrison Street, San Francisco, CA 94107,

www.longshotmusic.com OR contact Contra Records at: Dresdener Str. 40, 04808 Wurzen, Germany, www.contra-net.com

Yes sir! BEFORE I HANG from Hattiesburg, Mississippi graced the California shores with three unbelievably tough rock and roll shows! HAMMERLOCK was at the helm while BEFORE I HANG ran rough-shod over the punks and skins at Burnt Ramen in the town of Richmond, California on Friday night, July 17th, 2009. Chris supplied the top-notch vocals, while Walt played lightning-fast guitar. Joel held down the bottom end on bass and John Wayne Little John played great drums!! The band kicked ass! BEFORE I HANG plowed through a brutal set of rock songs including "Targets," "Armed Americans," "Nothin But Fist," "Please Me," "Up Front," "More Fun," "Freon Head," "Dixie Pig," "She's Hot," "Gutter Punk," a GG ALLIN cover called "Violence Now" and for a finale, "Get Drunk." The Burnt Ramen show featured some excellent opening bands like Bay Area stalwarts ZERO BULL SHIT. Jim and his crazed punks have been wreaking havoc on the Northern California punk rockers for nigh on to fifteen years now! Look for new product from ZERO BULL SHIT in the near future on Pyrate Punx Records.

Another opening slot was occupied by Joe and his veteran scum-rock outfit, FRACAS. FRACAS attacked immediately with "Fuck All Y'All" by scum-rock gods ANTISEEN! You got "Stitched And Stapled," "Battering Ram," "Fifteen Beers," "Porcelain God," "On Trial," "Wish It Was My Hand," "Hate Finger," "Endless Glory Of War" and "I'll Not Be Denied." This was a fucking great set with Joe going off very hard (as usual)! HAMMERLOCK finished with ONE great song as their entire set. "Conquest Train" rang through the rafters! The next two nights were just as entertaining! BEFORE I HANG played almost the same set the second night at Annie's in San Francisco. BEFORE I HANG was in fine form! Fortunately HAMMERLOCK played a full set in San Francisco and as expected, it was great! The set list was as follows: "Conquest Train," "I Reject It," "I Shot My Baby," "Media Sucker," "Take Me Down The Road," "Later Than You Think," "Whiskey Drinkin' Woman," "Riding For The Brand," "Colorado Mountain Goat," "Hate Radio," "Pride Of Franklin County" and "Quick Justice Cowboy." THE MENTORS closed the Saturday night show and to their credit, the guitar playing is consistently good and the new front man does his best to fill in El Duce's rather large shoes. Sunday night found BEFORE I HANG and HAMMERLOCK entertaining a select crowd at the Red Hat in Concord, California and needless to say, a good time was had by all! Thanks to Travis and Liza for organizing the shows. Many thanks to Chris, Walt, Joel and Little John for coming out to play our state!!
Until next month… See you fucks at the bar!



By De Hate This

As an herbalist and nutritionist, and as a hardcore enthusiast and frontwoman of the band I Hate This, I am excited to see MRR taking on such a complicated issue as "health." A lot of the lyrics I write are about that issue, and it's nice to see others in the punk community catching on.

Health, of course, is a vague term with many definitions and paths leading to it, but for me, it can be summed up quite easily as " physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual balance and well being." (Not spiritual as in "God," kids, so don't freak out on me already. The spirituality that I talk about points more to a feeling of greater purpose in life, a sense of interconnectedness between ourselves and our environment in perhaps a more sophisticated and insightful way. But I digress, and if you want to take issue with me on that I will include my address at the end of this column for all the armchair activist letter-writers.) Poor health, then, as it follows, is an imbalance of any of those four aforementioned things, and can manifest itself in any number of ways. The problem, as I see it, in our culture's many manifestations of poor health, rests on two major problems: the privatization of our health care system and just plain bad education about what health is, where is comes from, and how we can attain it.

First things first. We all know that healthcare in America is fucked up. But *why* is it fucked up? Most people would say that it is because we do not all have equal and satisfactory access to the western medicine, i.e. insurance for doctors and hospitals and medicine and what have you. It is all I can do to not laugh in people's faces who believe this, so before I laugh in your face, consider this: of 50 surveyed developed nations in the world, guess where we rank in trauma care, or care for acute illness like broken bones, heart attacks, etc.? You guessed it…we rule. We are number one in trauma care. That is good and I can appreciate that. However, of these 50 nations, where do you think we rank in overall wellness? Not surprisingly, we are 49 of 50, and I can't remember who the poor blokes are at 50, but I'm sure they're in big trouble. So, we are one of the richest, sickest, fattest, and unhealthy developed countries on the map.

Do you think doctors can fix this problem? One of the clients I work with for breast cancer management once told me a story. She was in a hospital getting a second opinion about her course of treatment, and when asked if she was thirsty, she was offered "regular or diet Coke." Now my friends, Coke can remove corrosion from car batteries and dissolve nuts and bolts left to soak in it. It makes sense to me that "regular or diet" may not be the best choices for her given her condition, or really for anyone at all. If the problem with healthcare is not enough access to doctors who don't even understand about food, then I'll take it, because we are all better off that way. But I don't believe that is the real issue.

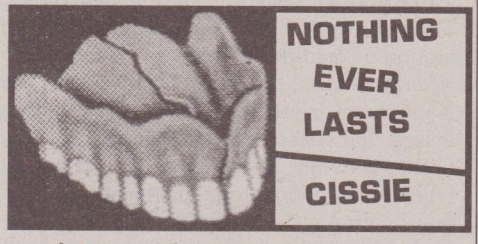
Don't get me wrong; I am supporter of the universal healthcare initiative. I believe we should all have access to medical care when dealing with *a trauma situation*…when we need *emergency acute care.* And we are in the best country to deal with that. But what about a cold, or a sore ankle, or scabies, or arthritis? What about constipation or fatigue or a sore throat? Doctors charge us $100 dollars for their assessment, then give us dangerous medicine made by huge unethical corporations at 50 bucks a pop, or even worse, get us hooked on the medicine so the rich get richer and the sick get sicker. In addition, over 450,000 iatrogenic deaths (deaths caused by inappropriate medicines, un-needed surgeries, etc.) occur every year, and that number is increasing. Again, I ask, is insurance access the real problem? I don't think so. The problem is relying on corporations and their puppets for our cures. The problem is reliance on a system that makes us sicker. The problem is that western allopathic medicine seems like our only choice. But it is not.

The answer to this problem is at the grocery store and just outside our door. My life's work is helping people to attain and maintain wellness in their own lives on their own terms, completely independent of the medical/corporate system, if that is their choice. The path to wellness and our cures are all around us, and they *belong to us. They are our birthright and our own responsibility.* Herbalism is the people's medicine, *our medicine.* And it is easy and cheap, to boot. The start of good health, certainly, is good nutrition. If we eat wholesome, simple, organic, balanced diets, our immune systems improve and our bodies are balanced in such a way that most diseases can't even live in us, and thus we get sick less often. Our bodies function optimally, and we *feel* well. If and when we do get ill, our medicine doesn't have to come from a greedy warmongering corporation, but straight from the earth. Plants and herbs are no new age mystery…they *work.* I grow all of my own medicine and use it for my family, my friends, and myself. If you can't do that, there are tons of places you can buy these herbs, or write me and I'll send you some. Many problems can be treated with food herbs, and the cure can

be as simple as eating certain things for a few days. It is not pricey or complicated. 80 percent of the world's population use medicinal plants as their medicine, and many modern western medicines were/are derived from these plant constituents. We have the choice to be well, and the first thing is to educate ourselves about what wellness really is and how we can attain it.

This leads us to the second problem that I posit: poor health education. I remember sitting in middle and high school health classes and thinking them a complete joke, at best. I learned about STDs over and over and over. I learned the food pyramid, which is actually inaccurate and, further, does not take into account personalized programs. I learned how to sleep in the back of the room without getting caught and what doors didn't have hall monitors so I could skip the fucker altogether. I entered adulthood with no real education on good nutrition, physical well-being, the importance of emotional wellness, or diseases in general, and I graduated at the top of my class. I rarely thought about "health," and I think this is far too common in our general population. It is why we are fat and sick. It is why McDonald's still exists. It is why we are 49 in 50. We need to educate ourselves about what health is and how to be well. There are bazillions and books and websites devoted to this very subject. Access to the information is everywhere, and there is no excuse not to use it. Shit, it's *your* health—maybe you should learn about it!

That said, if you want more information about herbalism and nutrition, good books or other resources, or if you want to bitch at me for something I said, you can write me at EirHerbal@gmail.com or snail mail: De/I Hate This, 105 Summit Ave, Shillington, PA 19607. I'm also happy to give suggestions for personal health issues you may have, in which case, shoot me an email.



While I don't have a lot of human enemies, I do have several inanimate enemies. Today I was at the supermarket when my morning coffee demanded a visit to the bathroom and I was met with a supreme mortal enemy: one-ply toilet paper. How is a person supposed to properly wipe with a rough, practically transparent sheet of tissue? It wasn't pleasant—I truly despise one-ply toilet paper. I've banned it from every house that I've lived in. I also have a hard time with dull serrated knives. Bruce Roehrs knows 'cos he had to help me mend a bloody pinky one night, a victim of one of the knives that has made MRR home since the '90s. These are only a couple examples; I actually have tons of inanimate enemies. You might call them pet peeves or first world problems but by any name they fall into the intolerable category. Lately the worst offender of all has been pixelation.

This month we received a lot of records (and zines) that were adorned with traces of blurry digital images. I'm not much for telling people how to do things, but this shit legitimately hurts my eyes. In fact, I was starting to worry that I see pixelated, like maybe my eyes would always have this digital smudging imbedded in them. Next time my eyes get tested they'll tell me my vision is 72 dpi.

Even though I like plenty of records that have bad art, I do value aesthetics. I realize that artwork isn't *the* most important aspect of a record, but I generally take it into consideration when I encounter an unheard band. If something looks really nice, it'll make me curious as to what the music sounds like. Certain records are so genre-driven (aesthetically and sonically) that you can look at them and practically hum the songs without ever hearing the music. I don't think there's anything wrong with that. Sometimes it's nice to know what you're getting into, and oftentimes originality is overrated, but when careless pixelation is involved I become immediately disinterested because it looks so gross.

It's lazy to have pixelation in your artwork. I mean, it's lazy to do layout on a computer for something as basic as record artwork in the first place, but when an image is pixelated it's because you've neglected to check the resolution, which involves a couple key clicks. If you're not comfortable using computers, then you shouldn't involve one in your record layout process. There's really no excuse for pixelation on your record cover or insert. The biggest gaffe of all is when the digital blur crowds around the label name. Is it really that hard to get a decent scan or digital file of your label's logo?

I know I'm overreacting, and that *MRR* has been guilty of this disgrace many times, but lately it seems that pixelated images have become an epidemic and it bothers me. Maybe in the future inferior computer graphics will be a chosen aesthetic. "I really want our record cover to have that '00s look with low-resolution graphics and the recording should have that shitty MP3 whirring sound." I guess it's possible. People seem to be really into dot matrix fonts and the like now… Maybe I'll appreciate low-resolution images when they are vintage, destined to forever be a throwback.

***

In six months time, I will no longer be coordinating MRR. I had to give notice so I could start considering my next move and because finding a new coordinator usually takes a while. I'm excited to see who decides to apply and who will eventually take my place at the Maxi-pad. I figured I'd go over some FAQs regarding the position for those interested (and if you're considering it at all, yes, you should apply). Last time we had an opening folks from outside the Bay wrote wondering if they would have to re-locate to San Francisco and the answer is yes. This is not a job that can be done remotely; you have to be around the house often to manage the day-to-day tasks. The coordinator doesn't have to live at the MRR house, but the amazing living space is generally considered one of the perks of running the mag, and not to mention sharing space with almost every single awesome (and shitty) punk record ever released. It's not imperative that an applicant knows how to use In Design/Photoshop/Word, etc, because you can be trained to use these programs when you get here, and you don't have to own a computer because the house has seven or so. Unless you have a vast savings you'll have to get a job in addition to MRR since no one gets paid at the magazine, but your rent and bills will be covered and that's a big deal in SF because rent in this city is so high. I think that takes care of most of the basics. If you have any questions don't hesitate to email us and if coordinating sounds like something you're up for write to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com and we'll start the application process with you. I have to say that although running this magazine is hard work and stressful, it's an invaluable learning experience and I'm glad that I got the chance to be a part of the magazine's history.

1. My playlists are practically always the same but I insist on listing one anyway: Complications, Dead Moon, Poison Idea, Wasted Time, Ilegal.
2. I've been having some mild luck on the record front. Some recent acquisitions include Fertil Miseria's *Cadenas* EP, Tales of Terror's first LP (I wanna trade or sell this if anyone needs it), *Los Angelinos* comp (the Brat songs rule), Karma Sutra's *The Daydreams of a Production Line Worker* LP (I probably don't need this either…), the Ex's *Aural Guerilla* LP, the Lama singles LP (thanks Georg!), and Artistic Decline's *Random Violence* LP (Pettibon artwork!).
3. Popcorn rules.

I was trying to find a picture of XYX to use to illustrate something on the *MRR* website, and found a post on a blog about them, the

comments section of which contained kids, from their own scene dissing them, and all the other Monterrey punk bands (from Los Llamarada to Ratas Del Vaticano) for being posers. Not only that, but they were accused of being a weak simulation of a sound that other countries do much better, which clearly isn't the case for any of those bands. And what even does that mean?! Specifically I can't think of anyone, from some mythical "other country" who does what Ratas Del Vaticano do *better*, which is to say pummel the audience with an eloquent yet furious and raw punk sound... Their LP is rad, but really does not even come close to capturing the power and energy of seeing them play. Watching a band without a front person can be non-compelling; this band dispels that idea immediately. This was the first time I have seen a band *own* the stage, without moving at all. They made the Clash look like pantomime dames, their stance combined with true and total spun out fuck you sounds. Hardly anyone was at the show, and I made NN come after band practice, resulting in all of them buying the LP and a five second slam dance. Martin called it when he described them as classic Mexican punk churned up through some raw early Rip Off records style. They fucking ruled and blew me away. If you have a chance to check them out live DO IT. Seriously, go see this fucking band!

XYX played to a similarly sparse crown at San Francisco's *only* all ages space, and were similarly crushing, albeit in more of a Godheadsilo style—though to call this band a derivative of anything is to undermine what they do. It's probably the just the bass and drums only combo that brings to mind that comparison. They are both amazing musicians to watch, and the song writing, particularly on their two 7"s is phenomenal. It's kind of big and dumb sounding, like a deconstruction of rock music, which after all is what punk is right? And that to me is why their music is so compelling, it's got this sneer to it and is sorta ugly *and* stylish, intellectual somehow but dumb in the best way. I liked watching them play at a show they probably weren't super comfortable playing, being that every other band was an all dude hardcore band of varying types, because it made it clear that they really own their sound and that they have a clear and transmutable band idea they are able to transmit even when out of place…

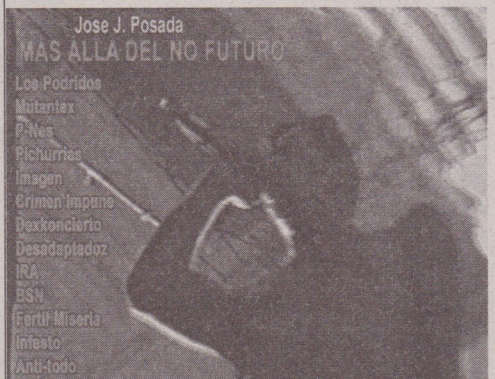
I can think of few places that have as exciting a scene, at least from an outsider's perspective as Monterrey right now. I was talking to the kids in Ratas about their other bands, and tapes they'd put out or were putting out, and it was so fucking inspiring, and exemplified to me the punk ideal… Making your own band and sound and scene, representing your friend's ideas, your community. It's easy to dismiss what's happening in your own town as unremarkable compared to mythical scenes that exist elsewhere. People have been doing it since the beginning of time, that feeling of being born in the wrong place at the wrong time. I think that's what drives people to make something happen, or to throw in the towel, and write off everyone that hasn't given up as a poser and a rip off. What is punk rock except a rip off anyway? What can you do with three chords? It's the sound of people figuring out how to make their own sound in the face of shitty, tame rock music…

All of this brings me to one of the most frustrating aspects of punk life in San Francisco—the lack of a decent all ages space! You may have heard rumblings about a five day festival, or rather frenzy that we are putting on in conjunction with Thrillhouse, the purpose of which is to raise the funds to both help *Maximum*, and to set up a DIY punk run show and community space in San Francisco. I grew up in London, England, where although most shows are held in pubs, you can pretty easily sneak into them from about age 14 and up, since the age limit for drinking is a more reasonable 18 there. And at that time at least there wasn't a national ID card, so you just had to memorize your fake birth date for the person on the door. I definitely got kicked out of some places for being underage, but they don't card you unless you try and buy drinks, and I think there might even be some weird law that says it's ok for kids to go to pubs under certain circumstances… Punk and hardcore are by the kids and for the kids, and 21 and over shows are exclusionary, and bar culture is boring and depressing. MRR columnist and current teenage terror, Brace Belden was unable to attend the aforementioned Ratas Del Vaticano show as a result of his age, along with the fact that his fake ID has a picture of a 60-year-old man on it. 21 as the legal drinking age seems insane to me, I know teenage binge drinkers are a constant tabloid rage subject in the UK, but the fact that you can vote and have sex here at 18, but can't go see a show at a bar is fucking ridiculous. I went to see Deep Sleep play a couple days ago, same bar as the Ratas Del Vaticano show, and I knew that there would have been at least twice the amount of people there if it had been an all ages show. Having a hardcore show at a bar seems especially inappropriate…

***

So Cissie has announced her decision to move on from *MRR* this month. I have really enjoyed working with her over this past year, putting together this thing you hold in your hands. Staying up all night the week we go to print, freaking out because we are a couple thousand dollars short on rent and it was due yesterday… The fourteen hour work days and the satisfaction of knowing that we managed to make it happen, whether it's averting another financial crisis, a printing disaster or finally getting a band we both to love to submit an interview. Running *Maximum* is easily the most satisfying thing I have ever done. It's also the hardest I have ever worked; I don't think you can explain how hard it is until you actually do it. I have worked on the magazine for six years and been close friends with all of the coordinators during that time, and I had *no idea* until I took on the coordinator challenge what I was getting myself into… Anyway we need you! If you are interested in applying for the position of content coordinator email us, mrr@maximumrocknroll.com and we'll get you an application. No one gets paid, but you do get to live for free in the *MRR* house, amongst the green tape and years of punk rock history…
Whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com
layla@maximumrocknroll.com

1-Jerk Ward discography LP (MRR need this if you put this out can you send one for review/the collection?? This band were from the same scene as Neos, similar age and crazed sound...) 2-Mottek–Hypnose LP 3-Dead Clodetes 2nd 7" 4-Skate summer late nights at the DMV 5-Pizza for every meal



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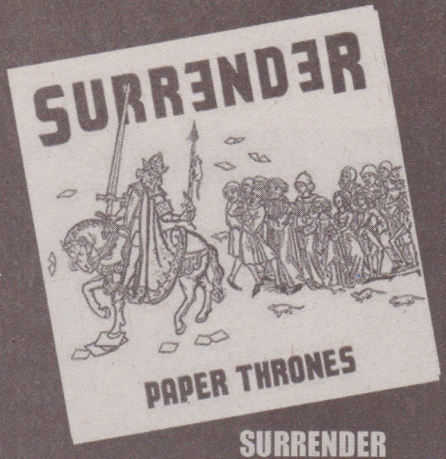

SURRENDER
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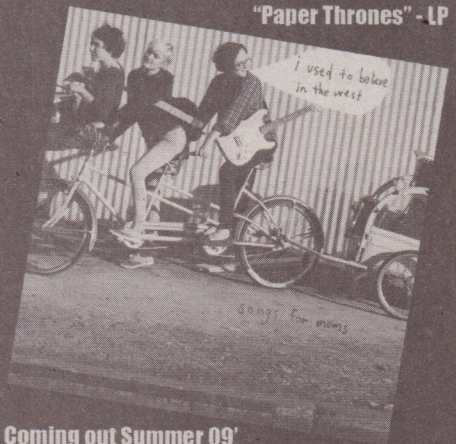

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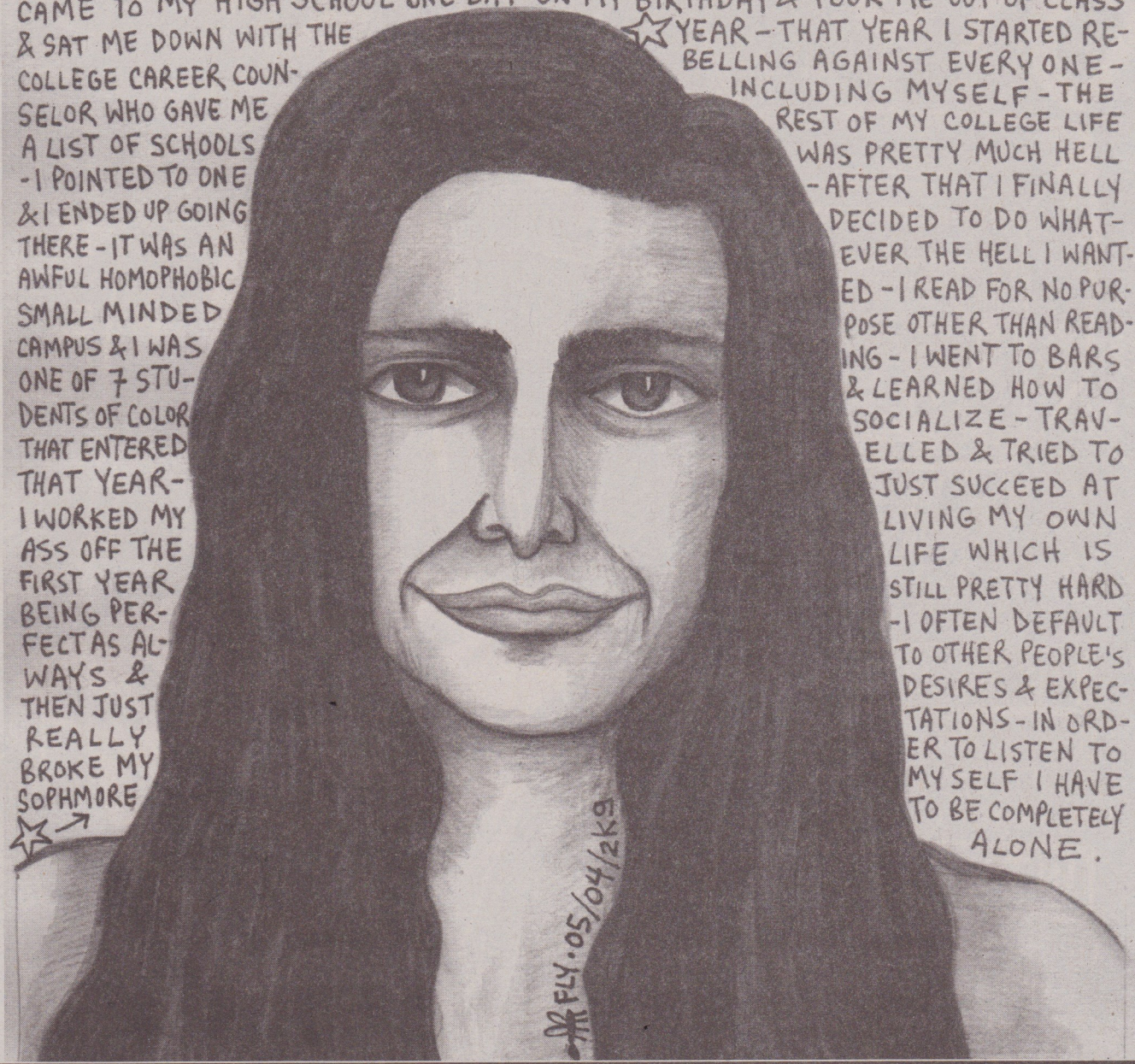
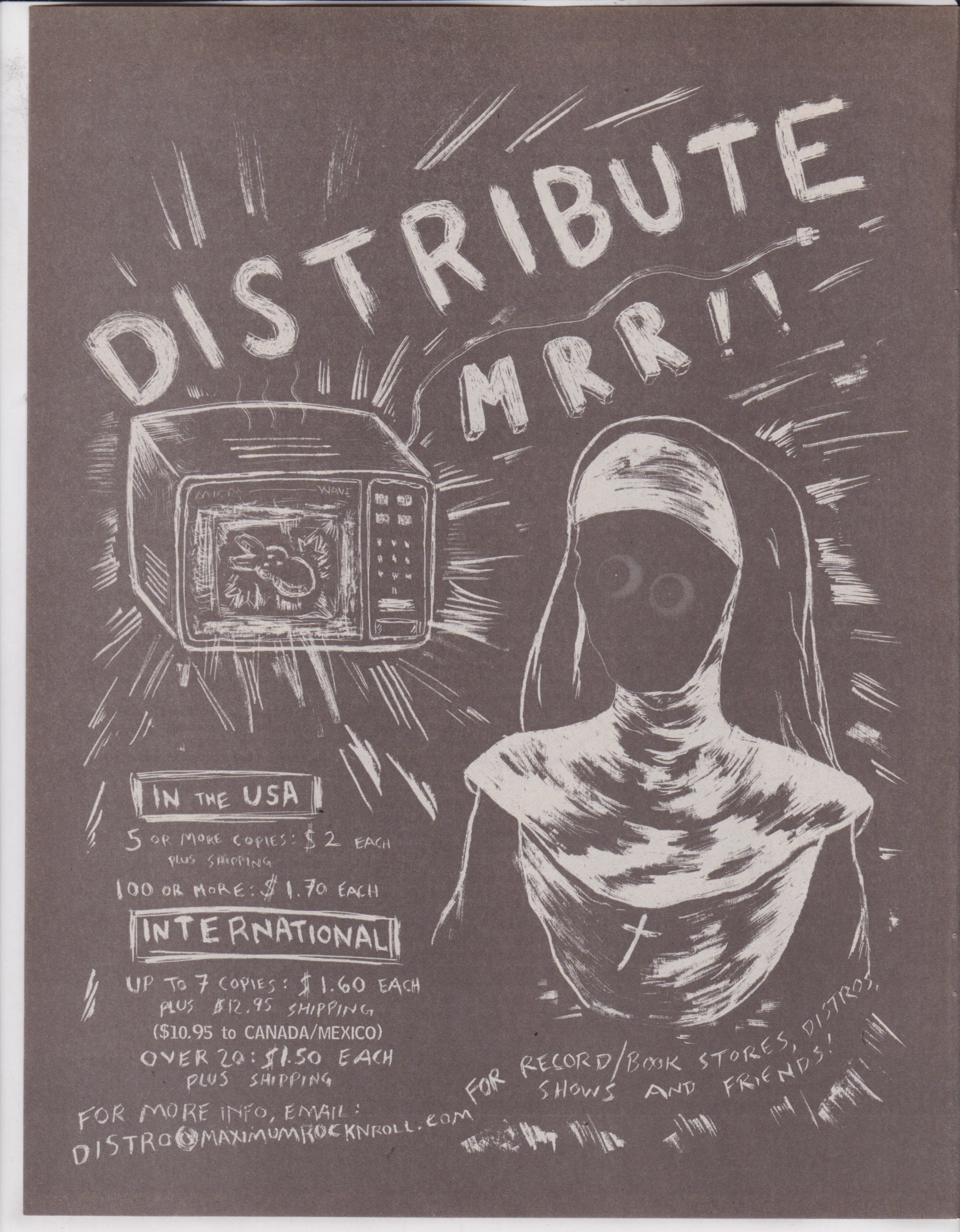
I WAS BORN IN THE SUBURBS OF CHICAGO IN 1977 - BUT ITS STRANGE TO SAY THAT IS WHERE I AM FROM BECAUSE MY PARENTS ARE BOTH FROM OTHER COUNTRIES - MY DAD IS FROM BULGARIA & MY MOM IS FROM ECUADOR - I GUESS I THINK ITS STRANGE BECAUSE IT IS LIKE I WAS RAISED IN THE AMERICAN DREAM WITH NO HISTORY - THEY DIDN'T TALK ABOUT THEIR PASTS AT ALL - I KNEW THAT MY DAD HAD ESCAPED COMMUNISM & HE HAD RISKED ALOT - & I SAW HOW HARD BOTH MY PARENTS WORKED SO I JUST TRIED TO FULLFILL WHAT THE AMERICAN DREAM WAS SUPPOSED TO BE - I WAS A PRETTY PERFECT KID - I NEVER REBELLED & I WAS PRESIDENT OF EVERY SINGLE CLUB & JUST BASICALLY TRIED TO PLEASE MY PARENTS AS MUCH AS I COULD - I DIDN'T REALLY THINK ABOUT WHAT I WANTED TO BE WHEN I GREW UP OR WHAT COLLEGE I SHOULD GO TO - IT WAS OBVIOUS I WOULD GO TO COLLEGE BUT I MADE NO MOVE MYSELF TO FIGURE OUT WHERE I WANTED TO GO - MY MOM CAME TO MY HIGH SCHOOL ONE DAY ON MY BIRTHDAY & TOOK ME OUT OF CLASS & SAT ME DOWN WITH THE COLLEGE CAREER COUNSELOR WHO GAVE ME A LIST OF SCHOOLS - I POINTED TO ONE & I ENDED UP GOING THERE - IT WAS AN AWFUL HOMOPHOBIC SMALL MINDED CAMPUS & I WAS ONE OF 7 STUDENTS OF COLOR THAT ENTERED THAT YEAR - I WORKED MY ASS OFF THE FIRST YEAR BEING PERFECT AS ALWAYS & THEN JUST REALLY BROKE MY SOPHMORE ☆→ YEAR - THAT YEAR I STARTED REBELLING AGAINST EVERY ONE - INCLUDING MYSELF - THE REST OF MY COLLEGE LIFE WAS PRETTY MUCH HELL - AFTER THAT I FINALLY DECIDED TO DO WHATEVER THE HELL I WANTED - I READ FOR NO PURPOSE OTHER THAN READING - I WENT TO BARS & LEARNED HOW TO SOCIALIZE - TRAVELLED & TRIED TO JUST SUCCEED AT LIVING MY OWN LIFE WHICH IS STILL PRETTY HARD - I OFTEN DEFAULT TO OTHER PEOPLE'S DESIRES & EXPECTATIONS - IN ORDER TO LISTEN TO MYSELF I HAVE TO BE COMPLETELY ALONE.



Sabrina Chapadjiev - 04/05/2K9 - Lower East Side NYC

I met Sabrina a couple years ago when she decided to include me in her phenomenal anthology called *Live Through This* which is a compilation of essays and artwork by women who tread the fine line between creation and self-destruction—it was published last year by Seven Stories in NYC & has gotten rave reviews—Sabrina also did this amazing zine of interviews with exceptional women called *Cliterature* which you should try like hell to get a copy of!! Right now Sabrina is working on some projects in Europe and trying to play as many shows as possible with her new CD *Oompa*—she is writing more music & doing workshops with the LTT book & trying to figure out what shit day job to get next. You can find her at www.sabrinachap.com, or at www.myspace.com/sabrinachap or you can email her: livethroughthis2008@yahoo.com. To contact Fly you can email fly@peops.org or go to the website www.peops.org, or www.flyspage.com (both still in construction!!) New *PEOPs* zine #4 available now (along with *Dog Dayz* #1 & #2) at www.microcosmpublishing.com. You can snail mail Fly PO Box 1318 Cooper Stn NYC NY 10276 USA (I love the snail mails!!)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NEWS

NEWS COMPILED BY CHRIS PUGMIRE AND LAYLA GIBBON

RIP FRANK MULLEN

written by Bob Suren

Frank Mullen (1961-2009) – Known to you punk rock types as the drummer of Roach Motel, Frank Mullen passed away in his Georgia home on the evening of May 9 after a nineteen-month-long battle with cancer.

Roach Motel, founded in 1980, was Florida's first hardcore band. But Roach Motel was more than a band. They collectively ran the seminal Destroy Records label, releasing crucial Florida titles like Sector 4, the *We Can't Help It If We're From Florida* 7" compilation and, of course, Roach Motel. They published the often-politically-incorrect-but-usually-hilarious *Destroy* fanzine, releasing thirteen issues. And, perhaps most importantly, the band networked like crazy to bring groups like Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, the Necros, and Channel 3 to Florida at a time when few touring bands dared to venture south of Atlanta.

Frank spent most of his adult life working as a graphic designer and a photographer. He began shooting photos in the early 1980s. He often brought his camera to shows, resulting in striking photos of Minor Threat, Black Flag, Hated Youth, Bad Brains, Dead Kennedys, Battalion Of Saints, Ramones, Fang, and more. But his work stretched far beyond punk rock. Some of his other subjects include Jimmy Carter, Hank Williams III, The Enigma, Madonna, and David Lee Roth. Frank's photos have appeared in *Rolling Stone*, *Spin*, *People*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and *Maximum Rocknroll*.

He kept his illness a secret from almost everyone so he could keep working. He continued working until three days before his death.

Former band mate George Tabb says, "He was a swell guy! Great artist and photographer... shitty drummer... but had real punk rock heart. Will miss the guy!" And Jeff Hopdapp says, "Frank was the voice of reason in the band and held much more sway than the average drummer."

See some of Frank's photos at: www.matteblack.com

Visit the Roach Motel My Space page at: www.myspace.com/roachmotelrules

Read more about Frank Mullen at: http://atlanta.creativeloafing.com/gyrobase/frank_mullen_1961_2009_/Content?oid=847268

RIP BOBBY UBANGI

From Atlanta Creative Loafing
written by Chad Radford

One year ago, the man best known by his stage name Bobby Ubangi was a rebel without a pause, partying like a rock star, and working as the grouchy door guy at the Drunken Unicorn off Ponce de Leon Avenue. Long considered a mascot of sorts for the Atlanta music scene that nurtured such bands as Deerhunter, Black Lips, and Gentleman Jesse, B Jay was a founding member of Carbonas before he got kicked out because he didn't like to practice. He went on to play guitar and sing in such local garage-punk outfits as the Lids, the Gaye Blades, and Bobby and the Soft Spots. "B Jay is omnipresent around here," says Jared Swilley of the Black Lips. "He's been around forever."

Despite his notoriety, B Jay has only released a couple of singles over the years, and one Lids album back in 2004. Never one to take life too seriously, he had long since earned a reputation as a perpetual slacker. When the We Fun filmmakers came to shoot their documentary in 2007, they focused on Ubangi as a character who personified the scene. But B Jay got serious about his life, and his music, when faced with his death.

Following his diagnosis, he was battered with radiation, chemotherapy, and steroid treatments, causing his slight, 5-foot-9 frame to alternately expand and contract. His brown hair vanished, then reappeared blond, and finally grayed. Doctors gave him six months to live. That was nine months ago. "I'm supposed to be dead by now," he said as he shrugged his shoulders a week before entering hospice care.

Within a month of his diagnosis, Rob's House issued a Bobby and the Soft Spots 7", followed by a Bobby Ubangi split single with Bay Area joke-punk band Personal and the Pizzas. Another single followed via Douchemaster. Finally, Rob's House released his first full-length LP, Inside the Mind of Bobby Ubangi, last month.

The record sums up his life as a musician, and, like his personality, each song is a beautiful mess of smoothed-

out mistakes and bedroom recordings. His warped voice warbles over primitive melodies in "That's Alright" and "Not My Fault," reminiscent of both Ohio Express and the Ramones. The album features a smattering of players — including Swilley, King Khan, and Gentleman Jesse Smith—adding riffs and rhythms. "Musically I had been leaning on a lot of people rather than doing it myself," B Jay says. "Before, I was more concerned with being the party guy and not getting much done. With this record I wanted to show people that I could do this by myself, but I also wanted to highlight how much I rely on my friends."

Not everybody gets to use their craft to ruminate on their impending death, but B Jay was able to record a definitive work that reflects on his life and times. "Everyone has to face death sooner or later, and I've learned that life is really an off-the-cuff sort of thing," he says. "One day you wake up and think, 'I'm not going to be around for another week.' Other days you wake up and feel great and just sort of go with it."

Following his diagnosis, B Jay developed a phobia of cremation, and the idea of being embalmed doesn't appeal to him, either. Instead, he's opting for a "green burial" at a monastery near Conyers. The procedure is basic but carries a price tag of $4,000 to $6,000.

It's a depressing affair to plan one's own funeral, but it's a task that B Jay has approached with the same resolve he applied to the creation of his final album. "Making funeral arrangements stresses me out, but I take my time with it mentally, and realize that I can't fix everything in a day," he continues. "Whether you're religious or spiritual or not, some things are out of your hands. In a situation like mine, you just have to bide your time. It's the uncertainty of life that makes it so beautiful, but it's also what makes it so torturous."

Benjamin Jay Womack passed away the evening of Wednesday, July 1 2009.

The full version of this piece can be found here: www.atlanta.creativeloafing.com/gyrobase/the_life_and_times_of_bobby_ubangi

CROPS AND PONDS DESTROYED IN QUEST FOR FOOD SAFETY

Washington – Dick Peixoto planted hedges of fennel and flowering cilantro around his organic vegetable fields in the Pajaro Valley near Watsonville to harbor beneficial insects, an alternative to pesticides. He has since ripped out such plants in the name of food safety, because his big customers demand sterile buffers around his crops. No vegetation. No water. No wildlife of any kind.

"I was driving by a field where a squirrel fed off the end of the field, and so 30 feet in we had to destroy the crop," he said. "On one field where a deer walked through, didn't eat anything, just walked through and you could see the tracks, we had to take out 30 feet on each side of the tracks and annihilate the crop."

In the verdant farmland surrounding Monterey Bay, a national marine sanctuary and one of the world's biological jewels, scorched-earth strategies are being imposed on hundreds of thousands of acres in the quest for an antiseptic field of greens. And the scheme is about to go national.

Invisible to a public that sees only the headlines of the latest food-safety scare—spinach, peppers and now cookie dough—ponds are being poisoned and bulldozed. Vegetation harboring pollinators and filtering storm runoff is being cleared. Fences and poison baits line wildlife corridors. Birds, frogs, mice, and deer, and anything that shelters them, are caught in a raging battle in the Salinas Valley against E. coli O157:H7, a lethal, food-borne bacteria.

In pending legislation and in proposed federal regulations, the push for food safety butts up against the movement toward biologically diverse farming methods, while evidence suggests that industrial agriculture may be the bigger culprit.

"Foolhardy" approach

"Sanitizing American agriculture, aside from being impossible, is foolhardy," said UC Berkeley food guru Michael Pollan, who most recently made his case for smaller-scale farming in the documentary film Food, Inc. "You have to think about what's the logical end point of looking at food this way. It's food grown indoors hydroponically."

Scientists do not know how the killer E. coli pathogen, which dwells mainly in the guts of cattle, made its way to a spinach field near San Juan Bautista (San Benito County) in 2006, leaving four people dead, 35 with acute kidney failure and 103 hospitalized.

The deadly bug first appeared in hamburger meat in the early 1980s and migrated to certain kinds of produce, mainly lettuce and other leafy greens that are cut, mixed and bagged for the convenience of supermarket shoppers. Hundreds of thousands of the bug can fit on the head of a pin; as few as ten can lodge in a salad and end in lifelong disability, including organ failure.

Going national

For many giant food retailers, the choice between a dead pond and a dead child is no choice at all. Industry has paid more than $100 million in court settlements and verdicts in spinach and lettuce lawsuits, a fraction of the lost sales involved.

Galvanized by the spinach disaster, large growers instituted a quasi-governmental program of new protocols for growing

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greens safely, called the "leafy greens marketing agreement." A proposal was submitted in recent months in Washington to take these rules nationwide.

A food safety bill sponsored by Rep. Henry Waxman, D-Los Angeles, passed this month in the House Energy and Commerce Committee. It would give new powers to the Food and Drug Administration to regulate all farms and produce in an attempt to fix the problem. The bill would require consideration of farm diversity and environmental rules, but would leave much to the FDA.

An Amish farmer in Ohio who uses horses to plow his fields could find himself caught in a net aimed 2,000 miles away at a feral pig in San Benito County. While he may pick, pack, and sell his greens in one day because he does not refrigerate, the bagged lettuce trucked from Salinas with a seventeen-day shelf life may be considered safer. The leafy-green agreement is based on available science, but it is just a jumping-off point.

Large produce buyers have compiled secret "super metrics" that go much further. Farmers must follow them if they expect to sell their crops. These can include vast bare-dirt buffers, elimination of wildlife, and strict rules on water sources. To enforce these rules, retail buyers have sent forth armies of food-safety auditors, many of them trained in indoor processing plants, to inspect fields.

Keeping children out

"They're used to working inside the factory walls," said Ken Kimes, owner of New Natives farms in Aptos (Santa Cruz County) and a board member of the Community Alliance With Family Farmers, a California group. "If they're not prepared for the farm landscape, it can come as quite a shock to them. Some of this stuff that they want, you just can't actually do."

Auditors have told Kimes that no children younger than five can be allowed on his farm for fear of diapers. He has been asked to issue identification badges to all visitors. Not only do the rules conflict with organic and environmental standards; many are simply unscientific. Surprisingly little is known about how E. coli is transmitted from cow to table.

Reducing E. coli

Scientists have created a vaccine to reduce E. coli in livestock, and a White House working group announced plans Tuesday to boost safety standards for eggs and meat. This month, the group is expected to issue draft guidelines for reducing E. coli contamination in leafy greens, tomatoes and melons.

Some science suggests that removing vegetation near field crops could make food less safe. Vegetation and wetlands are a landscape's lungs and kidneys, filtering out not just fertilizers, sediments and pesticides, but also pathogens. UC Davis scientists found that vegetation buffers can remove as much as 98 percent of E. coli from surface water. UC Davis advisers warn that some rodents prefer cleared areas.

Produce buyers compete to demand the most draconian standards, said Jo Ann Baumgartner, head of the Wild Farm Alliance in Watsonville, so that they can sell their products as the "safest." State agencies responsible for California's water, air, and wildlife have been unable to find out from buyers what they are demanding. They do know that trees have been bulldozed along the riparian corridors of the Salinas Valley, while poison-filled tubes targeting rodents dot lettuce fields. Dying rodents have led to deaths of owls and hawks that naturally control rodents.

Unscientific approach

"It's all based on panic and fear, and the science is not there," said Dr. Andy Gordus, an environmental scientist with the California Department of Fish and Game. Preliminary results released in April from a two-year study by the state wildlife agency, UC Davis and the U.S. Department of Agriculture found that less than one-half of 1 percent of 866 wild animals tested positive for E. coli O157:H7 in Central California. Frogs are unrelated to E. coli, but their remains in bags of mechanically harvested greens are unsightly, Gordus said, so "the industry has been using food safety as a premise to eliminate frogs."

Farmers are told that ponds used to recycle irrigation water are unsafe. So they bulldoze the ponds and pump more groundwater, opening more of the aquifer to saltwater intrusion, said Jill Wilson, an environmental scientist at the Central Coast Regional Water Quality Control Board in San Luis Obispo.

Wilson said demands for 450-foot dirt buffers remove the agency's chief means of preventing pollution from entering streams and rivers. Jovita Pajarillo, associate director of the water division in the San Francisco office of the Environmental Protection Agency, said removal of vegetative buffers threatens Arroyo Seco, one of the last remaining stretches of habitat for steelhead trout.

Turning down clients

"It's been a problem for us trying to balance the organic growing methods with the food safety requirements," Peixoto said. "At some point, we can't really meet their criteria. We just tell them that's all we can do, and we have to turn down that customer." Large retailers did not respond to requests for comment. Food trade groups in Washington suggested calling other trade groups, which didn't comment.

Chiquita/Fresh Express, a large Salinas produce handler, told the advocacy group Food and Water Watch that the company has "developed extensive additional guidelines for the procurement of leafy greens and other produce, but we consider such guidelines to be our confidential and proprietary information." Seattle trial lawyer Bill Marler, who represented many of the plaintiffs in the 2006 E. coli outbreak in spinach, said, "If we want to have bagged spinach and lettuce available 24/7, twelve months of the year, it comes with costs."

Still, he said, the industry rules won't stop lawsuits or eliminate the risk of processed greens cut in fields, mingled in large baths, put in bags that must be chilled from packing plant to kitchen, and shipped thousands of miles away. "In sixteen years of handling nearly every major food-borne illness outbreak in America, I can tell you I've never had a case where it's been linked to a farmers' market," Marler said. "Could it happen? Absolutely. But the big problem has been the mass-produced product. What you're seeing is this rub between trying to make it as clean as possible so they don't poison anybody, but still not wanting to come to the reality that it may be the industrialized process that's making it all so risky."

Some major recent outbreaks of food-borne illness

The Food and Drug Administration lists 40 food-borne pathogens. Among the more common: E-coli O157:H7, salmonella, listeria, campylobacter, botulism, and hepatitis A.

June 2009 – E. coli O157:H7 found in Nestle Toll House refrigerated cookie dough manufactured in Danville, Va., resulted in the recall of 3.6 million packages. Seventy-two people in 30 states were sickened. No traces found on equipment or workers; investigators are looking at flour and other ingredients.

October 2008 – Salmonella found in peanut butter from a Peanut Corp. of America plant in Georgia. Nine people died, and an estimated 22,500 were sickened. Criminal negligence was alleged after the product tested positive and was shipped.

June 2008 – Salmonella Saintpaul traced to serrano peppers grown in Mexico. More than 1,000 people were sickened in 41 states, with 203 reported hospitalizations and at least one death. Tomatoes were suspected, devastating growers.

April 2007 – E. coli O157:H7 found in beef, sickening fourteen people. United Food Group recalled 5.7 million pounds of meat.

December 2006 – E. coli O157:H7 traced to Taco Bell restaurants in New Jersey and Long Island, NY Green onions suspected, then lettuce. Thirty-nine people were sickened, some with acute kidney failure.

September 2006 – E. coli O157:H7 found in Dole bagged spinach processed at Earthbound Farms in San Juan Bautista (San Benito County). The outbreak killed four people, sent 103 to hospitals, and devastated the spinach industry.

NEWS FLASH! Berlin 1936: Jesse Owens refutes Hitler's Master Race myth, winning four gold medals in track!

1936 Medals (Summer)

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2. United States	24	20	12
3. Hungary	10	1	5
4. Italy	8	9	5

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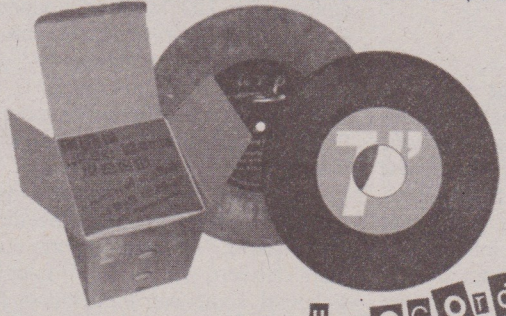

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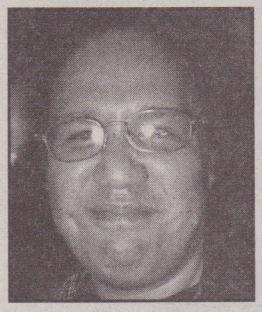
MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

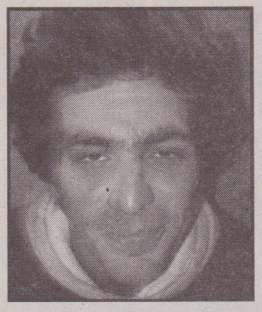
This month's question: Where's the most unexpected place you've run into punk?
(question courtesy of Jessica Perlman, who found UK82 records in a Greek bazaar)

Fred, 27, San Francisco
On the back of a public restroom in a park in Bulgaria, I found "Sex Pistols" written in big letters in spraypaint, and all around it in little letters were the names of all the songs from *Never Mind the Bollocks*.

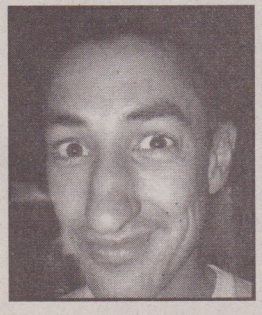


Eric, 41, San Leandro
I was at Kmart about a month ago and saw Metal Mike.

Mikey, 25, Washington DC
I was on tour, and we stopped at a gas station in the middle of nowhere Pennsylvania to get directions, and a man wearing a baby blue Adidas jumpsuit told us where to go, and it turned out to be Dr. Know. He said "you're a band from DC? I used to be in a band in DC."

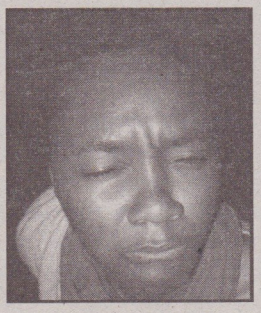


Kevin, 24, San Francisco
I saw a Crass "who do they think they're fooling?" shirt at Disneyland.

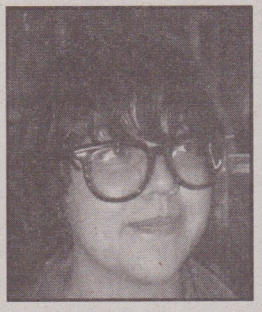


Joseph, 30, San Francisco
I saw HR at one of his solo shows, and it was very not punk.

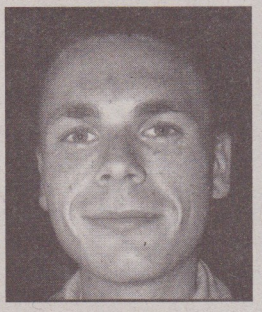
Hannah, 19, San Francisco
I went to a therapeutic boarding school for bad kids in the middle of nowhere, and I broke into my team leader's car to try and steal a cigarette, and found a Misfits CD in the glove compartment.



Cheryl, 29, Oakland
My roommate and I were putting in these raised beds for a vegetable garden, and they ended up being all uneven, and then we looked at them from my porch and were like "oh my god, it's the Black Flag logo. That's awesome, we're not fucking hippies!"



Liz, 24, San Francisco
I went to this record store and saw this Whitehouse record, and thought "I should get that for my boyfriend." I went back for it and it wasn't there, and was told that Thurston Moore had just bought it.

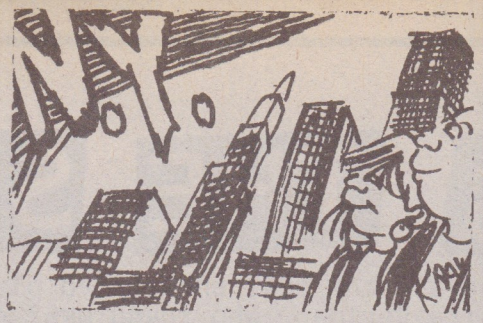


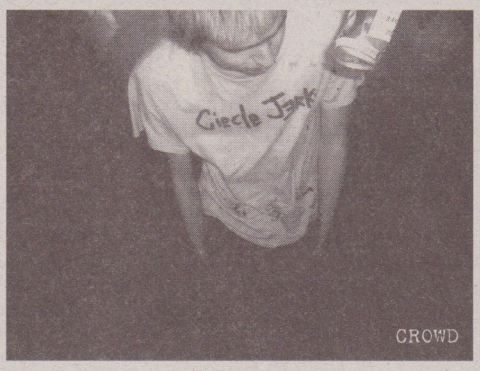
Ducky, 22, San Francisco
I was at Rainbow Grocery in the cookie aisle, and at the end of the aisle is jam and bread, and I saw the man Jello Biafra picking out jam, maybe preserves. He was wearing a black trenchcoat and a black cowboy hat and dark sunglasses.

Josh, 26, Springfield
Ran into HR at Cinnabon.

ALBANY SCENE

BY JEN MACE





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LEGIT

POINTBLANK

We are in it up to our eyeballs in Albany right now and it rules. What is *it*, you ask? *Punk*!!! Ok, so that was obvious, but it's actually quite easy to get excited about being punk in Albany these days. For the uninformed, Albany is in upstate New York, just about halfway between New York City and Montreal. We're only three hours west of Boston, so it's never hard to find a good show if you're willing to drive a bit. One of the great things about living here is that it's always easy to fill a car with people stoked to drive three hours each way just to go to a show. This also means that we can sucker a lot of bands from Boston/NYC/Providence to play here because it's so damn close. And because we aren't really a *metropolis* rent is cheap and we all have money for records.

Just because we're a small city doesn't mean there's nothing going on. Oh, wait, actually, that's exactly what it means. So, we have had to make our own fun for as long as I can remember. Now that it's finally not freeze-your-face-off cold anymore the outdoor activities have really taken off. There's kickball every Sunday and we have acquired a referee/cheerleader in one random old guy who always shows up just to commentate. That guy is awesome. Hanging out in front of Valentine's before/during/after every show is now mandatory, and if we're lucky somebody remembered to bring dice and suckers are ready to part with their hard-earned beer money. I, personally, am super excited for this year's first game of punk-rules croquet—ask about it next time you're in town).

Valentine's is our fallback bar; they've been having shows for years and no matter what stupid thing happens, they always let us back in. Recently, our local punk businessman, Chris Lawrence, started hosting a punk night every Monday at Valentine's so we can go listen to records somewhere other than our rooms. Chris also runs Loud Punk Records, whose first release was the *Mommi, I'm a Misfit* 7" by Albany's own THE TRAGICS (formerly THE MISFITS, until some goth guys from NJ stole the name), which originally came out back in 1981. Since then he has put out a bunch more records, including at least three by Albany bands. Chris has also single-handedly punked-up our local record store, Last Vestige. Now we can get stuff we want without having to wait for Ben to come through with the Armageddon distro. Chris, Albany thanks you.

In addition to Valentine's, we have had a few other steady show spaces for the last year. The Landing Zone is a bar out by the airport, hence the name. While it is a bit out of the way, its sticky floors and grungy charm make it a fun place to have a show. Even though Valentine's and the Landing Zone are bars we have *no* 21 and up shows. I guess a lot of them are supposed to be 18+ but kids never have problems getting in. There are also two basements: Oddfellows Hall across the river in Rensselaer and 19 Grant in West Albany. Plus, every now and then a random house will put on a show and it's always fun trying to figure out whose backyard you're peeing in. It's hard to put into words the total chaos that has been rampant in Albany lately, but suffice to say that everyone has been going completely insane in the best way possible and the shit that happens at shows is totally, unbelievably ridiculous. Can wars, butt-shaped piñatas, varying degrees of naked moshing, pool noodles, fireworks, and mannequin parts are just some of the things you may run into on any given night.

So, now that you're more familiar with our surroundings, I'm sure you want to hear about what bands you should be playing with the next time your own band plays in Albany (because you are so coming here after all the fun shit you just heard about, right?) SECRET SERVICE is my favorite band in Albany right now. They have been playing shows for almost a year and just released a demo tape in February. SECRET SERVICE plays early California style punk with garage-esque undertones and a real *fuck-you* attitude. Their faster songs are relentless and make you want to punch walls, while the mid-tempo ones make you want to punch walls while shaking your ass. Honestly, I can't say enough good things about this band. Amazing in a totally different way are our local drunk punks ANAL WARHEAD. They play outraged, devilishly punk hardcore. I can't do them justice, so read the interview at the end of this. It'll make you wonder why we love them so much.

DEATH IS EASY (D.I.E.) has been around since 2007. They will rip your face off with their weed-fueled metal worshipping hardcore. They play fast, dark hardcore with guitars that are distorted just enough for you to make out the solos and terrifying angry-man

vocals. They released a split 7" with Montreal band METALIAN on Work N' Stiff Records in February, and have been playing both here and up north steadily since. Their guitarist Mike (aka Partyshirt) also has a project called GIRLS OF PORN. Super-distorted vocals over lots of guitar wizardry.

Speaking of scary man vocals, Joe and Briz, formerly of THE JURY, have started a new band called POINTBLANK. Joe is on vocals this time around and he is an animal. They play classic Cleveland-style hardcore riffs, but they do it really well. Trying to avoid getting hit in the face by a mic stand when Joe goes crazy always makes for a fun set. They released a demo CD/cassette at the beginning of this year; we hope to hear more from them soon. INFIDELS is another straight-ahead hardcore band that's been playing all the shows around for awhile now. You can hear the influence from bands like TEAR IT UP, but this is no hero worship. Solid guitar work and killer vocals make them a band to go to a show for.

On the lighter side of things is AFTER THE FALL, who has been playing pop punk in the style of early BAD RELIGION all over the place since they formed in 2001. Lead singer/guitarist Mike Moak also brought LEGIT! to Albany in 2007. Super fast hardcore that has issues with authority and JOHN MAYER. They released their *Shit Happens* 7" on Loud Punk in 2008. Unfortunately, lead singer Marty has made the move to Brooklyn so they are not playing a lot right now, but they made an appearance at the AFTER THE FALL record release show in early May and they were as tight as ever. We hope that distance makes the heart grow fonder and we can count on seeing them for a long time to come.

I really couldn't speak of super fast things without speaking of our own straightedge warriors, COUGHING FIT, who are releasing their second record this June. COUGHING FIT is the most brutal, most awesome band in Albany. These kids are fueled by nothing more than gallons of Stewart's iced tea, but that shit must be rocket fuel because they are insane. They went on their first tour this past January, so hopefully some of you have seen them in action and know what I'm talking about. Frontman Sean and drummer Ben also have a side project called ROBERT HOOD. Sean plays bass through amps stacked taller than him and yells while Ben destroys the drums. They are very loud and proud of it.

Not so loud is NUCLEAR FAMILY (my very own band). We finally went on our first tour this March/April and released yet another demo tape (our third!). Our three-song 7" will be released by Loud Punk Records and we will hopefully tour again this fall with them. We had sort of an identity crisis last year, so our sound ranges from poppy, to twangy, to gloomy, but, it's all punk with catchy riffs and vocals that are actually sung pretty well, if I do say so myself.

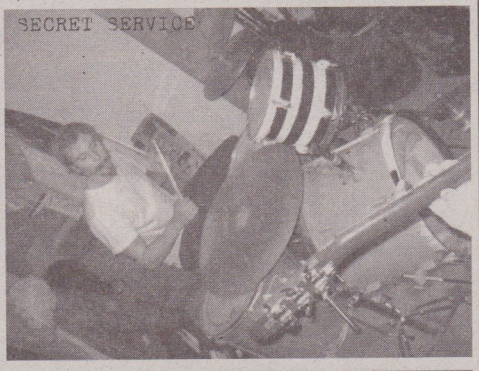
Oh, and you may also have heard of ACID REFLUX. These guys have been making a good name for Albany for a long time now and we still love them. They've been on hiatus since they returned from tour in March, but should start playing shows again this summer. Hopefully, they'll have a new record coming out soon after that, but they're all liars and half-platers so I can't say for sure.

I guess that about wraps it up, but I'm glad to have gotten the word out about how much you're missing by not ever coming here. I feel obligated to say that the preceding information is by no means unbiased. I'm just trying to let all of you dear *MRR* readers know why I think Albany rules, but please feel free to find out for yourself. You can find information on almost everything I mentioned above on the interweb, but if you are having trouble or are just plain too lazy to find it on your own, email me at unphotogenic@gmail.com and I'll see what I can do. And now, stick around for the ANAL WARHEAD interview, brought to you by malt liquor and yours truly.

ANAL WARHEAD

COUGHING FIT

ACID REFLUX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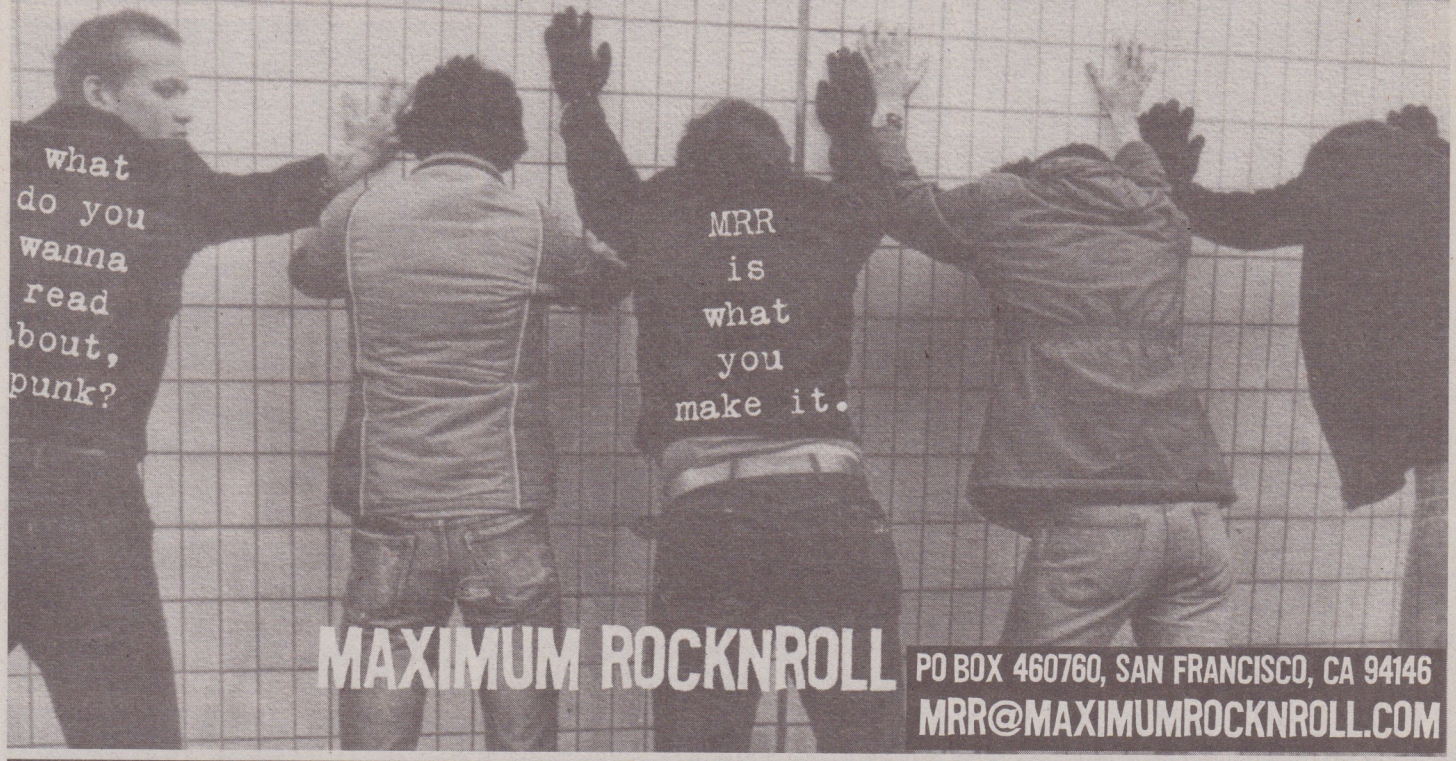

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AMEBIX

It is 5pm in San Francisco as I wade my way through the Tenderloin with a bottle of Jameson in one hand and a tape recorder in the other, on my way to interview the legendary Amebix. To say the least I'm nervous. Their lyrics, artwork, and primal sound have sent chills through my spine so many times it is incalculable. After soundcheck we make our way to the green room below the club. This is my third night with them on tour and although I have become quite comfortable with them as people, I'm racking my brain for the right questions. The questions were written in such a rush I am second guessing myself. Roy is still soundchecking, so we decide to get underway without him. The show is sold out and tons of people are filtering through, yet I somehow manage to get an hour of them on tape. Here is what we discussed…

Interview conducted by Will Kinser
Recent photos by Karoline Collins

MRR: How does it feel to reform Amebix and play to a bunch of kids that have grown up listening to the band but have never even imagined what it would be like to see you play live?
Rob: Like for us, seein' Black Sabbath with Iommi and Geezer Butler…

MRR: Amebix is a band with a very distinct sound. You've mentioned in other interviews that you're not really happy with some of the recordings? I'm of the opinion that recording quality or lack thereof helped define the band and only added to your cult status. What were some of the problems you had with each record?
Rob: The first limiting factor is budget. The first EP was financed purely from our dole money. So between myself, Stig, Norman, and Virus, we chipped in together enough to buy us one day in Sound Studios. We put that first EP together, mixed it, and were out the door in one day. *Winter* was the same sort of thing. It was all to do with being restricted. That was the scene back then. You didn't have people coming up to you and saying, we have *X* amount to spend on recording. You'd do it yourself, then you'd present it to the record people, saying, what do you think? They'd release it. We did all the artwork, we did everything. We just worked within what we had.

MRR: Don't you think that sometimes that makes it a little more genuine?
Rob: Yeah, certainly. A lot of the records from that time are defined by their production.
Stig: I was thinking about that on my own. With your own thing, you sort of over-analyze it a bit, over-criticize it. I was thinking about Joy Division, the old Warsaw stuff. The production on it is absolutely shit. When you get that technicality to do it better… I used to love that old Warsaw stuff, 'cause it's that rough, bad ass sort of ckkk [*makes scratchy sound*]. I can understand why people like that stuff. When you get as bit better at working things out, you think, that sounds shit. You're thinking about it too much and getting down on yourself.
Rob: That's the way we approached our music anyway, was always instinctually. Not having any formal training, not being able to differentiate between one thing and another. We would just grab the strings, give each other the nod and point out where the place was. In retrospect, we can come back and say, this was primarily on the E string or the A string. We're very clever now, we can define EADG. That wasn't what it was about back then. It was really playing from the gut feeling.

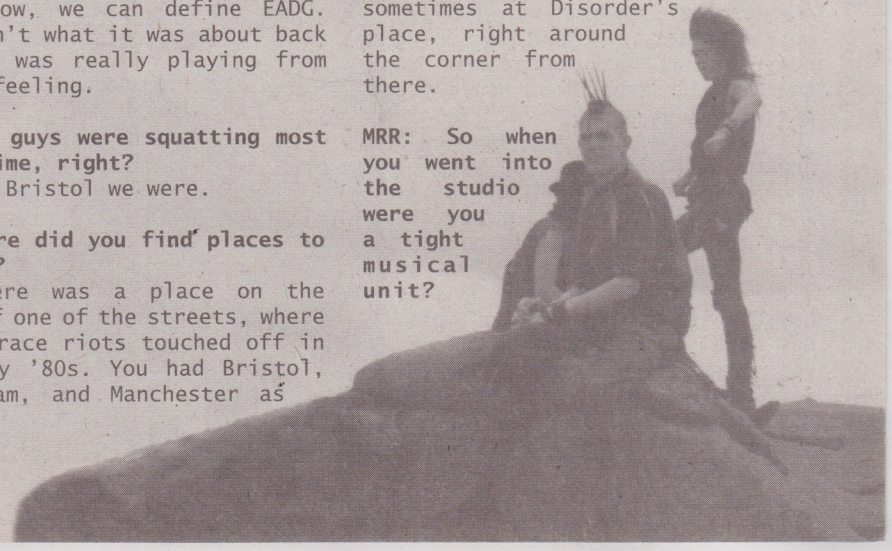
MRR: You guys were squatting most of the time, right?
Stig: In Bristol we were.

MRR: Where did you find places to practice?
Rob: There was a place on the corner of one of the streets, where the big race riots touched off in the early '80s. You had Bristol, Birmingham, and Manchester as well… We moved in just as the ashes had settled. The communities were fairly open. The police patrolled the perimeter, but they wouldn't go inside. You had your rastas and a lot of white trash people like ourselves at the time…

MRR: That completely reminds me of Oakland as far as the police being a very minor presence.
Stig: It seems like the same sort of thing.
Rob: You get this autonomy, and what comes with that is the fact there can be some dodgy stuff going on, and you have to deal with stuff yourself. That's where drugs and all that sort of shit gets in. It's a fairly anarchic community.
Stig: It's like a lot of things. It looks threatening from the outside, but once you're in there, you learn what the rules are.
Rob: When we moved to Bristol, we went into the St. Pauls area. There were a couple of places, one was the Docklands Settlement, and there's just literally that and the Impulse Café. The Impulse was a café run by this rasta guy, and this hippie, named Jim. They had a room downstairs, not much bigger than this. We could practice in there for like five quid. Sometimes we'd turn the lights out, and have it in complete darkness.

MRR: I love that! I totally love doing that!
Rob: We had no musical idea at all, and we still really haven't. I was sayin', the Docklands Settlement, that's where people like Massive Attack really started. There was a burgeoning scene in Bristol at that time, from all different cultures, really. So we had a couple of places where we could pay to practice, a really nominal amount. And if we had a squat where we could actually get the electricity working, of course that becomes it.
Stig: We used to practice sometimes at Disorder's place, right around the corner from there.

MRR: So when you went into the studio were you a tight musical unit?



Rob: We were never as tight as we are now, for instance.

MRR: Even on the *Monolith* session?
Rob: That was a couple of years later. It was after we'd moved out of the squats in Bristol. We had a regular practice place in Bath when we lived in Radstock. We'd get on the bus and travel twenty or thirty miles into Bath. We'd practice there, underneath the place where Smart Pils lived. We had a regular space, and we had a bit of discipline. We'd go in every week on Wednesday. We spent a lot of time practicing there, so that's how we sort of refined stuff a bit more.

MRR: Did you practice for a long periods of time?
Rob: A couple of hours.
Stig: We'd smoke out, get high, "Well, let's try doing this…"
Rob: I was wondering about this the other day. How the fuck did we remember the stuff, from one session to another? Sometimes we'd have a tape going outside the door.
Stig: We practiced a lot at Radstock, at the house as well.
Rob: At the house we had there, we had mattresses against the walls. There was a shop next door, and they *hated* us. The whole fucking house was bulging out at the sides.

MRR: Keeping the band's sound and history in mind, and the fact that you guys have reformed, do you think it's important to update your sound? Are you planning on sticking around for a while?
Stig: This is a real band now.
Rob: It wouldn't have been any big deal if it weren't for Roy in the middle, because he's brought a lot of focus for us. It really wouldn't have happened if it weren't for him.

MRR: How did that come about anyways?
Rob: It's a bit of a convoluted story. I'd been working on that DVD project, *The Day the Country Died*, with Roy Wallace. When he was up at my place on Skye, we were talking about the Amebix thing. He suggested that we should maybe do a program around this sort of thing. So we got together, and he went off and started interviewing people all over the place. The context of the program he'd done seemed to shift from a collection of live stuff to a history of the band. The way it played out was to the logical conclusion, really, which is what are these guys doing now? Roy Wallace is a pain in the ass. He said "Rob, would you ever consider doing this?" I said "Of course we won't." We would never get back into that sort of cheesy sound. But looking over it I thought it would be interesting just to hear how they sound now. It's kind of tempting. What we didn't have is a drummer. Spider has tinnitus and he couldn't play any more. We sorted that one out years ago, it wasn't gonna happen. I'd heard about this fella, Roy Mayorga, from Alicia 13, who was a MySpace friend that got in touch. She hooked me up with his website. I thought he was an interesting guy. She said he's been into Nausea and all that sort of stuff. These days, he's obviously done more professional stuff. He's done things with Sepultura, Ozzy, and stuff like that. I thought he's a rock star kind of guy. That's not the fucking case. I phoned him up. I said, "You don't really know me, but I'm Rob. We're considering rerecording some of the songs. Would you consider coming across to this country, if I could make it work with paying the fare? You can come up and stay with me on Skye. We can hang out, give you a good holiday." He said, "In a fucking heartbeat, brother."
Stig: There was no reservation at all.
Rob: We got together at my place on Skye and we gave him the full Amebix initiation, which is that you have to build a sword. So he spent a week with me, forging a sword. I finished it off for him and sent if over after he went home. Now he's got this great sword, with his motif on it. It's kind of cool. We really clicked. He's a really lovely guy with the same sort of spirit as us. You get the positive energy, you go, "Yeah, we can fuckin' do this." We went over "Winter," and I hadn't played the bass in 22 years, at all. Stig had been playing in several bands, his own projects and stuff. We hadn't played together in all that time. We got a new guy in the room, and we have three songs we want to record. We went into "Winter," and bang, first take, it's a keeper. It's like, what the fuck is this?

MRR: Do you think you'll be doing new songs?
Rob: Yes, we will.

MRR: Bringing it back a bit, was your sword forging a passion that was more important than music for you for a while?
Rob: I love what I do. I have used the analogy that what I'm doing as a swordsmith, and being one of the last living swordsmiths that makes swords in a traditional, medieval way, is a really punk rock thing. It carried on the whole Amebix thing, which was finding something new and opening up possibilities. For me, I did that. It's a passion, the same as the passion I used to have for music. It's essentially about creativity. Where we used to have that ability to create music…

MRR: Is music still central to what you're into, Stig?
Stig: I lost my way for a bit, in life and everything. I was very, very fucked up for a very, very long time. This has pulled me back from the brink. I've been through some dark, nasty things. To be honest, I'm glad to be out of that shit, and I'm starting to feel real positive and good about life again.
Rob: In a sense, it's a real success story for all of us. It's not a cynical success story. What Stig's talking about is, he has had a hard time of things because of what happened in the past. This, in a very real sense, can redeem that. We're learning together how to play, and that you can play fucking straight. You can get a kick out of that. You can be tight and you can communicate.

he says, "Yeah, I raised my son on Amebix." This guy's in his 40s and he's got a 21-year-old son. It's really quite exciting. First of all, it freaked me out a little bit, to tell you the truth. Everybody's really friendly, they're really up for it. It's funny, I'll tell you one small story. The ex-wife of this guy that I worked alongside is coming tonight. They split up and she moved back to the States. He had a son, Scot. Scot was just getting into the music scene–he liked the Misfits, Adicts, Gwar, and stuff like that. I told him that I used to be in a band and that I have some old t-shirts, take a shirt. He went back to the States on holiday, went out to a Gwar show with his Amebix shirt on. When he came back he said Rob, fuckin' all these guys, these old bastards, were comin' up to me sayin' "Yeah man! Fuck yeah!" He asked me, "Who are you guys?" I said, "You better do some fuckin' research, boy, find out!" [*laughter*]

MRR: Has it been seventeen years since you guys played?
Rob: Twenty-two.

MRR: An incredible amount of things have changed in the world since then, advances in technology, degradation to the environment, as well as progressions and regressions of subcultures and that sort of stuff. In an interview you recently did, you said the spirit of punk got lost a long time ago. Do you think that over time subversive cultures grow and take new directions and paths?
Rob: I was speaking from a fairly cynical base at that point, because all I'd been familiar with was the response we'd been getting in Europe, particularly from the UK, which to a certain extent has been fairly negative. There is a good fan base over there as well. I think what we're coming up against here is that some people are still living out their lives in that way. There are some really genuine people, like this fellow at the gig the other night. He said, "Since I was thirteen years old I've been listening to Amebix, it's inspired me to start my own

MRR: I also like that when I walked up to this gig, Stig was outside talking with some of the kids that were in line.
Stig: We always would.

MRR: I wanted to ask you guys about the slogan, "No Gods No Masters." How did you come into that system of beliefs? Do you consider it an anarchist statement?
Rob: It's a French anarchist statement, isn't it?
Stig: Where I got it from is one of these anarchist zines I got down in this place in Plymouth. They used to have a printing press–it wasn't even a Xerox–it was one of those barrel jobs that you have to cut the fucking stencil. I used to read different anarchist magazines that came out of this area. I saw this, it was sort of a graffiti page, it said "no gods, no masters." I'd never read anything like that, I was pretty uneducated, but what a fantastic expression. It kind of encapsulates what we were about. I still totally believe it and think it's absolutely true.
Rob: There's little gods and big gods. There's gods of religion, money, commercialism, success, all this kind of stuff. The Romans used to have house gods, you'd pray for a particular thing, health, wealth, happiness, whatever. I suppose it's a sweeping away of petty concerns. Using up your energy on those things.

MRR: It's been a long time since you guys played. What did you think of the first shows? Is the energy the same? Do you see a major change in the attitude of the people coming out to see you play?
Stig: It's a real buzz hearing everybody shouting the lyrics. Back in the day, there was one drunken guy swaggering around with a gallon of cider. The scene seems to have developed.
Rob: There are fathers of children that are into Amebix. That's a fucking trip. I met this guy the other night, and

ARISE! GET OFF YOUR KNEES STAND UP! ARISE! GET OFF YOUR KNEES STAND UP! ARISE! GE

t-shirt company." I've been doing this, doing that. People have been living their life just doing the things they wanted to do in their own way. In a sense, that's a statement I shouldn't have made.
Stig: We were putting so much effort into what we're doing, and we weren't getting a lot of appreciation back. I've been out of the scene, doing my own shit.

MRR: Personally, when I get a little jaded with what's going on here I try to travel–see some new spots, come back inspired….
Rob: That's a good idea. This is inspiring for us, at this point.
Stig: I think there's still quite a bit of good in the scene. Punk's not dead, 'cause it's still twitching.
Rob: What I was initially trying to say was what I referred to once as being a cul-de-sac of conformity, which is a way that scenes can become increasingly restrictive. They divide themselves into subcultures and genres. There's nothing positive about that. They tend to get more and more restrictive until you get to the stage where you feel really claustrophobic in the whole situation. This is really what happened back in the '80s, the last time things were going for us. There was a sort of the beginnings of what would be called "political correctness" now. A lot of it started with the punk scene.

MRR: Do you think it might have to do with England's isolation?
Rob: England doesn't feel isolated when you live there.

MRR: The scene seems to have died out in England for a while?
Stig: It comes down to people who take and don't give anything. The punk scene to me was more and more negative. People would come to gigs and they didn't want to pay to get in. They want to see a good show, but they didn't want to pay for it. They want you to get them in for free, and then they cause trouble.
Rob: They complain about it 'cause they got too fucked up…
Stig: …"I was so pissed I didn't even fuckin' see you." There's only so many years you can keep going with that kind of shit. It burns you out.
Rob: What was your experience with that scene?
Jello: It was the same. I got sick of it too.

MRR: There was a lot of idealism attached to the political punk bands that were part of the Anarcho movement. Do you consider Amebix to have been a part of that scene?
Rob: People make a lot of assumptions about you as well. If you're playin' this sort of music, you must be into this or that. You must have a certain rigorous lifestyle–a sort of monkish aestheticism. You beat yourself up if you start thinking the wrong things. We never had that. When we grew up, it was with the original spirit of, do it yourself, have fun doing it, be positive. It's nice to return to the state where everybody's up for it, they're saying yeah, it's good.

MRR: Me and Karoline Collins were talking about this last night, saying as you get older, the personal becomes more political. Everything doesn't have to be…
Rob: Politicized.

MRR: Yeah, exactly. How you live becomes more important than what you wear or claim to be.
Stig: I remember that sort of thing starting with Crass, who were great people and everything, but they kind of set themselves up in this sacred situation. I don't think they meant to do it. A lot of people who would follow bands like that, they were very judgmental. If you walked into a gig and you didn't have vegan boots on, you'd get a lot of shit. Or if you drank a beer, if you ate meat, you'd get a lot of shit. It's like you're saying, subcultures become subdivisions and all that.
Rob: It doesn't have an exit from that. It becomes increasingly restrictive.
Stig: It's more and more narrow minded until you stop at nowhere.

MRR: That kind of leads into the next question, about your affiliation with the metal scene. Is it important for you guys to be related to punk rock?

SO DRINK AND BE MERRY, FOR TOMMORROW WE MAY DIE!

Rob: Yes, I think it's absolutely important, because that's how we grew. If it wasn't for punk rock, we wouldn't be here. It's a central building block of everything we've ever done. The fact that we happened to take a musical direction that was different from anybody else at that time was because that's what we wanted to do. We thought that being a part of the punk scene, that's what you could do. You could say, I like this music so I'm gonna have a shot at it. You start messing around, juxtaposing ideas. It's about being creative.

MRR: I don't consider you guys a metal band.
Rob: I don't think anybody does. People might say it's like a black or dark metal band, but it's not really.

MRR: What is your reaction to the fact that Amebix is a stalwart of the crust punk scene?
Stig: It's good. If they like it, they like it. I'm happy with that.
Jello: They all look like your drawings. [*laughter*]
Stig: I think of it more in terms of, if we have to be genre-specific, you know things like "naïve art."…"Naïve metal," that's what we did. Big bold colors, and pretty simple, but it's sincere.

MRR: I always considered metal more of a music style, without any political movement attached to it. I'm not saying that punk rock lives up to its ideals always, not at all, but there are certain values, like not having a show cost $45 [*Amebix's San Francisco show cost $13.50*] within the punk community. Is it still important to you to keep the door prices reasonable?
Stig: Yeah, absolutely.
Rob: They're pretty fuckin' good prices on this tour, I think. Shirts are $10. At home, people were upset because we didn't play the UK first. What they're trying to do is find a gap in there, saying, "This band are sell outs." Whatever.

MRR: Are you planning on touring the UK?
Rob: We'd like to do the UK. The thing is, the proviso that we put out was a bit unpalatable to people, initially. We'll make it happen at some point, but at the moment, we won't do this just for three guys and a dog in a squat because they want us to come for somebody's fuckin' birthday party. We paid our fuckin' dues. We spent ten years payin' to play in places, scrubbin' money together between us, tryin' to do this sort of thing off our own backs until we didn't have anything left. We were exhausted physically, mentally, and musically. There is nothing endearing about poverty. As I put it the other day, there's nothing pseudo-spiritual about being poor, or not being able to make a living.
Stig: It's glamorous to you if you come from a rich background, to be poor. To live in a squat and be freezing fucking cold with fuck all. It's not at all glamorous, it's shit! It's horrible. Living on the street sucks.

MRR: I was kind of curious about the past members. Have you talked to them at all about this reunion?
Rob: I was talking with Martin last year. He'd hooked up with Roy, doing the DVD project [*The Day The Country Died*].
Stig: He does cool artwork.
Rob: Yeah, he does this really intense art. He's so exclusive, he says, "My work is not actually for sale." It's up in galleries, but it's not for sale. Martin's OK, he's still himself. Spider was desperately disappointed about not being able to do this. We'd talked about this years ago. I fancied a project at some point, but Spider said he couldn't do it because of tinnitus.

MRR: What's your thoughts on newer bands that are playing these days?
Rob: You're askin' the wrong guy. People ask me, who do you like these days? I have been frozen in a time capsule on a remote Scottish island for twenty-two years. I'm not down with the kids. I like Neurosis, Sepultura, and Soulfly and stuff. In a sense I would like to find out more of what is going on these days. In the old days, the excitement of going to a record store and seeing a cover and thinking, "I wonder what the fuck this is like?" I was collecting Discharge records just because I thought they looked interesting. I get it home and I go, "Fucking dumb lyrics," sounds all right though.

MRR: That's the reason I bought my first records, based on how they looked.
Stig: That's

why we spent a lot of time on the artwork. I used to buy records by looking at the cover. When you're a kid, you go in a shop, "Oh, it looks cool. I'll buy that." You don't really give a fuck what it's about.

MRR: Is there any statement you'd like to make?
Rob: I think things will speak for themselves. People are judged by what they do, by their actions. We're trying to do the right thing, in the way that we always did the right thing. I hope that people enjoy what we're doing here at the moment, that they have a great show, that this tour is good for people, and that they get something positive out of it. I'm getting a lot of feedback from people who are... I suppose the expression here is "stoked," about the fact that this is happening. And it lends some credence to the things that they've grown up believing in.

MRR: Does it reflect onto you as a person?
Rob: It makes me take the things I was saying more seriously.

MRR: Do the lyrics mean as much to you as when you wrote them in the beginning?
Rob: Stuff like "The Power Remains," really still does, and "Chain Reaction."
Stig: We grew up with kind of a magical background, in a way. It was quite strange. It wasn't something like, we thought we'd write this because it's dark and spooky. It was just a natural thing for us to do. The same with having a bit of integrity, it's not something we have to really think about, being politically correct. It's natural to us to try to do the right thing.

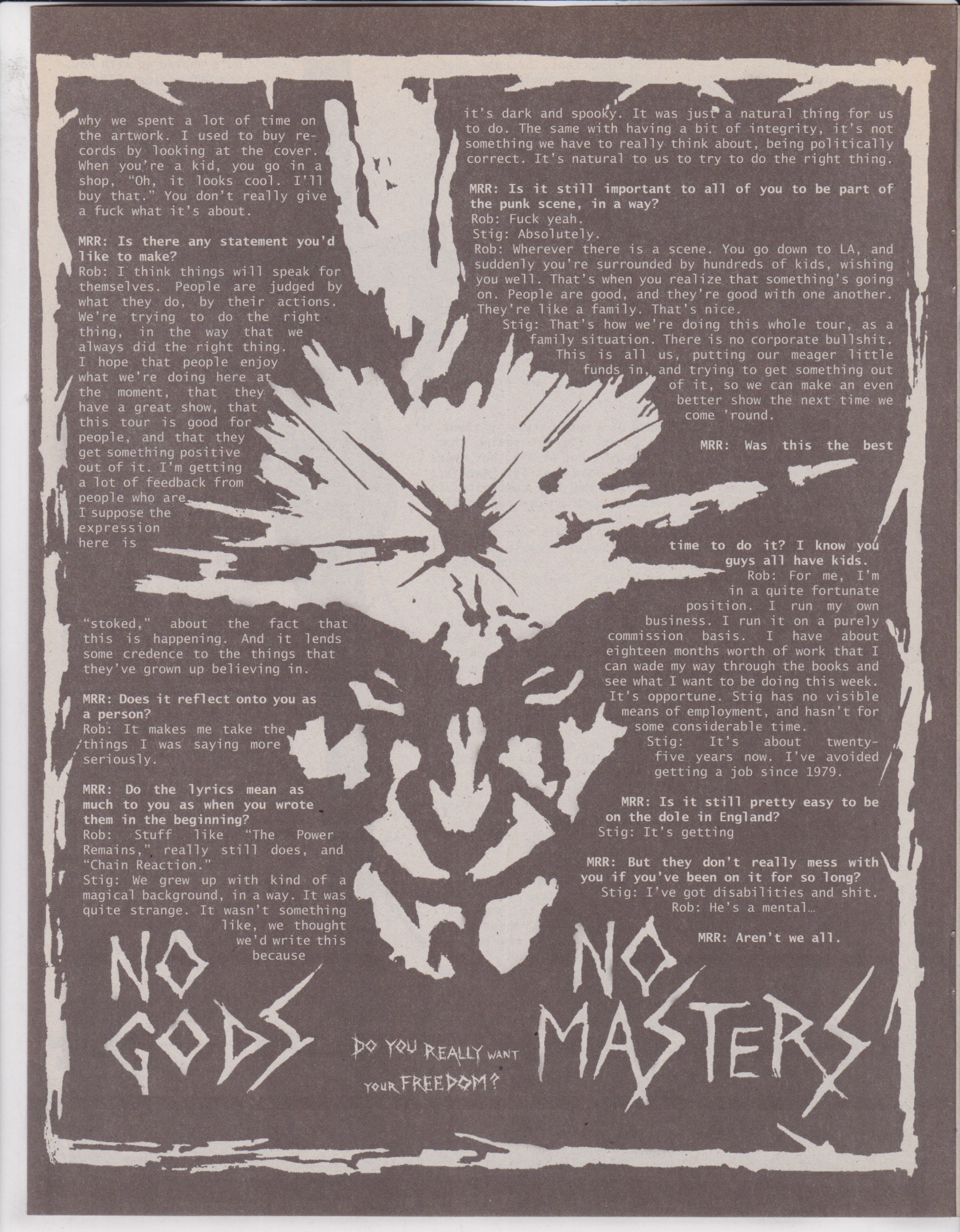
MRR: Is it still important to all of you to be part of the punk scene, in a way?
Rob: Fuck yeah.
Stig: Absolutely.
Rob: Wherever there is a scene. You go down to LA, and suddenly you're surrounded by hundreds of kids, wishing you well. That's when you realize that something's going on. People are good, and they're good with one another. They're like a family. That's nice.
Stig: That's how we're doing this whole tour, as a family situation. There is no corporate bullshit. This is all us, putting our meager little funds in, and trying to get something out of it, so we can make an even better show the next time we come 'round.

MRR: Was this the best time to do it? I know you guys all have kids.
Rob: For me, I'm in a quite fortunate position. I run my own business. I run it on a purely commission basis. I have about eighteen months worth of work that I can wade my way through the books and see what I want to be doing this week. It's opportune. Stig has no visible means of employment, and hasn't for some considerable time.
Stig: It's about twenty-five years now. I've avoided getting a job since 1979.

MRR: Is it still pretty easy to be on the dole in England?
Stig: It's getting

MRR: But they don't really mess with you if you've been on it for so long?
Stig: I've got disabilities and shit.
Rob: He's a mental…

MRR: Aren't we all.



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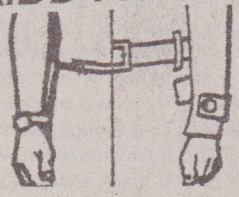

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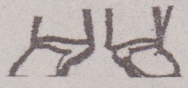

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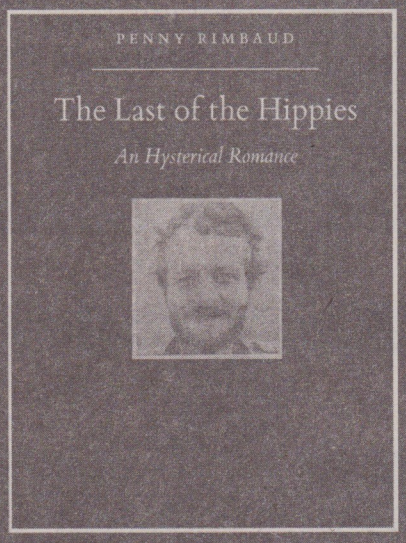

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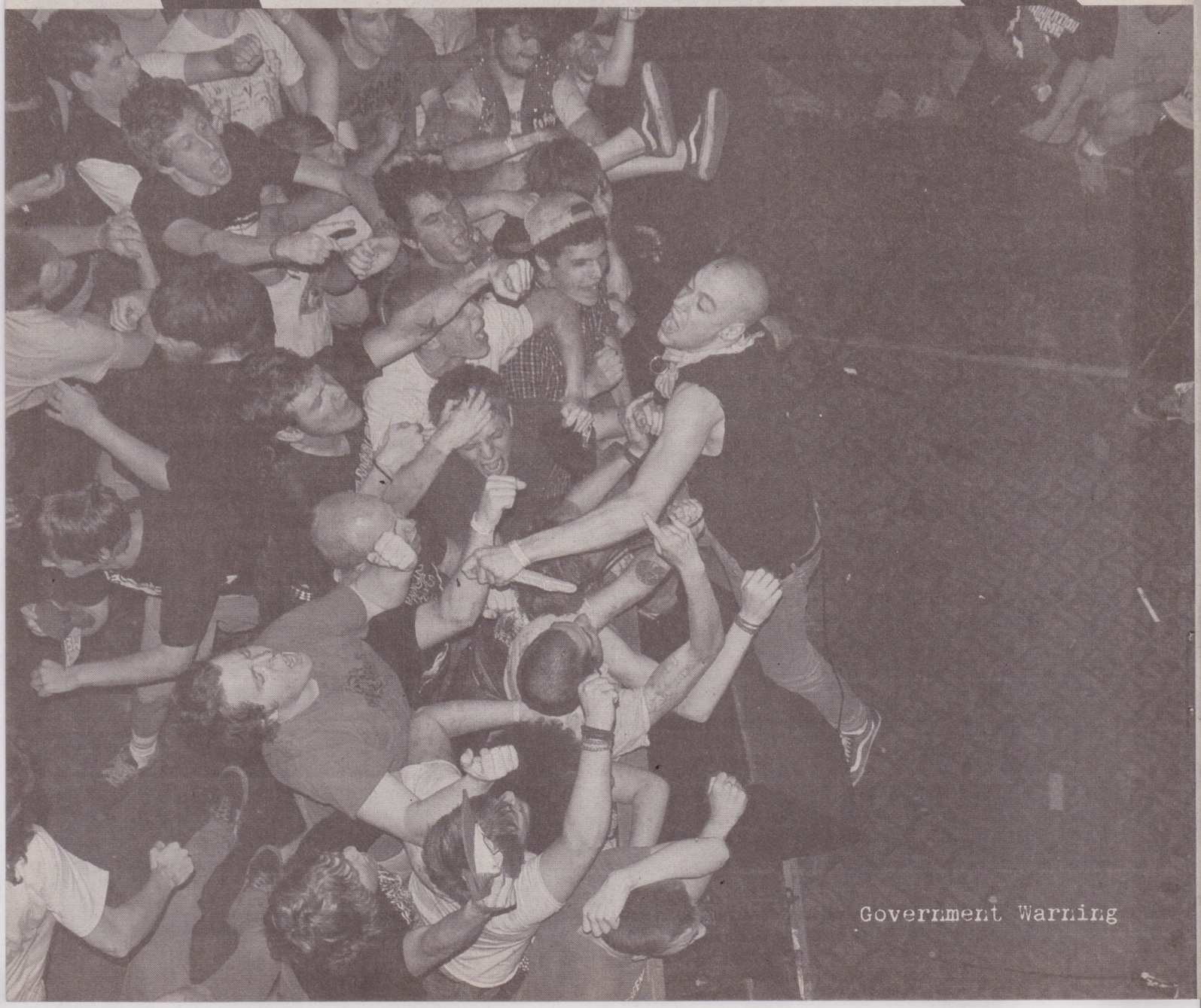
NO WAY FEST REPORT 3

By Brandon /Photos by Eldon Baldwin

So on Friday June 19th, we had a pre-fest Grave Mistake showcase at Gallery Five, which is a smaller club that only fits about 250 people. It was packed. First up was BAD ADVICE, which consists of members of the LADIES, CLOAK DAGGER, and myself; playing rockin' punk/HC stuff. The crowd was decent enough considering we were the first band of the whole thing. Up next was PSYCHED TO DIE, a New Jersey band with people from THE ERGS and SPLITTING HEADACHE. They play catchy punk/HC stuff, and received a decent reaction. TIME TO ESCAPE played next, a band that doesn't play out much, so when they do it's pretty sweet. This was the release show for their new 7", and while I'd say they ripped it up, the crowd reaction was lukewarm. THE LADIES followed, with a rip-roaring set of punk tunes that had the beer sloshin' every which way. Tony, their singer stuck it out even though he had not one but *two* black eyes. *Ouch*! Next up was CLOAK DAGGER and they tore through what was probably the best set I have ever seen them play. They played the songs fast, were rugged and tight at the same time with tons of energy and many catchy melodies. The crowd was into them, and I'm glad they played. Finally, to end the night, was DIRECT CONTROL. I thought we slopped it up pretty good. We never get to practice anymore, but for what it was it was really fun. We sold many copies of our new LP and played a few new ones. The night ended there, except for some



parties later.

Onto day two... Whoa, *super hangover*. Not feeling right, about to have a panic attack. Lauren, her brother and I were at our punk record store, Vinyl Conflict, already late to get to the show. I was feeling jittery and out of it from too much booze the night before. I left to get the equipment and do some sound checks and have a pre-fest meeting with the club owners and workers.. Once *all that's* out of the way, we got the show going. The first band to play was TOTAL WRECK, who were added at the last minute. They threw down! It sucks their guitar was out of tune the whole time but it was so fast you could barely tell—they were that good. Next up was DRY SPELL, a damn good local band who're getting better; great low-end vocals that are really catchy over some killer punk tunes. They have a 7" coming out soon. SOUTHSIDE STRANGLERS played afterwards, it was a slower set than usual. I felt weird during it, but all in all we got a pretty good reaction and more and more kids kept coming in as we were playing. We sold a *shitload* of tapes.

The OMEGAS had not arrived yet, so WASTE MANAGEMENT from Massachusetts played next and absolutely tore the walls down. Burly, bass heavy SSD/Boston hardcore crushing mayhem. They played a bunch of covers and got the juices flowing. At this point things were much smoother and Lauren and I began to feel a lot better. Chris Boarts from *Slug and Lettuce* told me, "WASTE MANAGEMENT kicked my ass. They were the best band I've seen yet!" Next up were the OMEGAS from Canada; they popped onto the stage and just lost their shit. It was nuts...Watching Ryan, the singer I kept thinking, "Damn, that dude is *gonna* get hurt." He was flying on and off the stage and hurling whatever was in front of him. That band was really good and people were stoked and surprised. NITAD from Sweden played after, and damn, they are the shit. They floored the kids with their heavy, fast, catchy brand of hardcore. They covered the EXPLOITED and they ripped it. BRUTAL KNIGHTS were up next, and they trashed it up non-stop and got a great reaction. I'm glad they came down to do the show, they keep the punk in hardcore and that's good. Then we had CHRONIC SEIZURE, and goddamn steamroller time. They played such a chaotic, balls-out set; it was definitely off the hook. Pat their bassist got naked and the sound guy told me later, "Man, I really thought that guy was going to take a shit on stage, and he had a huge dick!" I couldn't help but laugh my ass off and then hop behind the drums for the WASTED TIME set. I'm going to have to say this was our best set ever. I had all my friends there eggin' me on to play harder and faster and it was nice. I think some people may have gotten hurt during our set, which I think is good as long as they don't die or have to go to the hospital. Finally, after a long fucking day of anything and everything, the ZERO BOYS arrived and set up their shit and blew motherfuckers away! They played tons of hits, some covers that no one really knew, and just basically killed it. I was about to cry from happiness after a lot of stress, because it was worth it to have them play. They ruled it. That night Lauren and I decided to just take it easy, since we had another big day ahead of us the next day.

Double Negative
Deep Sleep

Social Circkle
Nitad

The morning rises, and we're on to day three! We make it down to Alleykatz, late again of course. Patrick, the sound guy, and I set up some shit and get another sound check going—everything sounds awesome. We decide today to have the free-band-beer behind the bar because every time I went up to the band room during the day before, there was a million kids not in bands swilling it down. Whatever. To be expected. We get the show going and my new band, SYNDROME, played. It's d-beat-y, old school Swedish/Finnish/Japanese sounding stuff. We got a pretty good reaction which was cool and I think I saw a few people pogo… NO EXCUSE from Richmond were next, and they played a decent set of fast, pissed hardcore. The crowd reaction was just so-so. I guess since then they have broken up but still have demos for sale. COP from California played next and ripped it up skate-thrash style. The circle pit was flowing the whole time they played, and their set included lots of covers. People went nuts when they covered VILE, and by nuts I mean they liked it.

ECOLI then got up there and blazed threw a set of cracked out crazy hardcore. They are definitely faster live than on record. I only recognized a couple of the songs and the FEEDERZ cover so I think they played a lot of new shit. Anyways, pretty damn good band. NO SYSTEM was up next, and I think the line up was pretty much Al Quint with BROWN SUGAR backing. They had a rough start, but soon got into it. They weren't outstanding, but were good for only having one practice the day of the show. The songs that weren't on the demo/7" sounded better than those that are. Then we had SMART COPS from Italy on and they just smashed it up. They were really fucking good. I like their records a lot, but they are one band not to miss live. DOUBLE NEGATIVE played after that, and had a good set chock full of new jams to keep the kids up to date. A few technical difficulties, but all in all they're a powerhouse not to be messed with. They have a new split EP with BATTLETORN on Volcom Records and I forgot to get the damn thing. Their drummer, Brian Walsby, was also drawing caricatures throughout the whole fest and it was awesome. SOCIAL CIRCKLE was up next and absolutely killed it. They had a limited test press version of their new LP that was gone before they even played. They were awesome as fuck, with barely any mess ups, as usual, and motherfuckers were *pumped*.

Next up were the CARBONAS for their last out of town show. I'm glad they agreed to do it here. They were so goddamn good and played tons of great songs from numerous records. Half the set was with Josh on second guitar and half with Jesse on second guitar, which was cool and a good way to end it. They sold all their records and shirts for dirt cheap, which was good and bad because there was a line at their merch table as soon as they set it up. The sound guy nailed the slap-back delay on the vocals and everything else to where it actually sounded like their records. Then I got behind the drums again for my *seventh* set of the weekend. (Note, most of my bands hardly ever play). This time it was with GOVERNMENT WARNING! We had some major, *major* technical difficulties, and this was the first time people had really seen us with Alex on guitar and Parsons on bass. Either way, when we are on, we are on. People went balls-out-nuts and squashed Kenny, our poor singer. Then after we finished it was time for another set from the great ZERO BOYS. This time it started off a little less energetic—it was a long weekend, but it still sounded awesome and everyone was happy. I have to give it to those dudes: they had people stage diving all through them, knockin' their mics over, turning off pedals, ripping out cords, and they still ripped it up with smiles on their faces. That's really cool. This set they played more off the first 7", a few more slower jams, but still packed it full of good ragers. They ended it with the one-two punch of "Vicious Circle" then "Amphetamine Addiction," and *bam*! It was all fucking over. Damn it.

Such a good weekend, so many good bands…it was a real good time. Before this fest started I was stressing out and Lauren and I were like, Fuck it, let's not do another one after this; it's too stressful and the fun's getting sucked out of it. Not the case anymore, now the problem is we have to think of a band as good as ZERO BOYS to headline next year. *Ha*! Many thanks to the bands, fans, and everyone else who made it possible. See *ya* next year!
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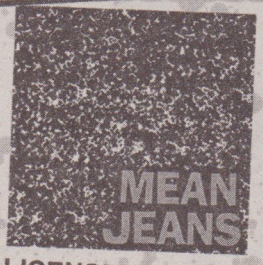

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SOMETHING FIERCE

Something Fierce's DIY release, There Are No Answers, this past Spring offered up a blurry, hectic, pop punk insistency that left listeners po-going somewhere between the heyday of 1977 (The Lurkers, Buzzcocks, etc) and 1997 (Lookout Records' roster). Balancing sincere teenage alienation ("Aliens") and note-for-note re-imagining of Steve Diggle and company ("Passion is A Fashion"), they plumb the past without melting into mishmash mimicry. Dynamiting their way through slight Stiff Little Fingers echoes ("On Your Own"), they write lyrics firmly tethered to an examination of youth and independence, while the harmony-laced "Where You Goin Man" and "There Are No Answers" sound hitsville-bound at 45 RPM, seducing us with steady treading, keep-it-short, power pop classicism. I caught up with them prior to their Summer 2009 Tour. Look for a new upcoming full-length release in 2010 on Dirtnap and a European 7" on Narshadaa Records soon, not to mention more touring under their belts.

Steven Babyface Garcia: Guitar and Vocals *Niki 7 (Sevven): Bass and vocals* *Andrew Red Rocket: Drummer*

Interview By David Ensminger

MRR: In some ways you offer a kind of old school pop-punk traditionalism, la the Buzzcocks, and you even cover the Clash live. Why does this era speak to you, and how do you see yourselves working within the form but also pushing its boundaries?

Steven: They did it right, and in my opinion, they did it the best. It wasn't always that way. It took me years to really appreciate the music. Other than aesthetics, I think they were some of the best songwriters ever, punk or not. We strive for something, whether it is a sound or an attitude that we can call our own, but in the end, I just want to write good songs.

Niki: I grew up listening to all the old punk. My dad has crates and crates of it, so growing up my favorites were bands like The Rezillos, The Buzzcocks, Sex Pistols, etc. For me, it was the perfect outlet to just be who you want to be and not give a crap what anyone else thinks. I'm sure you've noticed, but we're not exactly the "coolest." But we go out and we do what makes us feel good.

Andrew: You have to look to the great ones for inspiration and guidance. Like how children look up to their parents we look up to Joe, Joey, and Pete.

MRR: Speaking of the Clash, you reference a Joe Strummer biography on "Passion is a Fashion," perhaps not unlike Joe referencing the biography of Montgomery Clift on "The Right Profile." Are you suggesting that passion comes and goes, like fashion trends, or that passion itself is a fashion statement (look at my left-wing buttons or Profane Existence gear), or it's cool to be emotional, or something else?

Steven: You're on the right track. The script has flipped, and the "weird" punk image is part of the everyday social consciousness. Only an outsider, a genuine fuck-up that can barely get

along in this world, can connect to punk without a thought. Basically, I was trying to say the image is only the surface, and unfortunately, real revolution is a waning tradition.
Niki: "You're such a non conformist just like everybody else" Handsome Dick Manitoba. Passion seems to be fleeting nowadays and honestly, it's way too tiring to keep up with.
Steven: That was beautiful, Niki.
Andrew: I was recently called a poser at Freebirds (burrito joint) by some 18-year-old girl for wearing my White Zombie t-shirt. I was so fucking hungry and tired that I let her slide but it bothered me. It kind of made me wonder when I became the one that the "cool kids" judged as a "poser." (Note: Andrew has a giant red afro)

MRR: One thing that makes songs like "Hey Houston" interesting is the sense of place, meaning that you engage the local. Yet, kids in Houston are grappling with the same boredom and scene politics as any other, but you filter it through your own history. Do you think it's important to explore one's own hub or place for lyrics, not just spout generic slogans?
Niki: Houston kids aren't grappling with boredom... Houston kids are just boring. Everyone who lives in Houston has a continuous love/hate relationship with the city. About every ten years, we get a cycle of new fresh bands and the scene looks like it's on the verge of something great, and then the Houston curse kicks in and 80% of them break up. As for generic slogans, there's a reason I never caught on to bands like the Casualties. You can only listen to so many songs about punx (with two safety pins crossed for the 'x'). There has to be something more, something real in music. It's one of the most real, raw forms of art out there, use it.
Steven: I think it's more like every five years. This city is a key component in describing who I am, why I'm less susceptible to scenester bullshit, and why we're not afraid to say, "Fuck you, we're from Houston." It definitely keeps us thick-skinned from criticism.
Andrew: Your home is what you make of it: but, it is what made you. Just about every songwriter or rapper has spoken of home at one time or another. It's inevitable that Houston would come up.
Steven: I think it's time we release that Houston rap song we've been holding back.

MRR: Sometimes you reach back into family life with devastating precision too, like on "Second Son," which seems to touch on the dilemma of being second-in-line for attention, love, respect, etc. Do you think that being honest and personal, letting down your guard, is a solid way to tap universal feelings in audiences?
Steven: I believe that, now. I couldn't help but write very personal experiences into my songs, but I didn't do it because I thought other people would connect on a base level. I did it for myself, and thankfully, most everyone has responded well. It's strange when I write a song with such different meanings that it can switch gears in my own mind. That song was not about being the second-in-line, though. I wrote that in a very straightforward sense that I would, at the least, always be her second son. No matter what.
Niki: I've always believed in that. Honesty can be a weapon and a tool, you just have to know how to use it.

Andrew: This song always gives me goose bumps when we play it. It's totally weird and I don't think I've ever mentioned it.
Steven: It's probably because you were wearing that tank top.

MRR: For me, songs like "Aliens" are really metaphoric, just like Misfits' songs, even when creepy and monstrous, are really describing a sense of being different, weird, and an outcast. Is that partly what you are aiming at too?

Niki: My #1 all time, favorite love song is "Saturday Night" by the Misfits. So yeah, creepy and weird are right up that alley.
Steven: Yes, something that can be beautiful but damaged. Roky Erickson, The Wipers, The Buzzcocks: I think a lot of that stuff is basically saying, "I'm human, I'm fucked up, but I'm trying." Sometimes, that's all you need to say.
Andrew: Black sheep have more fun.

MRR: One thing we still haven't discussed is identity politics—your sense of being Hispanic in what too many people call white punk music. Do you see punk as a convergence culture, a melting pot? Do you find yourself keeping your Hispanic identity low-key?
Steven: I don't feel very connected to my culture. I don't feel the need to say, "I'm a Hispanic songwriter" because I see myself as another part of the underground, which can include any one, and I'm nothing special. I mean, if I were a lesbian midget left-handed albino, I could see being put on a pedestal.
Niki: Holy crap, I am so white.
Steven: She really is.
Andrew: I'm half Mexican. I only let people know when someone decides to say something racist. I can't help but keep it low key because my skin is as white as milk.

MRR: I know you are prepping for tours, and told me that you'd rather play house parties with friends than rely on shows at venues. Is that a commitment to being DIY and close-to-the-ground, even in the age when millions of bands are profiling themselves online, pitching endless product?
Andrew: I'm not sure how I feel about this question. Do you have a problem with bands having websites? Even proclaimed DIY-bands have websites. I can understand having a problem with bands promoting beverages and such, but a bands product is their music.
Steven: Andrew is out to make the big bucks, dude. No, we weren't making a DIY statement. We just like having the crowd huddled around us, practically breathing on our instruments.
Niki: Some of the best shows I saw as a kid were at this place in Montrose called the Oven. The whole place is about the size of an average living room, and it was also like a million degrees inside but you'd get like 60 or 70 kids all crammed in there jumping around. The shows where people go crazy, and you can hear them singing in the mic with you, and you walk out drenched in beer and sweat and god knows what else are so invigorating.

DIVISIONS

The recently deceased Divisions of Tampa, Florida was a blitzkrieg of viciously heavy hardcore. The band released several demos before their vinyl debut EP on Human Crush and their swansong cassette Fin *that was released before their farewell tour. The first time I laid eyes on this band, I realized they were intent on pushing things as far as they could. They did something original and unique; they took some of the trappings and sounds of black, death, and thrash metal and fused them with raging, heavy hardcore. They never forgot that heavy metal was at its most potent when it was…you know, heavy, and not bogged down in indulgent solos and other horseshit. Their artwork was great, the lyrics were scathing, and the live performance was devastating. Their last show was played against the wishes of Tampa's police, but the door was locked and the set was played in its entirety and it was fucking excellent—the perfect way to go out. I caught up with them and asked them a few questions before their untimely demise.*
Interview by John Fahy. Photos by Ryan Hopewell and Joe Lachut.

MRR: OK, first tell us your name and what you do.
Justin: Vocals
Carson: I play drums.
Evan: Guitar

MRR: Divisions came out of a short-lived previous band called Fratricide, which had an additional member to the three of you, how did you three start playing music together, and what were you going for?
Justin: We were aiming at something that hadn't came out of Tampa in a while. Also, I know that I personally wanted to be in a very aggressive.metal and hardcore influenced band that didn't play 40 minute sets at large venues. I wanted people to realize that metal is for everyone just as much as punk and hardcore are.
Carson: I met Justin though going to shows and running sound for a local venue. We became pretty close in a few months. The bassist for Fratricide got me playing with Evan. The punks here are few, we knew we had to start something. I wanted to make threatening, violent music. When we started were playing 30 second Autopsy sounding death metal. Fratricide's songs never really passed the one minute mark.
Evan: A person of no importance introduced me to Carson and Justin after I parted ways with my previous band. When we did Fratricide I was aiming to play a stripped down, abridged brand of death metal without modern pitfalls and double bass drumming. Divisions came to be when we trimmed the fat from our previous band and abandoned the notion of pigeon-holing ourselves. As a band we are an expulsion of hate and anger.

MRR: How do you think the sound of the band has changed since you started?
Carson: There's definitely some metal influences in the sound of the band, but not enough that a Poison Idea cover seems anyway out of place, it seems like it always comes back to heavy hardcore. Do you think your newer songs are leaning more in either direction, or another area altogether?
Justin: Hopefully we're in another area by now. I think we may lean more towards heavy hardcore, I could be wrong. All together though, I want to be in another area. I think it's time that hardcore, metal, punk and noise re-locates and re-checks their influences. But also realize that influences are more than just music. If you let raw passion, emotion, life and death out into songs then you're bound to end up in another area….right?
Carson: The more I played, the harder I hit. I wanted my drums to sound like a machine gun, so I changed my parts and made them starker and meaner. The essence of punk/hardcore music to me is to be uncontrollable. So I try to play like a caveman. As far as the metal influence, If you listen to the first Celtic Frost record and Kings of Punk back to back a lot of the structures, the guitar style, and delivery is really similar.
Evan: As you continue through life, parts of you die any turn to dust. We get closer to what matters. closer to what works.

MRR: Evan, you're doing all of the artwork on the releases. Give a description of what you set out to do on the designs, it seems like

sometimes it's very upfront and violent and other times pretty subdued and ominous.

Evan: I want to achieve a stark powerful aesthetic; strong symbols and strong images make strong expressions. I work with razors, glue and black markers. The process is of the same importance as the result. I refuse the convienience and soulessness of digital design.

MRR: Carson, you record everything for Divisions and seemingly, half of the bands in Tampa. How did you get into recording and how have the Divisions recordings changed?

Carson: I always messed with tape decks and computer stuff. If it had an input, I recorded something with it. It's always been a part of being a musician to me. Divisions recording approach is basically turning the gain all the way up and just going. When we play live, the PA distorts Justin's voice, I'm hammering the drums and Evan plays through a full stack. It's loud and I don't castrate it on tape. Beat replacer, Triggered drums, auto-tune, are ruining all music. I think bands like Confuse and Harry Pussy had it right and their shit sounds awesome.

MRR: You're all involved in various bands and projects, give us a brief run-down of some of the active ones.

Justin: I play drums in a band called Lead. It's heavier Sleep influenced music. We're putting out a cheap or free CD-R demo before I take off for Europe. I started it because I wanted to become better at drums and now I kind of am. I think that's the right way to do it!

Carson: My main project is Merchandise in which I sing and play guitar. It's like Mission of Burma/ Youth of America era Wipers influenced post-punk, but recently with more weird Jandek tangents. I also play drums in Slavescene, which is Tommy from Cult Ritual on guitar, Samantha from Body Rot on bass, and our buddy Treasure on vocals. It's really fucked, stoic sounding noise punk and at times Half Japanese/no wave guitar. I do a lot of projects with Dave from Cult Ritual, but there are too many to mention here. You can download most everything we do from the Cult Maternal blog here: cultmaternal.blogspot.com

Evan: I am working with someone else on another project called Horrid Cross. It's in the early stages but we hope to record a demo soon.

MRR: I'm led to believe that the band name came out of some schisms that developed in the Tampa scene. What's happened to Tampa punk and hardcore in the last few years?

Justin: There are great bands in Tampa, we're trying very hard to make music, put on shows and stay positive and close. The sad truth is, with any group of people over one or two, strifes develop, egos develop and senseless nothings can get in the way of the main goals...which are to make music and smack cops.

Carson: Tampa is fucked scenewise, Cult Ritual rules. Bands start and die. We're having a good year though. I give it six more months and it will suck again.

Evan: The band name does not have anything to do with our scene in any way, shape or form. The scene in Tampa is on life support in the burn ward. Some of us work, sweat and bleed to make it worthwhile but remember, I said only some of us do. in addition to our failure to maintain the collective erection of success no bands tour south of Georgia. It is discouraging but we have no choice but to continue to fight.

MRR: Justin, the lyrics have always been scathing, but the earlier demos sounded very bitter and about some more personal transgressions. The newer songs, like those on the EP, seem like they're directed at everyone or just sickened by human idiocy. Has anything changed about how you write lyrics?

Justin: I don't know if the earlier lyrics were bitter. I suppose I just figured that the easiest way to have people understand what you're trying to convey is by speaking in a tounge more personal. Personal hurt, depravity and glory are easily translated to the human psyche and...soul? Upon writing the newer songs on the EP and even moreso on the new tape; I wanted to express that I care much more about the struggles existing everywhere infinitley more than my own or even those near me. That may sound callous (maybe it is) but its just me. So, yes a lot has changed about how I write lyrics and I'm very glad for it. I feel that writing this way is much more substantial. To be honest though, I like a lot of humans. A lot of them make me very happy and I don't carry strife towards human beings as a whole. I do hate cops, politicians, priests, rockstars, bullies, Renee Zellwegger...

MRR: You've self-released tapes, had labels release a demo and an EP, and now you've released another tape before your East Coast tour. It seems like the band is picking up some momentum, but now you may be taking a hiatus. What is the future of Divisions?

Justin: The future of Divisions is foggy. I suppose in a way we somewhat depend on how long I'm traveling. I would love to continue on an insane path when I return. But who even knows if I'll return, maybe I'll be murdered in Bangladesh...

Carson: Divisions has been around for almost two years but we've never gotten outside of Florida. Justin's leaving for Europe, but if we're all together again in the next year we'll definitely write, record, and tour.

Evan: Divisions awaits execution. We have released our final cassette and will have concluded our only tour up the East Coast. it's difficult to get time off of work and Justin's departure is growing near so we organized a two week tour so as to not die in silence. The future of Divisions is unclear.

MRR: Thanks for the interview; do you have anything to say in closing?

Justin: Make music that sounds horrible and maybe beautiful. Come play shows in/visit Tampa. We have to try very hard for everything and we want to show you the outcome.

Carson: Florida is isolated. The music that comes from here, I think, really represents that. In Tampa, we have shows in storage spaces, houses, and even in the middle of streets and parking lots with power coming from a little gasoline generator. The bands play here just to play.

Evan: Thank you for the interview. on a personal note: I've grown tired of weakness. We put everything into what we do down here and it can't flourish without your support so unplug your computers and go take part in the scene you claim to affiliate with.

Thanks to Divisions for inspiration. Divisions 7"s and Fin *cassettes can be ordered through Human Crush: John Fahy, 15011 Lakeside View Dr. Apt. 2402, Fort Myers FL, 33919, fahy_john@hotmail.com*

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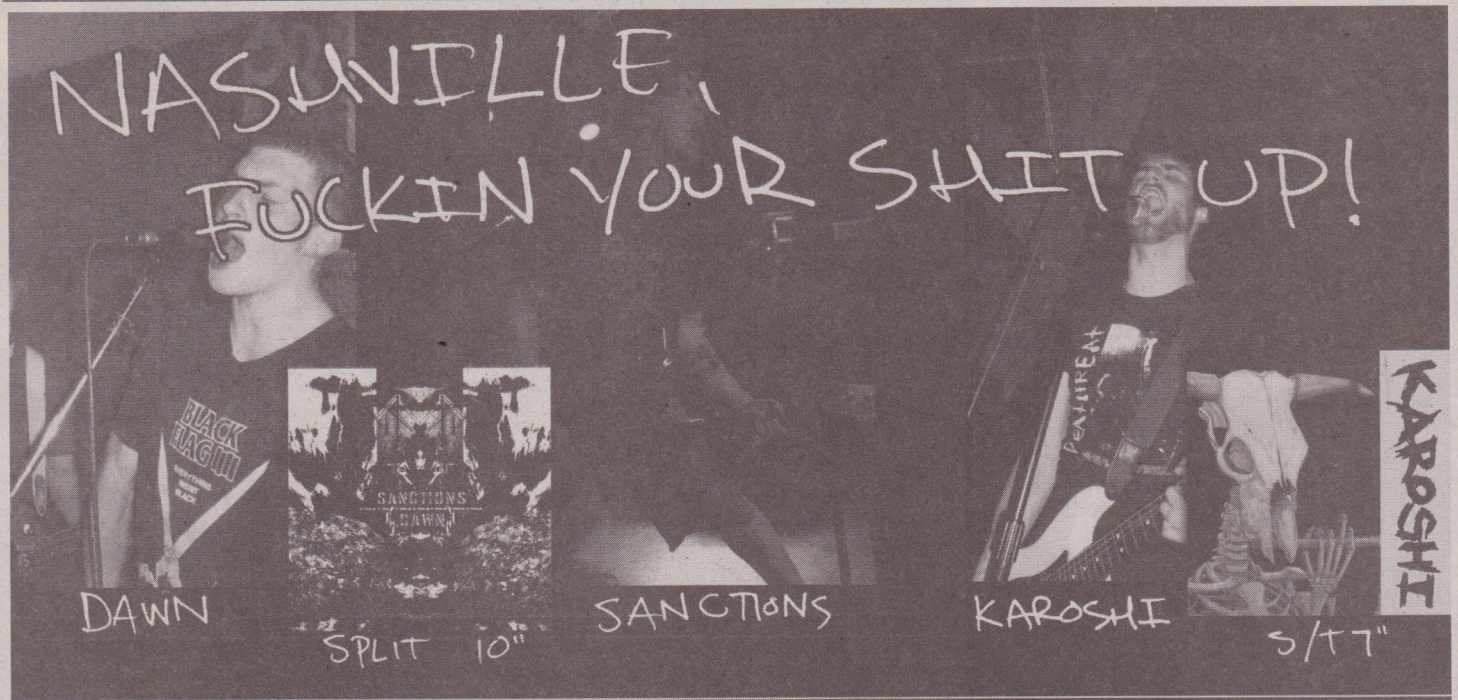

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BORN/DEAD

Born/Dead have been a fixture of the Bay Area punk scene for the last decade, blasting guitar driven hardcore with crashing drums and charged bass lines, with bleak anarcho punk lyrics spit in rapid succession by harsh dual vocals. Since 2000 they have released two 7"'s—their debut 24 Hostages and Repetition, two full length albums Our Darkest Fears Now Haunt Us and The Final Collapse, a split LP with Seattle's Consume, and a split 7" with the Bay Area's Peligro Social. Besides relentlessly playing the Bay Area, they have toured the US, Mexico, Canada and Australia, and this summer Born/Dead embark on their third tour of Europe, which will mark the end of an era for the band. (Band members will relocate to Europe after the tour, making the band's future murky at least in the short term.) Having had a succession of great drummers, the band is currently playing with Mackie from Peligro Social and Dopecharge on drums, which gives the band a more immediate energy. The core of the three-piece band remains guitarist/vocalist Will Kinser of No Options Records, and long-time MRR contributor, who also plays in Desolation, Suicide Bomb and Dopecharge, and bassist/vocalist Wyatt Culbertson who also played in Scurvy Dogs and is currently in Abrupt. On the eve of the band's possible final tour, things come full circle as their debut 24 hostages EP has just been re-issued by their long time label Prank Records and they sit down with MRR for another interview.

Interview by Steve Scanner / Introduction by Ken Sanderson

MRR: OK - tell us what kinda mood you are in and why.

Wyatt: My mood is good. Really excited about our tour coming up.

Will: I'm in a mood to fuck shit up and to articulate my most inner thoughts of course.

MRR: For those who are not aware, tell us the reason behind Born/Dead's existence. In the world of punk rock/hardcore where does Born/Dead sit?

Will: We started this band when I was twenty years old and to say that we began with any sort of goal other than to voice our frustrations and concerns with the world around us would be a lie. Although I think at this point in our decidedly more adult lives it means a lot more than that. This band is an expression of our politics, and the intense pressure that everyday life confronts us with, and the enormous inequalities that exist in the world. Where does Born/Dead sit in the punk rock/hardcore scene? I have no idea? I don't really care to tell you the truth. In some fucking hipsters eyes we are has-beens, in some kid's mind we are rock stars. I say we are just a few people that are more dedicated to this lifestyle than most others and have the integrity to do what we like. I'm really proud to say that we have never changed our ideals or musical style to suit anyone's tastes but our own.

Wyatt: I was playing in a hardcore band from Oakland called Chemical Imbalance with Bill (our first drummer) when the singer decided to quit and move to England. We had met Will in Santa Cruz some years earlier and had talked about playing music. He was doing a band called No Options at the time and after their bassist died we decided to start this band.

MRR: About two year ago, the band released the album, *The Final Collapse*. In what ways is this a progression from the previous *Repetition-Endless War* and *Our Darkest Fears Now Haunt Us* albums? Did you approach this album differently in any way from those previous albums?

Wyatt: Playing with different drummers I think that their style's helped influence the band and rawness of the songs. This gives each album a different feeling.

Will: I would say that *The Final Collapse* is more of a departure from the somewhat crust sound of *Endless War/Repetition* era, returning back to a more fast-paced hardcore sound, which we started with. It's been two years since recording this record and I still feel it is the best recording we have done to date. We made conscious decisions to make this more of a drum heavy/vocal

heavy record and I really like the results. I feel like we achieved a more raw hardcore record with this recording that suits us a lot better. I still really like the other records. I guess I was never really satisfied with my own vocal delivery on the prior two.

MRR: Although you have your own label, No Options, Born/Dead releases its albums on San Francisco label, Prank Records. Is that purely down to the fact Prank has better distribution? How did you hook up with Ken at Prank?

Will: No Options Records released the *24 Hostages* EP. We met Ken pretty shortly after, and I ended up giving him ten songs in handwritten lyrics with a copy of *Our Darkest Fears* recording to see if he was interested in doing a record. I was around 21 years old at the time and had no real extra income to spare to release another record although the EP was selling well. On a small side note: the two records were done very close together because we already had all the songs by the time we recorded the first EP. A lot of the EP songs where actually written after the *Darkest Fears* songs. Basically it came down to Prank being our favorite label going in the US and Ken's interest in working with us that brought about our relationship with Prank. I view Ken as a real stalwart of hardcore scene, he has his own tastes, great production, amazing quality control, and basically his label is what I would want mine to be if I didn't play in a bunch of other bands and could just focus on my one thing. Born/Dead seemed happy with Prank, so No Options quickly turned its attention to other bands we were playing with at the time and trying to help them start out.

MRR: What's the deal with Prank? Are you on a "contract" of any form? Besides releasing the records, what control/ influence does Ken have on the finished Born/Dead product? What about aesthetically? The album comes in a gatefold sleeve, lyric booklet, and echoes the packaging of Crass somewhat. That your own creation? What about funding for recording?

Will: I just want to make this clear. Prank Records doesn't use contracts and is a completely DIY label. We would never sign a contract with any label as that goes against what we as a band stand for. This is not to say that we totally disagree with bands signing, because that is each individual band's choice. Ken at Prank has given us his opinion about art, layout, recording, as well as a lot of useful advise, but that is as far as it goes. Prank has given us free reign over everything this band does and that is why our relationship has worked so well. I think both parties really respect each other and Prank continues to be our favorite label in the USA. A huge reason why Prank is such a great label is that they pay for recording and most other expenses, which I feel really gives him a hand up over most other labels that are DIY because it ensures quality.

Wyatt: Ken is really great to work with, leaving us with the creativity to make the music as we like. After the recording is all done he will come in and give some input on the mixing, but that is really it as far as it has gone. The music and artwork is up to us. He does also have really good distribution, so the choice was easy.

Will: Actually most of the recent layouts I've done for the band have been inspired by a series of Mortarhate Comps, such as *We Won't Be Your Fucking Poor*. We have always loved the Anarcho punk aesthetic and feel it fits this bands politics and style.

MRR: I'd like to talk about a couple of songs on the album, starting with the album's closing song, "Assault." It's a very intelligent examination of the barbarous effects of child abuse. There are no damning accusations toward the aggressor, just the mental anguish of the victim. Did you draw on any personal experience to write something so effective?

Will: I wrote this song based on personal experiences as well as some friends that I've had long discussions with about their own experiences. I think a lot of people who victimize their kids or loved ones are unaware of the permanent damage they are doing. In my case it was not a family member, but various sitters and family friends who continually beat me in the name of "spare the rod, spoil the child" Christian style discipline. The latter half of the song deals with domestic abuse, which I not only witnessed as a child, but have

witnessed happening to friends over the years. It's a difficult subject to tackle so I just try to keep it as personal as I can.

MRR: And why choose to cover the Cress song, "Sirens"? It's not the first cover the band has recorded—you also did a version of the Necros "No One." You have any other covers in mind that you want to do?
Wyatt: When we started playing we were doing covers just to get used to playing with each other. Zero Boys' "High Times," Iron Cross, Cro Mags, and Subhumans. Classics.
Will: I basically learned how to play guitar to the Cress *Monuments* LP along with Last Rights, and Really Red. I have always wanted to cover one of their songs and it just seemed fitting for the record. We have had a lot of ideas for covers and have played a lot of others live, but we think it is much more important to work on our own material than spend hours perfecting someone else's song which in most cases is gonna be better anyhow. A couple ideas we've thrown around are The Cure's "A Forest," the Mob's "At the Gates of Hell," and Ultra Violent's "Crime for Revenge."

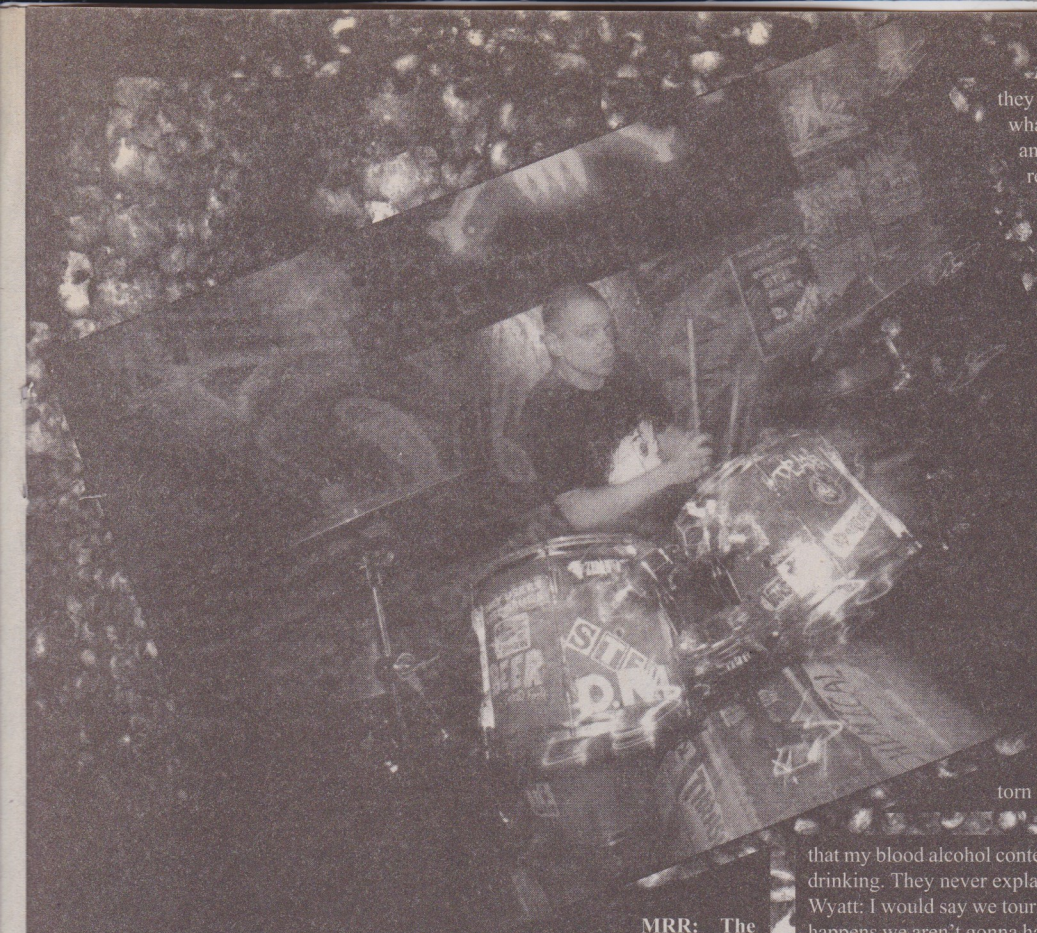
MRR: A lot of your songs deal with bleak subjects in a realistic and moderately depressing way. While it's easy to tear things down, it's not so easy to offer viable alternatives. Is that something you agree with? Do you see any optimism in the world to write about?
Will: It's easy to look around and see all the messed up things going on in the world. I write what I live and breath everyday of my life. As far as alternatives go I think the only way out is the destruction of capitalism and government. There isn't a lot of optimism I can see, it seems like we are headed on a course for global annihilation and nothing can stop it.
Wyatt: The world is fucked on so many levels. Looking at society and how selfish and narcissistic the majority of people are I really have no hope for most of the human race. If I can live my life and do good for myself and the people that I interact with then I have made a change. I can't change the world but I can myself.

MRR: Since recording the album, drummer Josh Carmen has left the band. Why was that? How did you hook up with his replacement, ex-Peligro Social drummer Mackey? In what way has Mackey changed the band? And Mackey, what do you think you have brought to the band that was missing previously?
Will: Josh made the decision that he wanted to step away from the band and take a different path with his own projects. He left on good terms with us and we will always be indebted to him for his contribution. Josh leaving just happened to coincide with Peligro Social calling it a day and since Mackey has been a good friend of ours for a long time we figured he would be a great addition to the band. Mackey is a great drummer with a very distinct style. In this way he has changed the band a lot. I'm personally really excited to see a more stripped down punk version of Born/Dead with Mackey on drums.
Mackey: I don't think any of the drummers lacked energy, but in a way I feel like I bring a new energy to the band. Its been a blast! I've never played in any groups like Born/Dead before.

MRR: Will, you're also involved with Desolation. Is it a long-term project?
Will: Desolation has been a long-term project really. We have been a band for six years now. Desolation has basically challenged me to be a better guitar player because the other people in that band are highly skilled musicians, not that anyone in Born/Dead isn't though.. haha.

MRR: You've also just joined a couple of new bands, Suicide Bomb and Dopecharge. Tell us a bit about both those bands. In what ways do these bands differ from Born/Dead and Desolation? Are you involved with the song writing of these other bands, and if so how do you prioritise what you are gonna use in Born/Dead and what you use in the other bands?
Will: Dopecharge also includes Mackey on vocals and other members of various other bands and projects I've been involved with. They happened to need a bassist, and I had never played bass in a band before so I figured it would be fun. I have helped them arrange some songs and written one, but mainly I just have fun playing in the band and let them go in the direction they want. Suicide Bomb on the other hand was a last desperate attempt to be in a band with Robert Collins before I move to Germany later this year. It just happened to work well and now we have ten songs and are recording for a record. Its not hard to prioritise the writing really because Suicide Bomb is very improvisational and also very collaborative. We never write songs before coming to practice whereas in Born/Dead I will write an entire song and arrange it before the band even hears it sometimes.

MRR: What about you guys, Wyatt and Mackey, are you in any other bands outside of Born/Dead?
Wyatt: Right now I am playing with Abrupt, a female-fronted band that is a blur of discordant melodies, pounding drums, and earth-shaking bass licks. We will be on tour in September in Europe. We have a self-released album and have recorded five songs to be put on a 7" some time later this year.
Mackey: After Peligro Social I've occupied my time with singing for Dopecharge, which has been fun and also a challenge. We've got a recording that will surface in some way, shape, or form over the next year.



they questioned me they asked about some of my tattoos and what my political beliefs are. I told them I am an anarchist and asked the officer what his beliefs where to which he replied, "I don't believe in anything." I told him he was a nihilist, which he was not pleased about. Anyhow seeing as we had no drugs I was let go. We also made it to about 24 other countries in Europe. Unfortunately we couldn't make it to SE Asia due to some personal issues. This is our biggest regret about the tour. It has always been our dream to play there; hopefully we can make it sometime in the future when it is more financially viable for the people in the band.

Wyatt: Tour is physically demanding but we tend to hold up alright. Just drink the pain away haha. Will has been in the hospital on tour many times.

Will: Josh had to go as well. I'm still getting hospital bills from my stay in Australia but they are pretty minor and I don't intend on ever paying them. Every other country never charged, or if they did it was very cheap, like ten euros or less. It really says something about the health care in the USA. If you get an ambulance to a hospital here, including blood tests and x-rays, it would cost thousands compared to 60 dollars Australian. The end diagnosis was that I had torn muscle in my chest from getting punched in Tasmania and that my blood alcohol content was ten times the legal limit fifteen hours after I stopped drinking. They never explained why I was sneezing blood though? Hahaha.

Wyatt: I would say we tour like most punks do—we hope for the best, and if the worst happens we aren't gonna have any money so we have to rely on our friends and family in those situations.

MRR: The last tour Born/Dead undertook was massive—literally traversing the world. I believe it was the first time you had played in the UK too. How did that go? What were your immediate impressions of the UK?

Will: This was actually our second time playing in the UK, we played three shows there in 2005 with the Restarts. I like the UK a lot, although I can't stand playing in pubs that are bright as day in some cities there. My cities in the UK are Brighton, which has a brilliant anarchist café/info shop to play, and Bristol has the punkest bar on the planet. There were actually members of ICONS OF FILTH, DISORDER, CHAOS UK, and CONFLICT in attendance. I was actually nervous to play, haha. Bradford's 1 in 12 is an excellent spot as well, especially the Means to an End festival. Lastly, London has to make the list. What is there not to love about dirty squatters, dirtier squats, and brilliant gigs.

Wyatt: Lots of beer drinking and punk nights out!

MRR: You also made it over here to New Zealand. I recall reading that you lived over here for about a year Will? Did you get to see much of New Zealand itself, and what differences were apparent in 2008 from when you lived here?

Will: I lived in NZ for a year when I was eight years old. My mother was a missionary for this cult called the The Children Of God and we were sent there to save souls as far as I can tell. I did actually get to see a lot of NZ then because I went on lots of trips throughout the country. The main things I remember are the Aquarium in Auckland, a Zoo where I got to feed six month old lions, and Rainbow Park where we went a bunch of times to a giant maze and bumper boats. I actually went back to the Aquarium this time and it is way smaller than I remembered it as a kid, haha.

Wyatt: The shows were a lot of fun. We played with Wasted and some other good bands that are slipping my mind. My brother got mulched. Made some friends and did some swimming. New Zealand is a beautiful country.

MRR: Give us a rundown of some of the other places you went. I recall Greece, Macedonia, SE Asia… How physically demanding is touring on that kind of massive scale?

Will: We made it to Greece, which was absolutely amazing! We made some great friends there and got to do a lot of sight seeing. I ended up getting detained there as well by the police on suspicion of drugs. When

MRR: I was watching a Citizen Fish DVD recently. They stated that being on the road constantly changed their perception of home and that touring replaces home life as the norm. Is that something you agree with? How much readjusting does it take to get back into the home-life groove after travelling the world, playing punk shows, and partying?

Will: I would rather be on the road than at home. It's not that I don't miss the comforts of home and my friends here, but I prefer to experience new things everyday and it seems that when I'm at home there is a routine I fall into. It's not on purpose, but I have to go to work, then band practice, there are always shows at the same places. It all becomes routine. I have learned after lots of time on the road that I don't really need many material possessions or much comfort and it is really empowering. When we get back it usually takes a few months for me to readjust to home life. I go through a phase where I will pretend I'm still touring and go out every night. After that gets boring I usually have a bit of depression, and then eventually I find my stride and it's back to work.

MRR: Tell us a bit about life in the Bay Area. From an overseas perspective there appears to be a thriving punk scene? Is that correct, or is it a plethora of pop-punkers?

Mackey: There's a whole bunch of everything in Bay. The punk scene is killer! There are a lot of strong bands coming out of the East Bay and SF. TV Evangelists are my favorites.

Wyatt: The Bay Area is extremely awesome place to live! Great art, great food, thriving locally-owned business, tons of music. As far as I'm concerned it is the best place to live in the country.

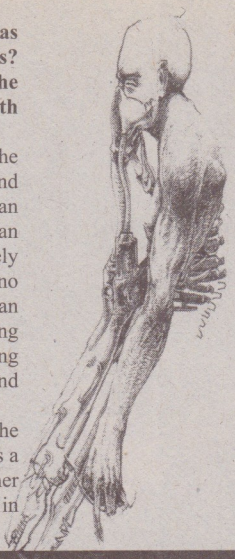
Will: The punk scene, like all places, has its good and bad moments. There is always another wave of kids coming in and they can either make it great or terrible, but if you've been here long enough, you know it is only a matter of time till it gets better and there is another awesome group of bands coming up. Right now there are some good things going on. There is plans for a new DIY all ages venue in SF, there are plenty of spaces that are going strong. There are some great bands like TV Evangelists, Ruidos, Face the Rail, to name a few. If the American hardcore/punk scene could embrace real radical politics, punk

could actually mean something here finally.

MRR: I guess there's a large proportion of homeless there too? Has San Fran become gentrified and over-developed during the years? What about politics—is it a politically charged city? It has the reputation of being liberal and decidedly bohemian…is that a myth or reality?

Mackey: The homeless have a few camps on the southeast side of the city. The numbers are in the thousands. Children, the elderly, vets, and people with medical issues of all races make up these numbers. It can seem unrealistic, but people have lived this way in SF as long as I can remember. I grew up in a neighborhood that has been almost completely gentrified. Starting in about 1997 I can remember working class Latino families being evicted from surrounding apartments and young urban pioneers arriving in new VW Beatles, mixed coffee drinks in hand, taking their place. The apartment I grew up in was sold in 2004 as a condo, forcing my family out of their home. The gentrification of the city continues, and with that I think the bohemian spirit of the city evaporates.

Will: SF and the Bay Area's gentrification has everything to do with the fact that the suburban lifestyle has been realized for what it is, which is a total unrealistic and unsustainable sham. What you have now is another great white flight, but this time it is back to the cities. It seems here in America that economic inequality is the new slavery. If you are wealthy then you can push around whoever you want. The Bay is a very liberal place in relation to the rest of America, but it is mostly all talk because everyone wants to remain in the utopian bubble of liberalism while there are people dying on the streets right before their eyes. This all boils down to the mentality that if it doesn't affect you or your friends that everything is fine. They have a big shock coming to them in the next few years when their lifestyles will change because of the very policies that have allowed them to live in this bubble.



MRR: For a traveller, particularly one of a Punk persuasion, what are the essential things to do and see in the Bay Area?

Will: That's a pretty broad question. I like to go to museums, see the landmarks, and the beach is always beautiful. There are also some great record stores here, and bars and venues which have hosted punks for the past twenty years.

Wyatt: Eli's

Will: Molotov's haha.

Mackey: Party with us!

MRR: Given that your politics fall on the anarchist side of things, did you vote in the last American election?

Will: I don't vote and never have because I don't agree with capitalist democracy or any of its forms. I've been in heated debates whether I should vote in local elections and on local measures, but I still have yet to be swayed. Keep trying though, I could change my mind if the right argument was put forth. I don't really care who sits in office because both parties and all the viable parties in this country stand for everything I oppose. Having a Centrist-Left government is only prolonging the carnage that capitalism is causing to our planet and humanity, and the faster people become aware of this the better it is for the planet. Like Wyatt said we have to destroy before we can rebuild.

Wyatt: Decycle.

MRR: Talking of which, how do you think Obama is doing so far?

Will: Other than doing a 180 on just about every campaign promise he has made and protecting war criminals I would say he is doing just great. A+, haha.

MRR: What are your thoughts on the worldwide recession? Is any one person to blame or is it a mass consumption of crap piled onto credit cards or is it a myth created by a bunch of capitalist bankers and politicians?

Will: Again, I really hate it when blame is put on one figure head while overlooking the smaller and more sinister bankers, economists, and multi-national businessmen who are responsible for global policy. The recession the world is facing has to do with economic policies, which originated in the '70s from a bunch of conservatives who believed that markets will unwaveringly balance themselves without regulation. This is a ploy for capitalist money men to basically go into a country that has recently deregulated and privatized their countries resources and industry (usually because of facing enormous debt to the IMF or World Bank from former US supported regimes, or after suffering some sort of catastrophic event) and make a ton of money in the short run while ruining the lives of ordinary workers for decades to come. This has been done countless times in the name of bringing democracy to the oppressed countries of the world such as Iraq, Honduras, and most of Sub-Sahara Africa. These policies have opened the worldwide economy to free trade, which in turn has linked all of the world's economies together. The third world has been slaving away for the extravagant lifestyles of the West, which in turn has been living on credit because all their industry has moved overseas. This of course is money that doesn't really exist and at some time will have to be repaid. If there must be government then I believe that it should subsidize its citizen's needs such as healthcare, food, and education. Citizens should have the rights to the resources and not fucking businessmen who would just as soon see someone tortured and maimed as long as they can make a buck. I would actually like to go into this more in depth, but this is an interview and not an essay.

MRR: I read recently that you are moving to Germany, Will. Why Germany? What does that mean for the future of Born/Dead?

Will: I am moving to Germany. I guess it's just time for a change and one of my best friends lives there, so I decided to move and see how I like it. I also feel like there is a stronger activist culture there and that it would be interesting to see what it is like to create alternatives to ordinary life. Born/Dead's future at the moment is uncertain, although we have discussed regrouping in a couple years when we see each other. Its certainly not over, but we might take a long hiatus. It's time to look towards the future and we have never been too good at planning that out.

MRR: How did you handle immigration? As a Brit living in New Zealand, I had some serious complications with immigration even though New Zealand and Britain have close ties via the Commonwealth.

Will: I'm going to come and go from the EU for the first year most likely, by then I will try to get a green card. My first goal is to learn the language.

MRR: What's next for Born/Dead and No Options Records? I read about a split Born/Dead was gonna do with Behind Enemy Lines that was to be released on No Options. What happened to that? You thought about the full follow-up to *The Final Collapse* yet?

Will: We did have plans to do the split, but I think that the move has come up to soon with the drummer replacement. I will be writing as always so someday we will do a follow up to *The Final Collapse,* I hope. Maybe it can be about economics…haha. Right now we are focusing on our upcoming tour in Europe. It's gonna be as a four-piece this time with Brandon Jones from Deathraid on guitar also! Like I said before the future is unforeseeable at the moment. No Options just released the Morne / Warprayer split LP.

MEATLOCKER

Meatlocker Interview with Rhys Davies, Lloyd Denovan & Emillie Reader – 21.06.09
by Zephyr Pavey

MRR: So you're three Aussies living in England and you start a band…
LLOYD: You were in the band before us!

MRR: Ah yeah! I was on holiday in sunny London—that was a nice summer.
EMILLIE: Yeah originally it was Rhys drumming, Zephyr playing guitar, and Beckie on bass. But pretty early on, you (Zephyr) headed home to Oz and Beckie moved to Germany.

MRR: Yeah Beckie from Chaos UK, and Clint Chapman from Shortfuse Records sang. We practiced about three times before Clint freaked out, got hit by a car, and decided to quit.
EMILLIE: The morning he quit (again) he was hit by a car.
RHYS: Again yeah, he came in and he was visibly shaken.
LLOYD: I think it was just a good excuse to get out of it.
EMILLIE: Lloyd and I slid right in there, and the three of us ended up rehearsing and writing together for ages, like a year. We were singer-less for a long time.

MRR: Did you try out many singers?
LLOYD: We asked a few people.
RHYS: I guess we practiced for ages 'cos we couldn't find a good fit.
EMILLIE: In the end we were almost going to record those songs with Rhys or Lloyd singing.

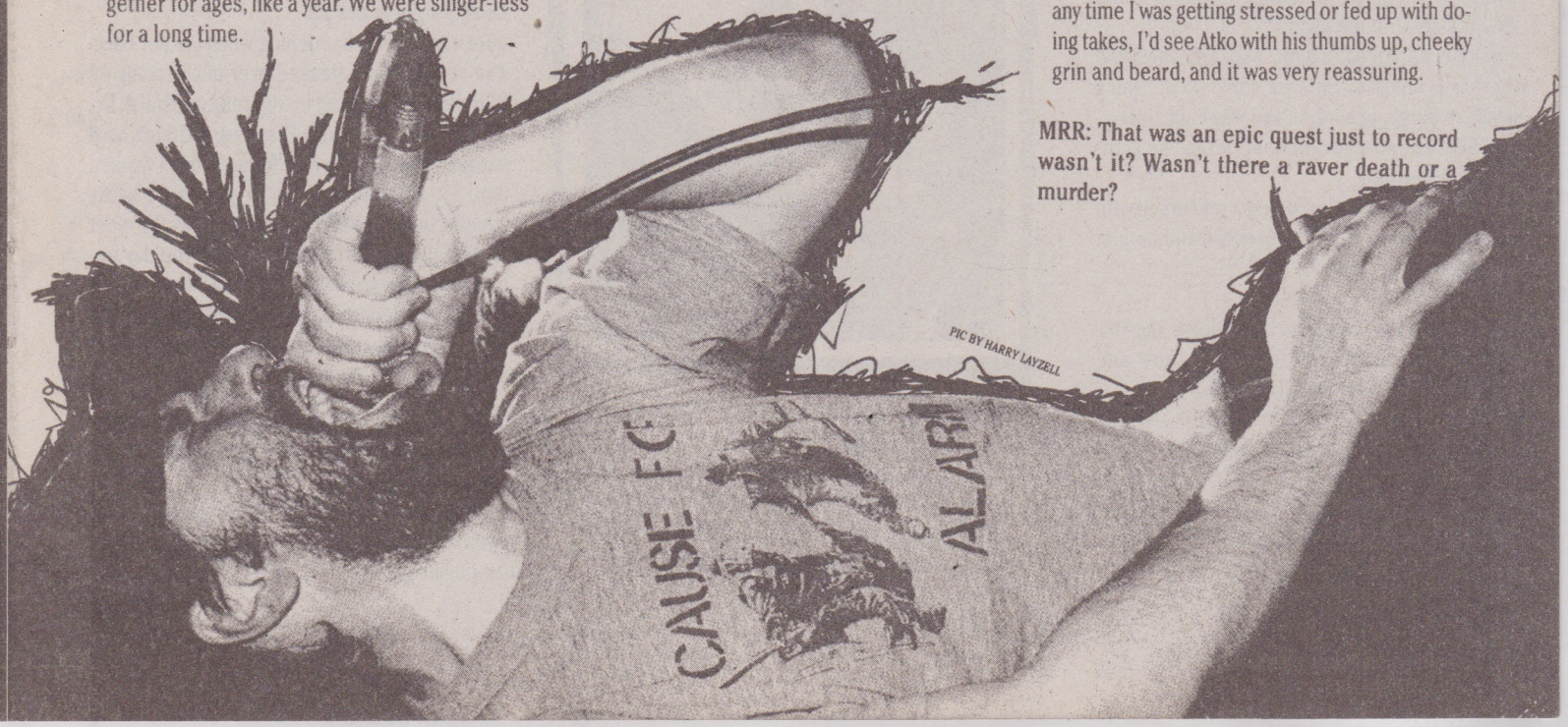
MRR: So how did you end up with Lecky (of Voorhees) singing? Was it during that weekend in Liverpool—hanging out up there and seeing his other band Walk the Plank?
RHYS: Liverpool, that's where we came up with the band name actually because we were walking around and I think we saw a gym full of sweaty dudes and we were saying, «It's like a meatlocker in there.» What a trip, hey. We stayed with one of the members of Walk the Plank and Lecky was staying there too because he lived in a different city, he didn't live in Liverpool.
EMILLIE: He lived in a village actually.
RHYS: Yeah in a quaint English village, with his cat.
EMILLIE: Yeah I remember the first time I went over to his *cottage*, and the animal liberationist that he is, he had saved these mice that his cat had tried to eat and was looking after them. Only in the end, one greedy mouse ate all its mates.

MRR: Aaw ruthless.
LLOYD: We were pretty surprised to find that the hardest guy in UK hardcore was liberating mice.
RHYS: So, I didn't know him at all really. I was just corresponding with him briefly and then I sort of said, «I've got this band going, we don't have a singer and we wanna record the songs.» I sent him some of the numerous rehearsal recordings we had and he said he liked it and would sing on it. Then it was just logistics because he lived up North and we lived in London. So eventually we decided to bring the party to him and go record it up in Bradford.

MRR: Who was the bloke you recorded with?
EMILLIE: Atko. Atko's a ruler.

MRR: What bands is (or was) Atko in?
RHYS: Sex Maniacs, Voorhees.
LLOYD: And The Horror and Gentleman's Pistols.
RHYS: Really talented guy.
LLOYD: And he can sing.
EMILLIE: And he's hilarious.
RHYS: He is so funny. I was thinking about Atko the other day, remembering the recording studio with no glass window, no microphone, or any communication system. He would just pop his head through the door and give a thumbs up. So any time I was getting stressed or fed up with doing takes, I'd see Atko with his thumbs up, cheeky grin and beard, and it was very reassuring.

MRR: That was an epic quest just to record wasn't it? Wasn't there a raver death or a murder?



PIC BY HARRY LAYZELL

LLOYD: The studio was in a super dodgy area of Bradford.

RHYS: I felt like when I was walking around that area, you know that scene in Monty Python's *The Meaning of Life* at the start where the people are just chucking out dead bodies.

LLOYD: Yeah! Bring out your dead.

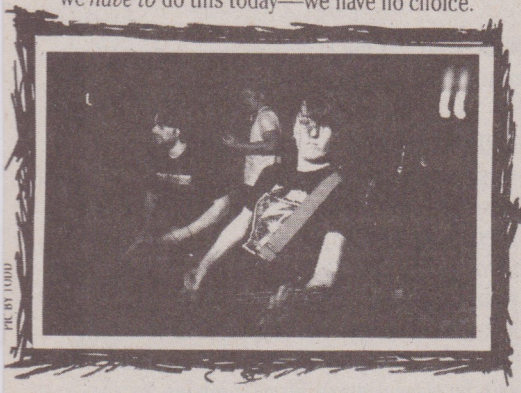
RHYS: The building was three storeys and one of the levels operated as a *shonky* bar nightclub type thing.

LLOYD: Rhys was already in Bradford recording with Suburban Disease, so the night before we got our gear all set up and ready to go. But when we went to get started in the morning Atko tells us we're all locked out 'cos there's some death investigation going on in the building and the cops have it completely sealed off.

RHYS: Just a day in the life of Bradford. Dodgy pills.

EMILLIE: So a few deaths delayed recording and added a bit of pissed off attitude once we did finally get to bang them out and record.

RHYS: I think that's why the record sounds really frantic I suppose, almost like it's about to fall to bits. It was like, we've had all this shit happen and we *have to* do this today—we have no choice.



PIC BY TODD

MRR: So you recorded that whole thing in one day?

EMILLIE: One day. We just went hard that whole day and late into the night.

RHYS: We were all going our separate ways and there was no other time we could do it. I think we were laughing a lot on the way back to London because we couldn't believe that we actually got it finished.

LLOYD: And the vocals, we'd never rehearsed with Lecky before we went in to record and he just nailed them.

MRR: Then you went back up North the following week and played your first show and that was sick. Who was that with?

RHYS: That was in Leeds with Geriatric Unit. Or as a Northerner may say "Geriaric Uni," just don't sound the "t."

EMILLIE: That was good fun. Then we all went our separate ways for a long time, a couple of months.

RHYS: I travelled around Europe for about three months. Then we played our next gig the day you guys got back from the States.

EMILLIE: That was fucked. I have never felt so delirious.

LLOYD: Emillie had just done a month US tour with Damnation AD. We arrived in London with no sleep, picked up Rhys, and headed straight up to Bradford in the worst traffic ever.

RHYS: We left in the morning and got there just before we were about to play.

EMILLIE: We hadn't rehearsed in months.

LLOYD: You know, we'd recorded, we'd played that one show, but we'd never rehearsed with Lecky.

EMILLIE: True. So we walk up right on time. It's at the 1IN12 in Bradford, it's packed, crazy, smoky, it was fuckin' cool. Walk straight on and play. I actually pretended to play a couple of those songs 'cos I was so tired my brain-to-finger feature didn't work.

LLOYD: That went well. They loved it, and I was pretty stoked that they loved it at the 1IN12.

RHYS: Yeah, I think the energy held it together.

LLOYD: I fell asleep in the car near the venue, in this dodgy red light area, but I had no idea. I was delirious and a sketchy dude in a tracksuit and shaved head was heading toward me, so I think, «Oh he needs directions» or something. So I wind down my window a bit and he really aggressively asks to suck my dick. I guess, why else would I be sitting in a car there. I got outta there quick.

PIC BY CHRIS AGITATE

MRR: Third and final UK gig, that's was in Manchester right?

LLOYD: They couldn't charge anyone to get into that show because the ladies toilets for the pub were at the back of the room and it would be illegal to make people to pay to use the toilet.

EMILLIE: So there were bar punters trying to get to the toilet in the middle of a hardcore show, manoeuvring through the pit to the toilet, which was just beside the drum kit.

LLOYD: That gig was good. You spewed that night Rhys.

RHYS: I was very ill.

EMILLIE: Didn't you get pissed on as well?

RHYS: I was spewing in the urinal because the only proper toilets were for the ladies. Men were just relegated to these, and they hadn't ever been cleaned. I was throwing up after the set because I was very ill, then one of the members of another band came in and started talking to me whilst relieving himself in the urinal next to me. He's pissing and I'm throwing up, and I had to try and guard to stop all this splashback.

LLOYD: The RSR guys from Germany were there and we gave them the demo and they were interested in releasing the record.

RHYS: Yeah so we put the LP out on RSR. The emails they sent us were among the best.

LLOYD: «I would very much like if you could go and get me the Rupture flexi please.» Like we've just got Rupture flexi's down at the local shop.

PIC BY TODD

MRR: So getting pissed on was your last show in the UK?

RHYS: Then we all moved back to Australia and Lecky stayed in the UK.

EMILLIE: A lot was happening when we got back. The record was released over in Germany on RSR, the CD came out in Australia on Trial & Error, and Nigel at Trial & Error was working hard to organize an Aussie tour for us. While I worked hard for six months trying to make sure Lecky could actually enter the country. It was the most stressful thing. Even right up until the day before his departure he didn't have a visa. So in the end we decided for him to get on that plane and hope for the best. And Australia let him in, but I don't know if they should've really.

MRR: Oh yeah, I heard he walked into your neighbor's place, stomped their stereo to the floor, and walked out.

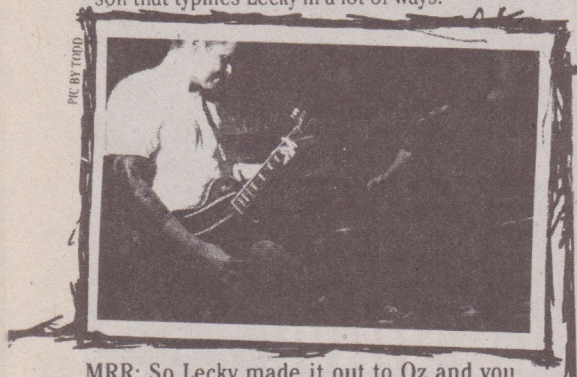
EMILLIE He stomped them not the stereo.

LLOYD: They never played loud music again after that, fuckin' great.

RHYS: This is the same guy who's sitting here eating baked beans all day.

LLOYD: Watching *Antique Roadshow*.

RHYS: The funniest thing that sums Lecky up. We went to Nimbin, which is Australia's piss weak equivalent of Christiania, just with all these burnout people and liberal drug laws. We'd been there for a while and we'd decided to all reconvene back at the car to leave, but Lecky was nowhere to be seen. After a long while, we look down this major road and there's Lecky off in the sunset. Walking down the middle of the road between all these cars, his long undercut hair blowing in the wind, two-liter coke in one hand and packet of crisps in the other. For some reason that typifies Lecky in a lot of ways.



PIC BY TODD

MRR: So Lecky made it out to Oz and you toured?

EMILLIE: We were very lucky to be able to do the things that we did.

LLOYD: The best show we played was that house show in Brisbane. We could have played anything and they woulda kept going crazy.

EMILLIE: We played in the kitchen, how big do you reckon that kitchen woulda been?

RHYS: Janitor's cupboard.

EMILLIE: The room was packed and at the end of the show there were footprints all over the ceiling. The kitchen show was definitely memorable. I almost lost the neck of my bass 'cos I was standing near the door and someone went flying out the door and almost took a bit of me with them. And Lecky, he's pretty agile actually, he was jumping off the drums and fly kicking the cymbals.

LLOYD: That guy you knew Rhys, he came up and just started shaking me.

RHYS: The first time I ever saw that guy was years and years ago at some gig in Sydney and a bunch of people were standing around in a circle, and I'm thinking, «Hang on what's going on here.» So I look in the circle and there he is, sitting nude in the middle, crossed legs, and just talking to people. So for him to get up and start shaking you, it's probably not the weirdest thing he's done.

MRR: You also played Sydney's annual "hardcore" festival, how many people go to that thing?

LLOYD: Super hardcore extravaganza.

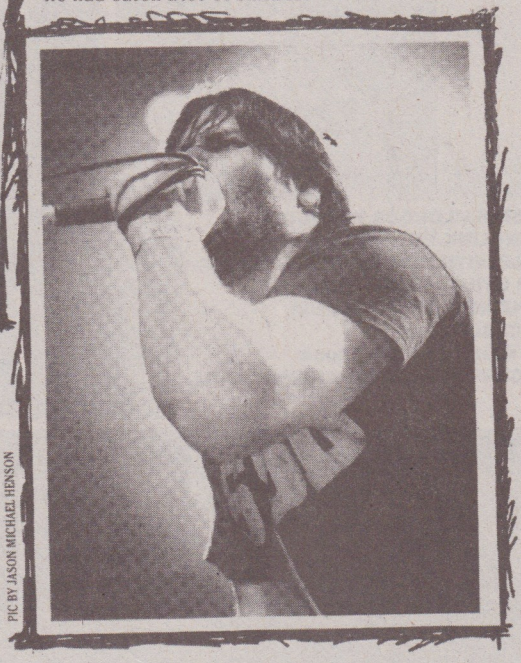
RHYS: About 2,500 people there. I thought it was good!

EMILLIE: I thought I'd hate it, thought I would shit my pants, but now I wanna be a rock star.

LLOYD: There were 14-year-old boys screaming out to Emillie. Lecky stage dived and flipped onto them across the barrier.

RHYS: That was brilliant when he did that. I can't see much when I play because I don't wear my glasses, but I just saw this big grey thing fly across the stage and the first row of the crowd fall over.

LLOYD: He was pretty heavy by that stage because he had eaten a *lot* of Skittles.



PIC BY JASON MICHAEL HENSON

MRR: So what other memorable moments have ya got from the Aussie tour?

EMILLIE: Well, remember that kid that we snuck into the show in Melbourne.

RHYS: In the merch bag! Yeeah.

EMILLIE: There was this kid, Milky, who was underage and had been rejected at the door, Lecky felt really sorry for him so he hatched this master plan. He got our big army disposal merch bag, this big black sausage thing with a handle on either side. He goes outside and sticks Milky in the bag and enlists some other kid to help carry the thing. They're carrying this massive bag up to the front door and the big bluestone front step when suddenly the bag handle breaks off and Milky's head slams straight onto the step, but he stays quiet and winces only a little so that he's not found out. There's no handle left now so Lecky just grabs at the bag not realising that he's actually ripping poor Milky's rattail out of his head. But Milky still stays quiet all the way to safety with the rest of the merch. And happy ending—a night of Meatlocker and Mindsnare mayhem, which it was actually.

LLOYD: The last couple of shows were on the other side of the country in Western Australia.

EMILLIE: I had food poisoning for the last two shows and everyone was hoping that I would spew everywhere during the set. I'm kind of regretting that I didn't now.

LLOYD: I thought Emillie was pretty tough. I don't think I could've done that.

RHYS: That was fuckin' tough as. Didn't you spew all over a bunch of mic cables when we were on stage?

EMILLIE: I did. That show was in Bunbury, which is a wild country town, and there was a fight right at the end of our set. This brawl ended up cascading out the side door, including Lecky! So we were left playing the final song by ourselves, to no one.

LLOYD: I kept doing the vocals, really badly.

RHYS: Yeah it gets a bit wild any time you go down south in Western Australia. It's like, as soon as someone hears loud guitars or *any* riffs it's like, «Oh this is unreal, this is fuckin' angry shit» and then bang, there's *punch-ons*.

LLOYD: So those were our last gigs and then we sent Lecky home with a tear in the eye.

MRR: What's on the horizon for Meatlocker then?

EMILLIE: Lloyd and I are likely to move to the States later in the year, so it'd be cool to write and record a few new songs before we nick off. Just to have up our sleeve for future tours or releases.

RHYS: It's been good to have a break from it, but I've got the itch again. If we were to tour again I'd definitely want to play new songs.

LLOYD: And Lecky wants to have more input with his vocals and stuff. It's funny, most of those Meatlocker lyrics were written about our frustrations living over in England, but you come back and you remember all the good times and think, «Fuck, it was pretty good over there.»

RHYS: I just think that the lifestyle over there, you can just be as extreme as you want. I like the place, and I probably miss the things I hated about it most.

EMILLIE: Things become endearing, like Manchester, I can't wait to wander those grey industrial streets again, dodgy scallies summing you up. Part of me loves it.

RHYS: Mate I miss England. Big time. I miss it a lot. ■

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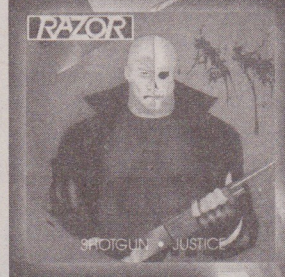

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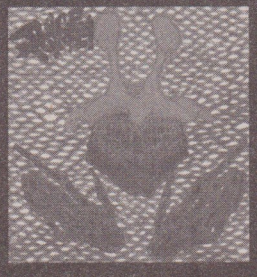

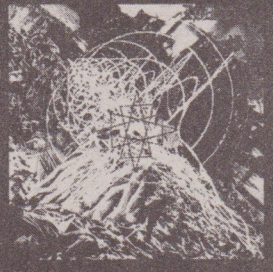

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ALTERCAIDO
EUROPEAN TOUR REPORT

March 3rd, 2009
Paris, France
We arrived to Paris a few hours ago. The flight was calm. Yesterday at 5pm we were in the Santiago (Chile) airport. After the corresponding good-byes we went to check in. In the airport I was overcome with nervousness and was really scared when I saw the plane. We had a stopover in Madrid. Had some problems there. The cops there are known for turning people back to their country of origin. I didn't have any problems but Mauricio and Pepe did. They held them for more than one hour, interrogating them and if it weren't for one nice cop they would have gotten sent back to Chile.

When we got to Paris we waited for one hour to find a taxi that would take us to the squat. None of them spoke English until at last we found one who did, but then he charged us more than usual. When we got to the area of the squat we had trouble finding it. It was already 11pm and it started to rain and was really cold so we decided to find a hotel to spend the night in. It was all a big adventure because we had to take a train with all of our equipment and go two stations from where we were.

We got some rooms in the hotel where we're at now. The guy at the counter gave us a bunch of food and juice. Incredible. Early tomorrow we'll go to try to find the squat.

March 24th, 2009
Paris, France
We finally found the squat. It was right in front of the station where we were last night. We couldn't find it because it didn't look like a squat. It's a big abandoned warehouse and behind it there is a little house where more dogs than people live. Today we were woken up by the old lady who cleans the rooms at the hotel and we had to leave quickly. 10 people live in the squat, each one of them has a pick up truck where they sleep. The warehouse is filled with cars and pick-ups. Now we're going to do some sightseeing in Paris, I can't forget my passport. From now on I am keeping it on me because if the cops stop me I could have problems.

March 25th, 2009
Paris, France
Paris is an expensive city. Yesterday we saw some typical places in the city and it was really expensive for us. We walked around for a long time and saw lots of parks and squares. I liked the metro a lot—its trains and architecture—but it's just as expensive as everything else. We didn't eat much. Here in the squat they don't seem to worry too much about food, so we kind of have to find it ourselves. The people are nice and they really like beer. Some of them are drug users, like the guy who snuffs computer cleaner spray and another guy that smokes pot from the time he gets up to the time he goes to bed.

March 26th, 2009
Paris, France
Squat SPA
We've been here for three days now. Yesterday Daniel came from Switzerland with the van and we're going to go out to buy amp heads and snares while we go through the red light neighborhood. The guys from the squat were trying to open a safe-deposit box that they found. The show this Saturday will be there because they're having some legal problems and it's likely they're going to get evicted. A little while ago we practiced and everything went well. It's been interesting these past few days. Lots of beer, bread, and cheese. Tomorrow I'm going to visit Oscar Wilde, Edith Pilaf, and some French anarchists' graves. Paris a city where there is always something more to see. Now I want to start to travel and get to know other cities and countries. The food these past few days has only been bread, cheese, nutella, juice, margarine, bananas, and lots of water. My face is burned from the cold wind. It's really cold here but winter is over. I haven't taken a shower in five days.

March 27th, 2009
Paris, France
Somewhere in the city
I've been going out alone. I like it more than going out with other people because I have more freedom and I can go where I want. Today I woke up really early while everyone

ALTERCADO

was still sleeping. I look the metro to some station, got out and went to the street. I took out my map and started walking. I walked and walked through the infinite streets, squares, alleys, bridges, and parks. I bought a pack of beer with a falafel and by that time was pretty tired. I met up with a guy from Chile that's living here. He took me out for a coffee and took me on a little tour of the city. He told me about some of the sculptures we'd seen and about higher education in Paris. After walking for hours I started to feel really sick and I sat down and ended up throwing up.

Now I am in the band room in the squat. We've had more beer than water. The guys are cooking something downstairs and I just want to sleep.

March 29th 2009
Angers, France
L'Etincelle
The show yesterday was filled with freaks. Lots of people and the space was small. People danced a bunch and had a great time. We were all very drunk and we all ended up dancing. The trip from Paris to Angers was very long. We got lost but ended up getting here. How nice it is when the show spaces are near the freeway, so you can get there faster and don't end up getting lost in the city. L'Etincelle is a small bar in Angers. Next to the bar is a building that was squatted for a few months but just got an eviction order. The people there had a lot of food waiting for us.

March 30th, 2009
France
On the way to Bordeaux
The van is running hotter than normal. Daniel told us that we shouldn't worry about it. If someone wants to go on tour they have to be ready to not shower, to be hungry, cold, and to sleep in different beds every night, and a ton of other things. Being on the road isn't easy but seeing different landscapes and different people every day is priceless.

March 31st, 2009
France
On the way to Toulouse
Last night the show in Bordeaux went well. The space was an Ateneo Libertario. Some Spanish anarchists bought the building a few years back. It had four stories, was old and very clean. You could see all the work that they put into it.

In the bathroom they had a sign that said that everyone had to pee sitting down, and since I'm stubborn so I didn't follow the instructions. Later they told me that everyone had to pee sitting down, it was a policy of the space. They gave us a really spicy food. I learned not to eat too much before playing because I had bad acid reflux and almost ended up throwing up. After the show we stayed in the house of one of the guys that worked at the space. He seemed like a real serious guy but after talking with him for a while he was nice. He had enviable book and record collections. Now we're halfway to Toulouse. The freeway is filled with woods and fields that are starting to flower.

April 2nd, 2009
Basque Country
On the way to Llodio
We're on the way to Llodio, a small village in the Basque Country. I am sitting sideways in the van. The sun came out for a while and they guys are sleeping, except for Mauricio who is driving. We're not playing today; we have the night off. They told me it would be warm in Spain and I'm ready for it. I am tired of the cold. I woke up feeling a little sick and with a sore throat. While we are traveling I read, write, look out the window, and take pictures. The French countryside is beautiful, big open fields and lots of old houses.

The space last night was a social center where there were a lot of things going on. They had free movies, workshops, and a small house where 18 people live, including some families. The show was in the small and cold basement of the main building. People seemed excited but it was uncomfortable to play because there was so little space.

I am missing my house, my girlfriend, my cat and my daily routine, but on the other hand I am enjoying traveling every day and not knowing what is going to happen tomorrow. This trip has already taught me a lot and I'm becoming a stronger person.

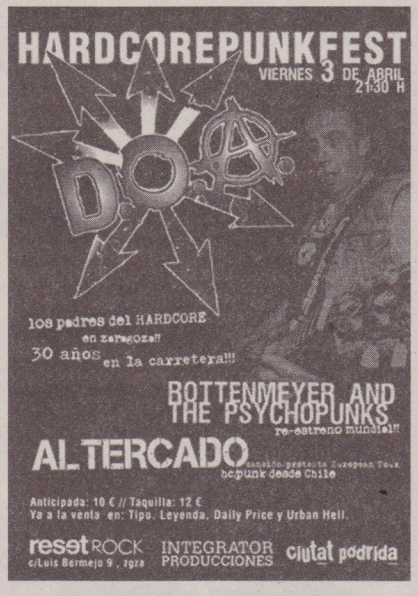
April 3rd, 2009
Llodio, Basque Country
We already played. The only thing I want now is to sleep. They prepared lots of food for us and gave us a lot of beer. Not a lot of people came, since there's a lot of shows around here everyday. There were 20 people. Before the show we gave a little talk about the political situation in Chile. I'm going to bed, tomorrow we're going to Zaragoza.

April 6th, 2009
Toledo, Spain
The show on Friday in Zaragoza was one of the most boring so far. Despite a professional sound, lights, smoke, and all that

shit, the people didn't seem to want to have a good time. The space was a disco that did shows early in the evening. We played before the Canadian group DOA.

April 7th, 2009
Toledo, Spain
We're still in Toledo, the city of the medieval punks. I say that because Toledo seems like a city stuck in the Middle Ages. It's beautiful. We've already been here a few days because some of the shows in the South of Spain were cancelled. We're staying in a squat by a river that passes through the city. The city center is filled with little streets that go up and down. In fact last Sunday I went for a walk and got lost. I couldn't find a way out. I was walking for more than an hour, asking how to get out of the center and no one knew how to help me. Then, miraculously, when I had lost all hope I happened to find my way out.

Richie and Marco are trying to fish in the river, but it doesn't seem like that's going very well. All the shows for these days have been cancelled. Seems like tomorrow we're going to Valencia to spend a few days in the house of Richie's friend there.



April 8th, 2009
Toledo, Spain
In a few minutes we're leaving for Puerto de Sagunto, a village near Valencia. We're going to stay with a Chilean family that's been living there for a while.

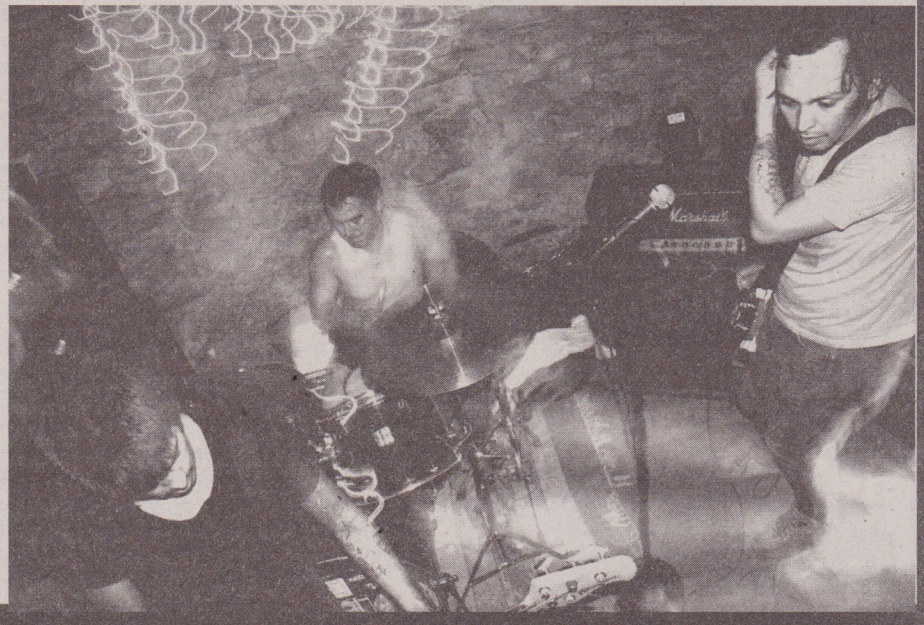
April 9th, 2009
Puerto de Sagunto, Spain
We just got back from a barbeque that they prepared for us. We went to a little place near the Mediterranean. They day was really sunny and hot. We ate all day and drank beer, lots of beer. I went to the casino in the city, which isn't like a typical casino with games but a big place where all the old men get together to play cards and tell stories. The guys went to a bar in the center and I came back to the house. I have to take advantage of having a good bed tonight.

April 13th, 2009
Gerona, Spain
I stopped doing the tour diary for a couple of days. After being in Puerto de Sagunto we went to Alcoy to play the Canaya de la Muntanya Fest in the social center El Molinar. We got to Alcoy on Saturday really hungry and it started raining while we were outside eating with some German guys. The space was a big abandoned warehouse that functioned as a squat social center. The bands were good, especially Anti-Playax that played some good '80s style punk. I talked for a long time with Eduar from the band who also has a label called Trabuc Records. He told me a little about the situation of the squats in Spain and in the rest of Europe. We also talked about the money that some countries give when you're unemployed. In Europe a lot of punks live off of this money. The most radical posture is that you shouldn't take that money, but there are also people who think that despite fighting day in and day out against the state that they should still guarantee a dignified life and the basics to survive, like a roof, insurance, and food, etc. Despite the fact that most of us are against the state, we should also take advantage of these benefits and use them against those that rule our lives, whether it is to create workshops, shows, demonstrations, etc. In Chile we don't have that type of assistance, but I know a lot of people who would be happier if we did.

We stayed a few days more in Alcoy and the last day we woke up to music in the street because the whole village was celebrating Holy Week. There was a lot of fireworks, which weren't really that interesting because it was daytime and you couldn't see anything.
After Alcoy we went to Barcelona, arriving yesterday at 2am. We looked for a place to stay but couldn't find anything and in the end we all slept cramped up in the van.

Today we woke up and went walking around Barcelona. When we got back to the van I went looking for food in dumpsters for the first time. Daniel started taking things out. In Europe it's common that supermarkets throw food away, so we took advantage and ate for free. Now we're in Gerona, the squat is called Can Gurk. One of the girls that lives here is on parole because she was accused of terrorist acts. They organized a campaign to help her so that she doesn't go to prison for five years. Fucking governments and their shitty laws.

April 15th, 2009
Marseille, France
After leaving Gerona, and about 100 km from Marseille, the van broke down. Problems with the fuel tank left us stranded in the middle of the freeway, cold and hungry. Daniel went to ask in a restaurant near the freeway to see if they had any food



EUROPEAN

were old enough to know better and should've seen that violence is bad, especially amongst punks. I am not their dad nor their teacher, so I didn't say anything.

April 20th, 2009
Milan, Italy
This morning they evicted a squat of immigrants near here. 300 people lived in the squat and most of them were African immigrants that don't have anywhere to go. It's contradictory that such a rich and tolerant part of the world treats immigrants like that. These people had legal permits to be here and to be able to work, but no one wants to hire them because they are black. A while ago I went to go check my email at an internet café nearby and they asked for my passport. They said that it's to make sure that the internet isn't used for terrorist acts. Paranoid assholes.

April 21st, 2009
Milan, Italy
Last night we went to see Tragedy. They were incredible, and there were lots of people. Tomorrow we're going to Bologna.

they were going to throw away. He got some sandwiches and desserts. We were there more than three hours trying to get the van to work. Then at 11pm we were finally able to get it started and we left going more than 140 km per hour to Marseille, but we didn't make it because there is a law there that you can't play after 1am. The guys were really sad and so they took us to the Infoshop that they have in the center of the city and we ate a lot of pizza and had beer.

April 16th, 2009
Saint Etienne, France
We've been on tour for almost three weeks and everything has gone by so fast. In Gerona I talked with a guy about how quickly these days are going. I don't get to see much of the cities before it's time to leave, and it's like that for weeks and weeks.

But I suppose that's part of the charm, and your only option is to take advantage of every minute you have to get to see the cities and the people.

In a little while we're going to play in a little bar in the city center. They just told us that we're playing last and I don't like the idea. I'd prefer to play first and then go for a quiet walk in the city.

April 17th, 2009
Saint Etienne, France
We woke up really early. We have to get out of here fast to get to Grenoble in a few minutes. Last night while we were playing some drunk guy kept screaming "Fuck you" at us and then five seconds later he screamed "Peace! Love!", and he continued like that for 30 minutes.

April 18th, 2009
Milan, Italy
Yesterday we played in the mountains near Grenoble, one hour from the Alps. It was in a huge house made of big rocks right next to a river. It was the best show we've had so far. While we were playing some guys grabbed me and carried me on their shoulders. At the end of the show they took all of us and did the same thing together. I met Nicolás, an old punk that's almost 50 years old that sang in a band and put out Latino punk bands on vinyl. He is an inspiration to continue in this world called punk.

April 19th, 2009
Milan, Italy
Now we're in Villa Vegan Ocupatta in Milan. It's a squat that has been around for more than 30 years. They have lots of cats, dogs, chickens, and even a turkey. The people here are really different from the ones in France. Last night there were a couple of fights while we were playing, the same drunk shit. I wanted to send them all to hell and tell them to stop fighting, but they

April 22nd, 2009
Bologna, Italy
We just arrived in Bologna. It took us more than two hours to find the squat. I don't know how many times we went in circles through the city. In the end the place was really close by and we had driven right by it when we first entered the city. The space

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was being remodeled or something. We're going out to walk for a while.

April 23rd, 2009
Faido, Switzerland
Shit! The van broke now and this time it's really serious. We're stranded in the middle of the Swiss Alps on the way to Basel. Daniel went by train to Zurich to find another van to take us to his house. Tonight we can't play so the show has been called off. Faido is a small town, it has a main street and old houses. It seems like we're stopped in time here. All of the shops close early so if we're lucky we can eat something. Now we're in a small room in the train station between the platforms and you can hear the trains really loudly when they pass by.

April 24th, 2009
Turgi, Switzerland
The problem with the van is serious. We have to change the fuel tank and it's really expensive. We have to see if there's a way for us to continue the tour. We've lost a lot of money with the cancelled dates. The guys that live here got a van for the next few shows in Switzerland and Austria. Last we're playing in the most famous squat in Zurich. I hope we don't have any problems and that we can continue with the tour.

April 25th, 2009
Zurich, Switzerland
The show was incredible last night. We played with some friends from Switzerland and the guys from Hielo Negro from Chile. We talked for a long time and had some beers. The squat has an eviction order and only a couple of weeks more because they're going to build department stores and new buildings here. I am lying in the park sunbathing and of course with a beer in my hand. Zurich is a beautiful and small city. It's known for being very clean and a smooth functioning city. I bought some things in the flea market. The guys are sleeping and others are having breakfast. Tonight we're playing in a small village in Austria. They told me that the show is going to be in a cave. I hope it's true.

April 26th, 2009
Turgi, Switzerland
We did play in a cave. Yes! A cave in the middle of the mountains. I don't remember the name of it but it was 30 minutes from the border between Austria and Switzerland. The people who were at the show were really young, and it seems like maybe it's the only entertainment they get in such a small village. A lot of bands played and it was really really cold inside the cave. While we played a nazi came into the show and within two minutes all the punks were hitting him and he was on the floor and then they got him out. The drive back to Turgi was beautiful we went by a village called Hiediland. We got a show for tonight in a festival near here. It's likely that we won't be able to play in Vienna or in the rest of the cities. We still don't know.

April 27th, 2009
Turgi, Switzerland
Last night we played in a truck squat one hour from Turgi. The idea of these squats is to organize a bunch of people and take some land and squat it. It seems like it takes a long time to actually do it. the space was two trucks that were put together in the middle, all very DIY.

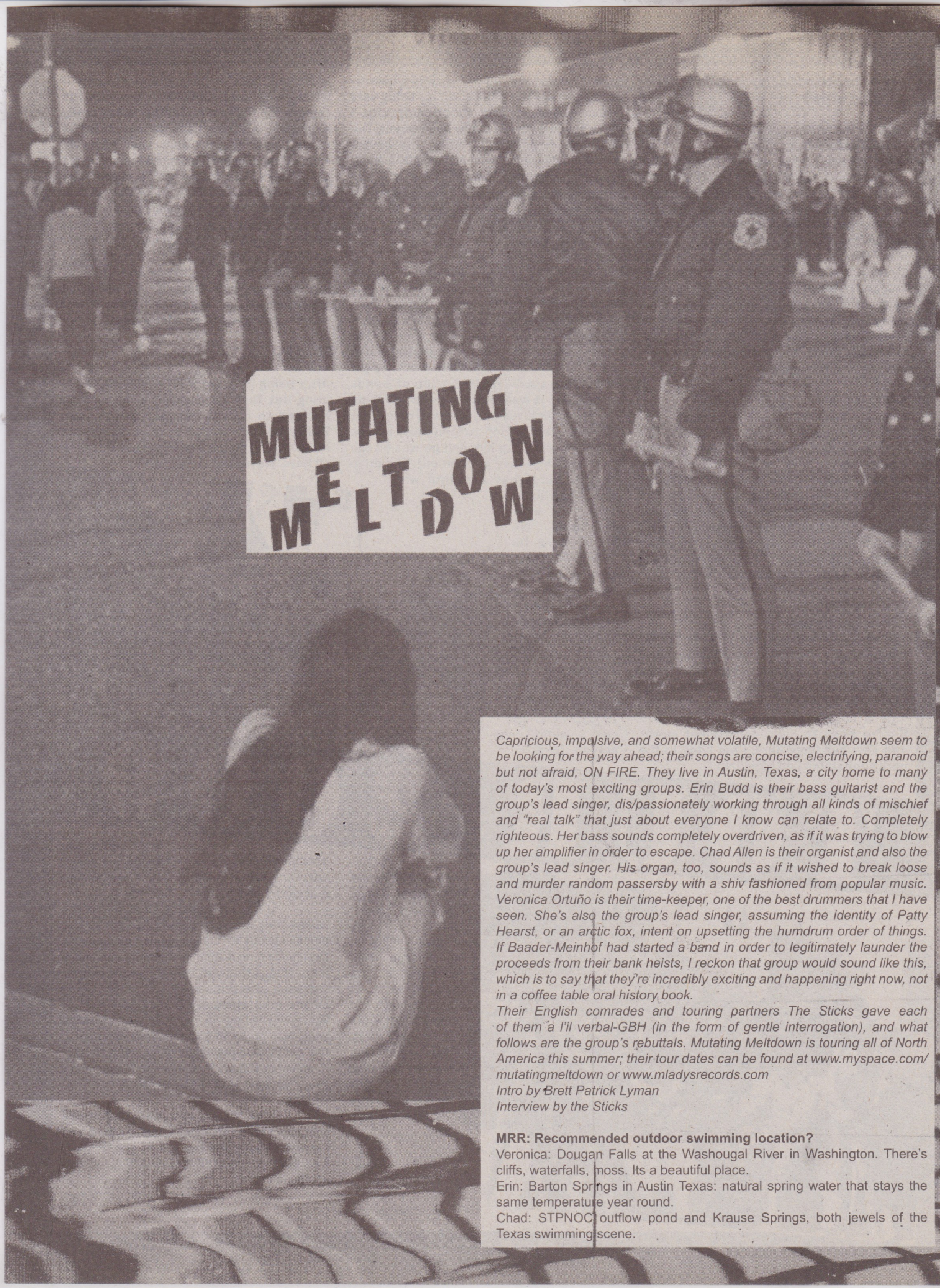
April 28yh, 2009
Turgi, Switzerland
We're still here in Turgi and don't know if we're going to continue with the tour. The repairs for the van ended up being really expensive and we have to pay a lot of money since it's not ours. Last night we went to recycle food from the supermarket dumpsters. We found a lot, especially sweets and cakes. They guys that live in this house only eat recycled food and it's rare for them to buy something. I went down a huge hill near here on a long board and almost ran into a car. It's a miracle I didn't hit him. It's nighttime and the guys are preparing something to eat while the others are just getting here with drinks and alcohol. It's going to be a long night.

THE END

After being in Turgi for a few days and figuring out that we couldn't continue, we decided to cancel the rest of the tour. Fixing the fuel tank was expensive and we had to spend all the money we had and didn't have. We had a long meeting to decide what to do and realized we didn't have any other option than to cancel the rest of the dates.

I had an amazing time during the weeks that we were traveling. I got to see places I thought I'd never visit. I met people that helped us out so much and I learned a lot of things that will help me in the future. Traveling is a priceless experience. Being on the road made me realize how much I value the things in my life. Not knowing what was going to happen from one day to the next made me value every minute as if it were the last. It made me appreciate every landscape that I saw and every street I walked on.

Thanks to everyone that made this trip and all the shows possible. If you have the chance to travel and get to know new places don't think twice about it. Get on the road.



MUTATING MELTDOWN

Capricious, impulsive, and somewhat volatile, Mutating Meltdown seem to be looking for the way ahead; their songs are concise, electrifying, paranoid but not afraid, ON FIRE. They live in Austin, Texas, a city home to many of today's most exciting groups. Erin Budd is their bass guitarist and the group's lead singer, dis/passionately working through all kinds of mischief and "real talk" that just about everyone I know can relate to. Completely righteous. Her bass sounds completely overdriven, as if it was trying to blow up her amplifier in order to escape. Chad Allen is their organist and also the group's lead singer. His organ, too, sounds as if it wished to break loose and murder random passersby with a shiv fashioned from popular music. Veronica Ortuño is their time-keeper, one of the best drummers that I have seen. She's also the group's lead singer, assuming the identity of Patty Hearst, or an arctic fox, intent on upsetting the humdrum order of things. If Baader-Meinhof had started a band in order to legitimately launder the proceeds from their bank heists, I reckon that group would sound like this, which is to say that they're incredibly exciting and happening right now, not in a coffee table oral history book.

Their English comrades and touring partners The Sticks gave each of them a l'il verbal-GBH (in the form of gentle interrogation), and what follows are the group's rebuttals. Mutating Meltdown is touring all of North America this summer; their tour dates can be found at www.myspace.com/mutatingmeltdown or www.mladysrecords.com

Intro by Brett Patrick Lyman

Interview by the Sticks

MRR: Recommended outdoor swimming location?

Veronica: Dougan Falls at the Washougal River in Washington. There's cliffs, waterfalls, moss. Its a beautiful place.

Erin: Barton Springs in Austin Texas: natural spring water that stays the same temperature year round.

Chad: STPNOC outflow pond and Krause Springs, both jewels of the Texas swimming scene.

MRR: Where is your favorite holiday location and to relax while on vacation, do you listen to music?
Veronica: I've had amazing holiday experiences in the Bay area and NYC. I'm usually over-stimulated by everything around to even listen to any music.
Erin: Going on tour is usually the same as going on holiday for me. Anytime I am traveling I am typically touring and yes, I am constantly listening to music at this time.
Chad: Every day is a vacation, but I can't relax. I listen to myself playing the synthesizer a lot. But sometimes someone else is playing the synthesizer and it is being reproduced on the hi-fi.

MRR: When you're playing music, what makes you excited?
Veronica: (starts singing) *Good vibraaations.*
Erin: I get excited when people dance to my music. I also get really nervous / excited when debuting new songs or projects.
Chad: I am most excited when the people attending the show are moving involuntarily. Or if they aren't moving at all, and are in the midst of conversation, sometimes there are exciting eavesdroppings.

MRR: What is the purpose of your music?
Veronica: Complete brutality.
Erin: I play music as a creative outlit. I feel useless if I am not creating and music is one of the few things that I throughly enjoy and never get bored with. I feel that the music I make or would like to make is more about expressing emotion and/or spreading good ideas while experimenting with sound.
Chad: Alienation/Entertainment.

MRR: Is Mutating Meltdown a physical, intellectual, or spiritual outlet? Or all three?
Veronica: I would have to say all three. Spiritually, I'm very intuitive; intellectually, because it takes mental thought to create the music; then there's the physical execution.
Erin: A combination: physical in the sense that we dance and release energy when we perform.. Intellectual because I like to think of lyrics as ideas or poetry and spiritual because I feel most connected with people through playing music.
Chad: MutMelt is definitely my spiritual/physical outlet. Veronica is playing the drums, so it is essentially physical for her. I think Erin carries the intellectual burden of the group. She thinks too much.

MRR: Would you say the DIY scene is sold out?
Chad: Seriously? If it is sold out then it isn't typically DIY anymore is it? If only this wasn't an email interview, I would ask you to explain yourself.
Veronica: With DIY it's difficult to gage between the virtual world and the real world. Momentarily, most DIY bands are too exposed by the internet to even be considered. Furthermore, many bands/artists who were initially DIY have sold out to a certain degree. There's been a pivotal point where old punks say, "Yeah, I'll take this couple thousand dollars to have my bands music included in this Hollywood movie or video game." I think about this with the "underground" as well; is there an underground these days? What does "underground" mean to a person? Anyway, all that set aside, it's a very amazing thing how easy it is to make things happen on your own now, there's plenty of musicians/artists still doing their own thing, running their own labels/shops, releasing their own music...that's all that truly matters. I abide by self-reliance and adaptation.
Erin: DIY has not sold out entirely. There are still band/artists and communities of amazing people who are in complete control of what they are doing, etc. I feel that the scene is relatively small on the grand scale of things, but it is amazing that like-minded people across the world are connected and are still creating innovative and interesting art. Now is a great time to be an artist because artists of the past have set up a great template and it is so easy to start a record label, go on tour, throw an art show, or whatever else.

MRR: What do you think about guitar solos?
Veronica: Glenn Branca live solo in 1978 at Jeffrey Lohn's loft—brilliant.
Erin: Usually I think of guitar solos as a total wanker fest. It is completely masturbatory when someone is showing off their technical skills and are playing scales across the fretboard. I suppose I am okay with solos that are more about tone and adding a nice bit of flavor to a song.
Chad: Ruined the Cars for me.

MRR: Do you consider yourself a part of any musical scene or do you prefer to distance yourself from specific genres or scenes?
Chad: I feel committed to my immediate community, as a scene. My friends and their bands are my scene.
Veronica: We are not part of a "scene" per se, but we do play with our friends' bands most of the time and all of them sound different whether it's electronic, hardcore, pop, etc. Sometimes being part of "scenes" can add a weird connotation. I enjoy playing music with my friends and bands I feel are interesting.
Erin: I personally feel that I do not belong to any particular scene. My influences and the music I make are all over the place. I think that it would be boring to belong to or stick with one particular genre. I like to think of myself as being open-minded and I try not to distance myself from any scenes. I enjoy and go out to a lot of different types of shows and I hang out with a good variety of people.

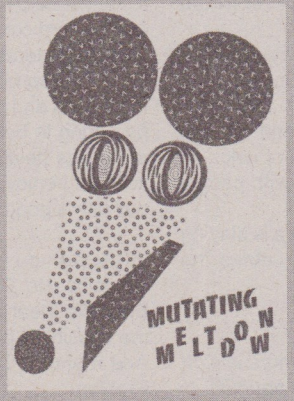
MRR: Do you wear outfits on stage?
Veronica: No. Chad wore a dashiki once though...Once.
Erin: We wear our own clothing; no costumes. Chad and I did discuss the possibility of wearing matching spandex outfits when we first started. And it should be noted that "Fantasy" was originally entitled "Spandex Problem."
Chad: I admire costume on bands making a clear statement, but don't think MutMelt warrants a grand presentation.

MRR: How would you respond to another band cloning the same style of music as yours?
Chad: That'd be great. We make the music we want to hear, so if we could

hear more of this music, we'd be clams with smiles.
Veronica: I'd be flattered.
Erin: I would be flattered if someone else was so into our music that they would want to play something similar. However, I could also envision myself being somewhat annoyed if they flat out copped our style.

MRR: Before you play, what would be your dream rider/meal?
Veronica: Salmon salad, yogurt and granola, deviled eggs, mac 'n cheese, mashed potatoes, and blueberry cobbler a la mode for desert.
Erin: A bottle of good whiskey, red wine, or Belgian beer, A French baguette with brie cheese, a sampler of meats, fresh fruit and veggies with hummus.
Chad: A light, warm vegan meal. Something with quinoa or brown rice, dark vegetables, some seitan maybe. And a glass of homemade kombucha.

MRR: Would you compare yourself to any music you are influenced by?
Veronica: I never think about what we sound like but others have compared us to music we like, not directly music I'm influenced by.
Erin: When I write a song I try to not have a specific sound in mind. I just use whatever resources I have and whatever happens, happens. I suppose that it is inevitable to be influenced by whatever it is that you're listening to whether it is directly or indirectly. It is always difficult for me to compare my music to anything else because I don't ever really know what my music truly sounds like.
Chad: I am a big Finally Punk fan. When we started MutMelt I had Dancing Cigarettes and Social Climbers in my head, but we came out different (thankfully).



MRR: Of all the music you all listen, what does Mutating Meltdown least sound like?
Veronica: Rutto.
Erin: I enjoy a lot of heavy and more aggressive music. I suppose country music isn't really apparent in our sound either.
Chad: I can't decide if we sound less like De La Soul or Morton Subotnick.

MRR: Which band/artist would you most like to tour with (past or present)?
Veronica: Ludus or Joy Division.
Erin: Presently, the Sticks from Brighton, England. I hear that they are one of the UK's finest: lovely and respectable gents.
Chad: I just heard this band from Fayetteville, Arkansaw called Color Club that I'd like to play with. I wish Trin Tran or Neon Hunk were still around, I could stand seeing them every night. Yellow Fever would at the top of my list for tour cohorts; they are so sweet. If I could go back 40 years, I'd tour with Silver Apples.

MRR: What would you do to change how people view girls in punk (specifically) music?
Veronica: I feel like punk is supposed to be an open-minded ideal, but it isn't. People have to realize that punk is open-minded and not limited. You don't have to conform to a certain point of view or lifestyle - that speaks more to me. This issue has been on-going for years. Most of it is stereotypical shit.
Erin: It is unfortunate that a girl in a punk band automatically gets compared to other female musicians who may or may not be playing similar music just because they all share the commonality of being women in a band. Gender should not make a difference. A good musician / artist is a good musician/artist despite sex /color/religion/whatever else.
Chad: What is the general view of girls in punk today?

MRR: How's your father?
Veronica: A cadaver. Do stepdads count???
Erin: He's doing well....
Chad: He's doing better, thanks.

MRR: If you could describe your music as any vehicle, what would it be?
Veronica: A red hearse or a pale turquoise/aqua 1964 Mustang.
Erin: A red 1960s sports car.
Chad: A small blimp.

MRR: What is your favorite color?
Veronica: I honestly don't even know the name of it.
Erin: My favorite color depends on a lot of different factors: What mood I am in or where I am at in my life, etc. My current favorite color is grey.
Chad: Bright red.

MRR: If you could give a stereotypical description/portrait of places in the UK, what would it be?
Chad: First thing that comes to mind is a depressed street in Liverpool with squat terrace homes and absolutely no trees or vegetation. There is a vacant/abandoned pub on the corner. Sitting on the steps of one terrace house, a small group of short-haired young men in track suits (it is over 25 degrees Celsius, so they aren't wearing shirts underneath) shout at me as I walk past. I ignore them and thankfully they are too bored to get up from their perch.
Veronica: There's a good amount of gingers, red skins, teeth imperfections, and most all dress very sharp.
Erin: Dreary weather, redheaded Scots in kilts playing bagpipes, Euro-trash

MRR: Honest question about the future...Do you have any plans to release any more music? Is recording different from playing live?
Veronica: We plan to get together before our tour this summer to write and record new material. We hope to release an LP on M'lady's later this year, but we have no concrete plans post-tour. It's been a while since we've been in a practice space together. When recording, I try not to separate the live energy from the performance. You have to give it all, otherwise, what's the point?
Erin: I would like to write and record some new songs. We are set to have a new single released on M'lady's soonish. I like to record so I have a physical record of my art and it is also very thrilling to be on vinyl. Having recordings is also how our band makes money to do things like going on tour and making t-shirts, etcetera. I enjoy playing live because I am a bit of a show-off, albeit an awkward one. I also like how different surroundings/environments can influence, effect, and change a song. I also believe that my love of performing stems from taking dance lessons as a girl. This is also where my love of sequins and glitter stems from.
Chad: There will be more records of various sizes. We play live when we record, but there are fewer people watching than at the shows.

MRR: Do you have any weird hobbies and/or collections?
Veronica: I play a ton of scrabble and pinball, and collect Christmas socks. No joke.
Erin: I'm guilty of being a pack rat and in recent years I've gotten better at letting go of things. I have a box full of every letter/note/postcard/note anyone has ever sent written or sent me. The box is about to burst so it is time to either start throwing things away or to get a bigger box. I suppose my weirdest hobby is walking around my neighborhood and taking photos of neat plants or houses I like. I also walk to the university a lot and explore random buildings. Lately I've really been into going to the Architecture library and pulling random books about city planning off the shelves.
Chad: I buy a lot of crap VHS tapes. I can't even possibly keep up watching them all.

MRR: What's more offensive—to be taken too seriously or not seriously enough?
Veronica: Enough taken seriously not.
Erin: I suppose both have their pros and cons but I guess I would rather not be taken too seriously. There needs to be room for a good sense of humor in what you do.
Chad: Not seriously enough, for sure. If you are doing something as a joke or a put on and people take you seriously, then you've succeeded, but if you are doing something with honesty and sincerity and people laugh, then you've failed.

JUSTSEEDS

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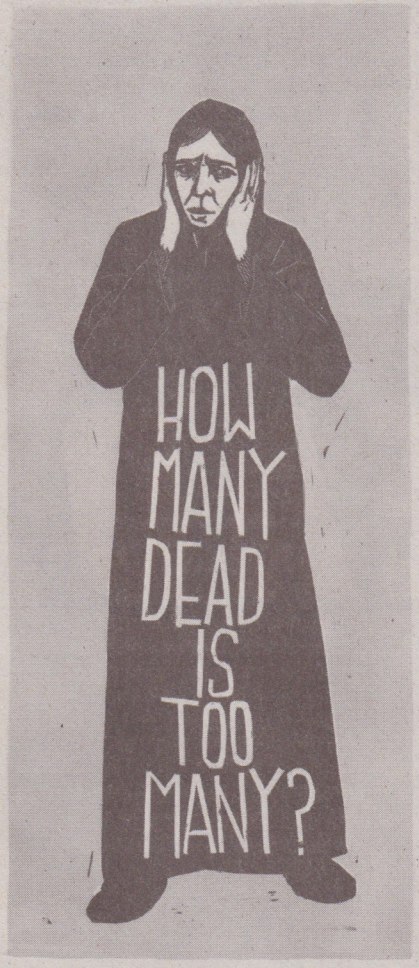

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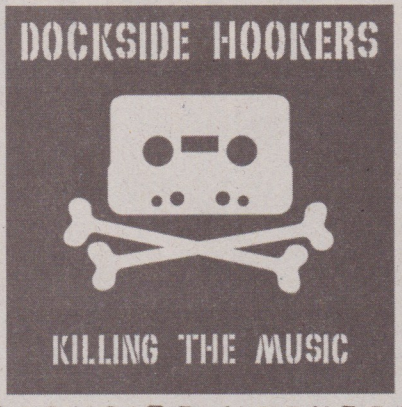

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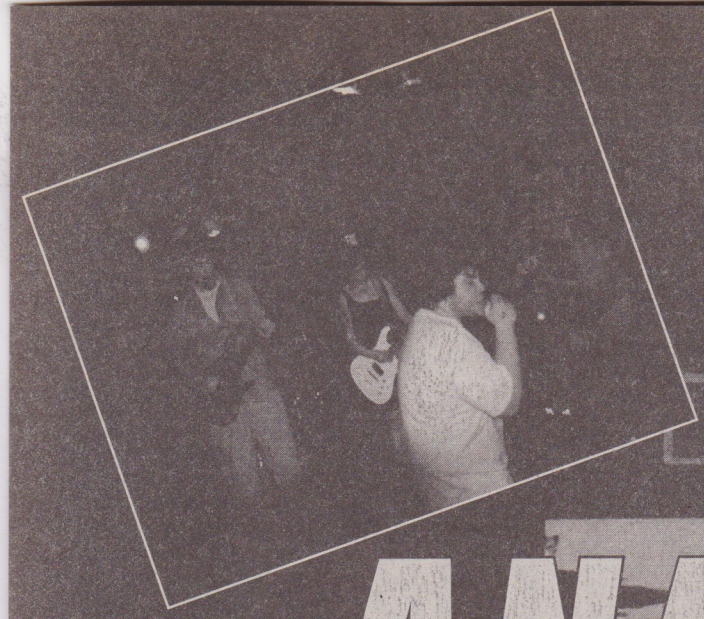


ANAL WARHEAD

So, as I was compiling the preceding Albany scene report, I couldn't come up with anything that would really do justice to Anal Warhead. The first time I met guitarist Katie was when 9 Shocks Terror played in her parent's basement for her 15th birthday. We were all scrambling to figure out where she lived just to be a part of the ridiculousness. That was in 2005. Fast forward a year and a half and Anal Warhead has their first show, during which Connor's bass comes unplugged and no one will tell him because it really sounds better that way. But, even when they were horrible, they were a damn good time. They finally got their shit together and released a nine song demo tape in the spring of 2008. It is full of that ooey-gooey hardcore goodness that we have come to expect from these underage ragers. When I asked them to do this interview they agreed as long as I bought them a 12-pack. Of course, I obliged.

Anal Warhead is Connor on bass, Dan on drums, Katie on guitar and Cannonball on yelling). I talked to them on May 9, 2009 in the back driveway of Dan's house.

Interview by Jen

MRR: Why did you start playing together? What made you decide to be a band?

Dan: Anal Warhead was originally with two other people.

Katie: Connor was in a band with this douchebag Tony…

Connor: Cannonball told me, hey do want to get really drunk and play some shitty music? And I said yes. (Pause) Yeah, he said do you just want to get really fucked up and play some music and I said yes.

Dan: That was actually the official reason for starting Anal Warhead, to get really drunk and play music.

Katie: There was originally this other girl in the band, but then I joined, and she sort of quit. So, I ended up playing guitar and now Tony hates all of us because we're in Anal Warhead and he's not.

Dan: Really we just wanted to start a raw punk band with the point to get really drunk all the time and not really care about anything.

MRR: So, is it true that you actually drink before practice to make sure you know how to play all the songs while intoxicated?

Connor: Well, it's not necessarily that we drink because we're going to practice, but it just seems to go hand in hand.

Katie: We drink during practice. We don't practice to play drunk, it just happens.

MRR: You are all younger than a lot of the people who go to shows in Albany; does that affect you at all?

Connor: We're still the youngest! Oddly enough. We've been here for awhile.

Dan: Where's the new wave?

Katie: We need to recruit some younger ones.

Dan: We can't drink in bars yet, but besides that, I would say, not at all. Most of our friends are older at this point and people don't really care.

MRR: Would you say one of the good things about Albany is there are no 21 and up shows?

Cannonball: Well, there are, but nobody gives a shit.

(Actually, the only "shows" that are 21 and up are crappy not-punk shows put on by "big" promoters. Boo.)

Katie: No, there's not, but there are 18 and up shows that I was going to when I was 15. They always let people in, so…

MRR: How did you find out about/ start coming to shows?

Dan: It was a slow process of shittier bands and shows, and then you get fliers and you're like, whoa, this is at a basement, I want to go check this out. No one ever just brought me to a show and was like, this is fucking punk. I mean, I started out at the shitty street punk shows and just had to work my way up.

Katie: Dan and Connor went to school together, so they at least knew each other. I was in some shitty band in Glenville, Sgt. Sludge. That's how it happened for me. We started getting shows in Albany, like a few years ago with American Cheeseburger.

MRR:Cannonball, where did you come from?

Connor: Latham.

Cannonball: I came from my mom's womb.

Connor: I've been there.

Cannonball: We all have.

MRR: Anal Warhead just recorded for the 2nd time and you're planning to put out a 7"?

Connor: Yeah, that shit sucks.

Dan: Realistically it'll probably come out around fall. We were hoping for the summer, but…

Katie: Apparently the mix of it right now sucks.

Dan: We're going to have to cut some songs off probably, but we have eight songs recorded.

Cannonball: 25 songs! We're giving DRI a run for their money. 22? Fuck that. 25 songs.

Dan: (laughing) Yeah, the Anal Warhead 25 song EP. Because anyone would listen to that.

MRR: You have a song on the demo called "Protect & Serve" about cops and beer. Sounds like a recipe for disaster.

Dan: Yeah, what was that song about? Didn't you read some article where some guy…

Cannonball: Oh yeah! That actually has a story to it. It was on the news, there was

some old guy who called 911, like, ten times in an hour to get the cops to deliver him a 12-pack because he didn't want to go out and get a DUI, and so he figured he was doing the right thing.

MRR:Would you ever consider calling 911 to get beer?
Cannonball: No, they arrested that guy.

MRR: How was this recent recording experience vs. the first time you recorded?
Dan: We recorded the demo with Cannonball's friend, just through a shitty computer with one microphone recording all three instruments in his basement. Then Cannonball did the vocals later with the same mic. But, Cannonball didn't tell me I needed to bring stands, so it was actually recorded with a pool stick holding my cymbals in between them on a pool rack. No cymbal stands.

MRR: You didn't have any stands at all?
Dan: We just used pool sticks.
Connor: It surprisingly worked fine.
Dan: We made shit happen.

MRR: Do you plan on touring at all when the record comes out?
Connor: If we can get shows, sure, we've got no place else to be.
Cannonball: The only out of town show we ever played was in Saratoga, if you can call that out of town.

MRR: You can't.
Connor: Oh, that was horrendous. I would have rather not been there.
Cannonball: Yeah, and they almost didn't let us play. The guy at the door was like, you have to be 21 to come inside.
Dan: We eventually got them to let us inside when they finally believed we were playing the show.
Katie: We want to tour. (laughs) We have a "producer" but he's not a very good one.

MRR: How did this arrangement come about?
Cannonball: I don't know!
Dan: Sean was really high and wearing a producer coat over a sweater vest and he just decided, I guess, to take our "talent" into his hands.
Cannonball: He wants us to be half Disorder, half what?
Dan: Well, he likes how we're perfectly untuned.
Katie: Yeah, when we were recording, something sounded really strange about my guitar and I finally realized that I was tuned half a step lower, so we switched the tunings around.
Connor: We don't do that "E" shit, apparently.
Katie: I just don't have a tuner. Connor just tunes to me after I tune by ear and we go with it.

How did you come up with the name Anal Warhead?
Connor and Katie: Tony! (laughter)
Cannonball: That's why he hates us.
Dan: They got in a fight over it. Cannonball and Tony got into a fight outside Valentine's once.
Connor: That was not a fight. That was just hilarious.
Katie: It was a slap-fight, but Cannonball did get thrown to the ground.
Dan: Yeah, Tony wanted the name back.

MRR: So, why did you keep the name? What does it mean to you?
Katie: I just really like the name.
Cannonball: And it gave us an excuse to have a naked chick with a missile shooting out her ass on our demos and shirts.
Dan: I heard that some girl went into Last Vestige (*local record store*) when Chris was working the other day and actually asked her boyfriend what an Anal Warhead was.
Katie: It kind of sounds like a dildo.
Cannonball: It could be a sex position, you never know.
Connor: It reminds me of the everyday life shit that you just have to go through–I mean, you just got to shit it out and go on. That's nothing to do with why we have the name, but that's what I think about when I hear it.

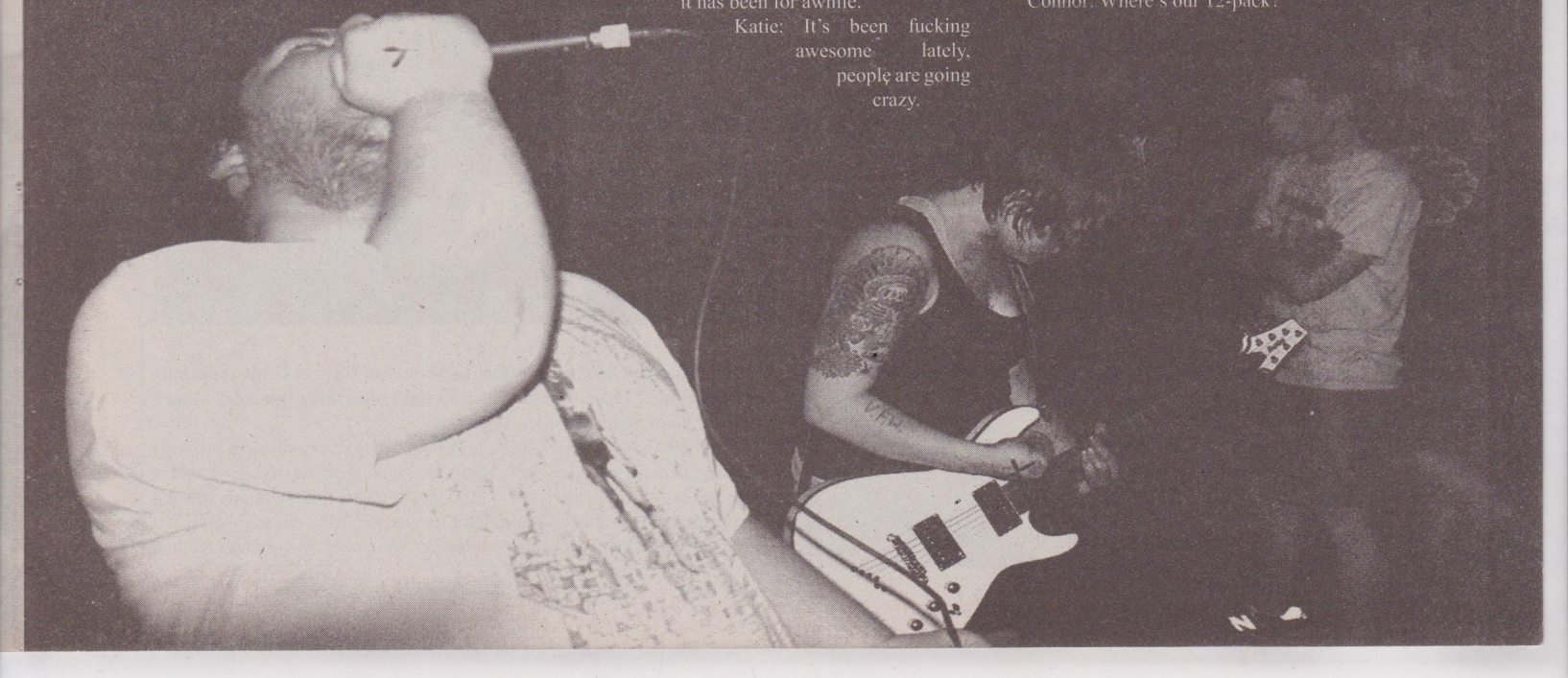
MRR: So, what are your thoughts on Albany in general and the scene at the moment?
Connor: I like Golden Fried Chicken, and now there's one on Delaware Ave!
Dan: I feel like the scene is better now than it has been for awhile.
Katie: It's been fucking awesome lately, people are going crazy.
Dan: I like it a lot more than other places, as much as it sucks. I mean, when we go to some other places, I pogo, I fucking dance, and people look at me like I have two heads. Whenever I go anywhere else, people just can't fucking dance.
Connor: No, it's not that they can't, they just don't want to.
Dan: People don't have any style
Cannonball: It's like a weird image thing in some places.
Katie: Plus, a lot of places it seems like people don't get along. In Albany, everyone gets along. I mean, they have their own groups, but they still can all go to a show…

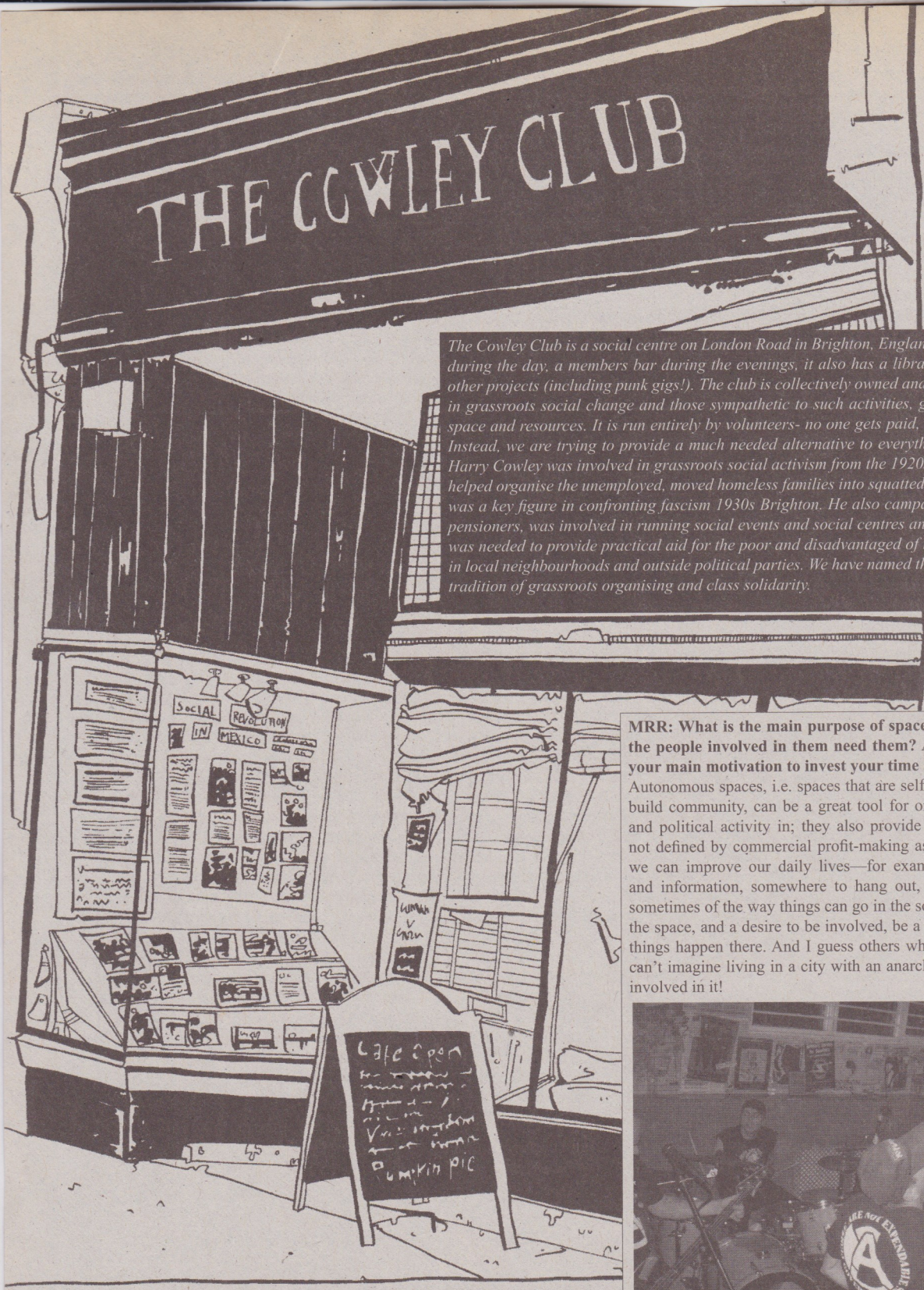
MRR: Everyone can go to a show and just get down.
Cannonball: Got to get up to get down.
Dan: I feel like, when Albany has a good time, we have a fucking *good time*. We do dumb shit too and I really appreciate that. The only other time I've ever been anywhere that got as stupid as Albany was in Boston once when a couch was torn apart and we took down a ceiling fan.
Katie: Oh yeah! That ceiling fan was definitely on the ground. Then we were playing with mattresses…
Dan: But, dumb shit like that I feel only really happens in Albany.

MRR: What current bands are you excited about?
Katie: The Kids. Cannonball likes Rod Stewart.
Connor: Anal Warhead.
Cannonball: Poison Idea. I don't care about "current", Poison Idea are the greatest.
Dan: Skitkids. I'm really excited to see Skitkids in Texas.

MRR: And now, the thousand dollar question: Why are you called Cannonball?
Dan: Because he looks like the kid who would jump into the pool and yell CANNONBALL!
Katie; That's one theory.
Connor: Well, if he goes through the pit–it's a fucking cannonball.
Dan: He just bowls everyone over.
Katie: Cannonbowler.
Cannonball: They also call me Mr. Fantastic, Fantasticball, Not-So-Fantasticball…

MRR: Any final thoughts?
Cannonball: That's it?
Connor: Where's our 12-pack?





The Cowley Club is a social centre on London Road in Brighton, England. It houses a cafe and bookshop during the day, a members bar during the evenings, it also has a library and is a base for a variety of other projects (including punk gigs!). The club is collectively owned and run as a base for those involved in grassroots social change and those sympathetic to such activities, giving us control over our social space and resources. It is run entirely by volunteers- no one gets paid, and no one is making any profit. Instead, we are trying to provide a much needed alternative to everything else around us. Brightonian Harry Cowley was involved in grassroots social activism from the 1920s until his death in the 1970s. He helped organise the unemployed, moved homeless families into squatted buildings after both world wars, was a key figure in confronting fascism 1930s Brighton. He also campaigned for cheap food, mobilised pensioners, was involved in running social events and social centres and generally organising whatever was needed to provide practical aid for the poor and disadvantaged of the town. His actions were based in local neighbourhoods and outside political parties. We have named the club after Harry to uphold this tradition of grassroots organising and class solidarity.

Photos by Pete Zonked!
Drawing by Steve Larder
Interview of Isy by Filip of *Hluboka Orba* zine

MRR: What is the main purpose of spaces like Cowley Club? Why do the people involved in them need them? And what about you—what's your main motivation to invest your time and energy into the club?
Autonomous spaces, i.e. spaces that are self-organized and determined and build community, can be a great tool for organizing both counter-cultural and political activity in; they also provide us with social spaces that are not defined by commercial profit-making as well as resources with which we can improve our daily lives—for example, good cheap food, advice and information, somewhere to hang out, and more. Despite despairing sometimes of the way things can go in the social center, I feel ownership of the space, and a desire to be involved, be a part of shaping it/making good things happen there. And I guess others who are involved feel similarly. I can't imagine living in a city with an anarchist social centre and not being involved in it!

Whole in the Head

War All the Time

MRR: Could you briefly describe the history of Cowley Club, especially the beginnings? How difficult was it to start something like this? Which were the main obstacles in early days?
In around 2000, some of us who had been squatting empty shops in Brighton to open them up as temporary cafes were talking about trying to rent a space for an infoshop. Then some other people were talking about opening a cooperatively run bar, and others yet had more ideas—for a gig venue, a vegan cafe, a library, cooperative housing. We ended up coming together,

registering a cooperative (a legal structure that enables you to borrow money and own resources collectively) and looking around for a suitable space in Brighton. In 2001 we bought a building on London Road, which is a busy shopping street, with lots of money borrowed from banks, cooperative organizations and individuals. It was all a bit scary and a steep learning curve. We were doing things 'legally' so we had to jump through lots of hoops to be able to have a bar, a cafe, a public space, etc., not to mention handling large amounts of money and having to find people to get involved in this project that turned out to be a huge effort. We worked on the building for nearly a year, first of all finishing off the flat upstairs, which is rented to a housing co-op that helps pay the monthly loan repayments; then opening a private members' bar in the evenings, and a bit later a vegan cafe during the daytime. Legalities, and then having enough volunteers and money, were the biggest obstacles back then—and still are!

MRR: Tell us more about current main activities going on in the club. In which of them are you involved personally?
The space is used as a vegan cafe and anarchist bookshop a few days a week, and a bar/venue in the evenings. There are meetings, talks, film showings, a kids club, a library, an office that's rented by the direct action newsletter *Schnews*, there are fundraisers for campaigns and groups such as gigs or meals, and English lessons for refugees on Mondays, and welfare rights advice on Friday afternoons. I cook in the cafe, do some cleaning sometimes, and do the bar at gigs or do fundraisers for groups I am involved in. I also deal with some of the finances for the club, which involves sorting through everyone's chaos!

MRR: Brighton seems to be one of the most active UK cities when it comes to radical social, ecological, and anarchist/autonomous activities (*Do or Die* magazine, *Schnews* newsletter, EF! etc.). Could you tell us more about these activities and if they are in any way connected with the club?
The club is a resource center for direct action campaigns and anarchist groups, whether it's providing meeting space, an 'access' and information point or as a place to fundraise. I think having a permanent social space in which to meet and organize can really facilitate direct action in our communities. Brighton has always been a bit of a radical hub with a lot of activity but also a lot of publishing activity such as *Do or Die* and *Schnews*—so it probably looks like a lot more goes on here than actually does! Smash Edo has been successfully organizing against a local arms manufacturer for a few years now. There are also a few regular groups who use the club such as Brighton Anarchist Black Cross prisoner support, Brighton Animal Action, Palestine solidarity campaign, the Hunt Saboteurs, and others.

MRR: How is the club organized? How can new people get involved and have a say in decisions about the way this place is run? Isn't there a gap between old and new members?
Any major decisions are made at open monthly meetings and anyone can come along and have a say at these. Then there are some subcollectives for different areas such as the cafe and entertainments and finance. Most people get involved by signing up for a shift for either the bar or the cafe. There is no formal process to get involved; if you want to run the cafe or bar, just do it! However it does mean things can be a bit chaotic at times... also it can be a bit intimidating. I would like to improve the volunteer training but this involves me or others getting stuck in and organizing that for which I would need more time! I guess there is a bit of a gap between old and new members from knowing more people or having a degree of respect. However, I think anyone who helps out and is willing to can take the step of taking on responsibility, meeting other people, and shaping the place.

MRR: Is there a lot of burn-out, people getting disillusioned and leaving to do something else (or nothing at all)?
There have been a whole lot of people who have got involved and then got pissed off and left; it's not an easy thing to do day to day. It can be hard work and feel unrewarding, and you also need to deal with difficult people and difficult situations all the time. Plus, there never seem to be enough responsible people to do things, things break, it all needs cleaning and sorting out, and it's a total pain in the arse. Despite constant attempts at making things more transparent, easier, and better, I imagine a social center involving such a wide range of people and being open to the public will always be hard work and frustrating at times. Also, people's circumstances change. For example, a person might volunteer a lot while they are unemployed, but then they might get a job and not have the time anymore. Another thing that does happen is someone volunteers a lot but then through that finds another project or campaign they would rather give their free time to, which is not a bad thing to happen at all.

MRR: If something like this would ever exist in Czech, I can imagine that the space would have to deal with problems with police, neighbors, town hall, and Nazis—stuff like getting accused of being the main base of left-wing extremists/troublemakers, drug users, under-age drinkers, etc. Did you ever have problems like this?
Yes. We have had hassles with the police, with the fire authority, with neighbors, with gangs of kids who would break the windows, and so on. Each time it calls for some people to step up to the task of dealing with the source of the hassle and these have mostly been temporary headaches, thankfully. Though we now put boards up on the windows on weekend as a result of kids attacking the place out of boredom.

MRR: In the last issue of *Do or Die* published, there was an interesting polemic about autonomous spaces. There was an opinion that the way the legal places like Cowley are run means submitting to state pressure and that they are forced to conform, thus alienating/distancing themselves from the more radical activities. What do you think about this?
I think the polemic made some interesting points that we should bear in mind, and I definitely agree that you compromise quite a lot when you go the legal route. But as with any compromise, the benefits may outweigh the costs. And there are things you can do to avoid bureaucracy, hierarchy, losing autonomy in the way you do things. I think we have done okay at the Cowley Club on many of those points. Throughout the years the Cowley Club has existed, there has still been radical activity, much of it organized from within the social center, and there have still been temporary squatted social centers in Brighton too that have managed to "coexist" with the club quite well.

MRR: How does the current map of autonomous spaces in UK look like? What are some other inspiring places currently existing around the country? How are they different from Cowley Club?
There are a handful of cities across the country that have legal social centers, such as Bradford's 1in12, Bristol's Kebele, or the Common Place in Leeds. There are also groups who squat buildings regularly and slightly longer established squats, although people do tend to get evicted fairly soon-ish these days. Each place has its own character, which I think has to do with the people who run or use the space, the range of projects that use it, and the buildings themselves. For example, the Cowley Club is in terms of actual space quite small, whereas the Common Place is an old warehouse and the Sumac Centre in Nottingham once was a residential building. There are many similarities though. When I walk into a social center in a different city, lots of the posters and notices will look familiar to me! Not to mention the books on the shelves or the desperate callouts for volunteers.

There is an actual map at socialcentresnetwork.wordpress.com, have a look there for more information! They have recently published 'What's This Place,' which contains stories from many different spaces in the UK both squatted and legal, and hopes to "promote debate and action on the need for autonomous spaces in our cities and neighborhoods."

MRR: I probably forgot to ask some important questions, so feel free to add anything important you want... thank you very much for responding!
Thanks. Our website is at cowleyclub.org.uk.

Wankys / Shitty Limits

BEING TERRORISTS

the story of

NICK TOCZEK

Nick Toczek knows kids. Having written dozens of children's books with titles like *Dragons Everywhere*, *Can Anyone Be As Gloomy As Me?*, and *Never Stare at a Grizzly Bear*, who else would be better suited for the job of punk shepherd of the North? He started writing poetry in the late '60s and shows no signs of slowing down.

Nick: "I guess that I've probably written about a hundred poems a year for the past forty years. That'd mean I've written four thousand poems…three death-threats, one ransom demand, ninety shopping-lists, one indignant letter, and a note for the postman to say that we'll be on holiday for the next fourteen days."

A spoken word artist, poet, and anarchist before punk came along, Nick quickly became a conductor of punk kinetic energy.

Nick: "As a performance poet riding a train to some gig in the early summer of 1976, I read a music press interview with a guy called Joe Strummer who fronted a band called the Clash. His rock 'n' roll politics just blew me away. By the end of that train journey, I'd already started writing what would be my first punk lyric. That September, I was one of a very small group of people (only a few dozen) who saw the Clash perform at a Birmingham club called Barbarellas. Kay Russell, my then partner, came with me to that gig. Kay and I would later move to Bradford and form the band Ulterior Motives. Their energy, their style, their excitement, their lyrics, and their music were just amazing. They just blew us all away. Steve Gibbons, a mainstay of the Birmingham rock scene, was also there. His band would later be one of the hand full of older British pub rock bands to earn punk credibility (others included the Feelgoods, Ian Dury and the Blockheads, Dave Edmond's Rockpile, the Pirates, Motörhead, and the Radio Stars). Let me give you just two memories from that Clash gig. My first is of a demented Strummer still hammering the fuck out of a madly out-of-tune guitar with three strings broken—passion overriding musicianship. I'd never seen that before. My second is of going up to the DJ before the Clash even came on and demanding to know the name of an amazing song that he'd played three times. This DJ, a black guy with dreadlocks down his back, was Don Letts. He said: "It's a demo tape of a song called 'Anarchy in The UK'. It's gonna be the first single by The Sex Pistols." In the following few months I saw Talking Heads supporting the Ramones, Blondie supporting Television, the Prefects supporting the Slits, reggae band Steel Pulse supporting the Adverts, and a host of others that included the Vibrators, Model Mania, Spizz 77, Suburban Studs, etc. Oh, and I got into loads of the early fanzines and started buying indie singles. Amazing times! For fuck's sake—name one thing that *wasn't* appealing about it!"

By the time punk formalized, Nick had already been performing and gaining experience as a spoken word artist for more than half a decade. Sort of an anti-vaudeville, by the late '60s he was traveling around the country to demonstrate this very British style of art.

Nick: "Did my first poetry gig in October 1968 at Birmingham University. I was a student there, doing a degree in Industrial Metallurgy. Since graduating, I've worked full time as a writer and performer. During the 1970s, I toured full-time—solo, in a poetry-'n'-music duo called Cut-Glass Cabaret, and in a poetry and music band called Stereo Graffiti. I founded and edited a leading UK poetry mag called *The Little*

Word Machine in the mid-1970s. In the late 1970s and early 1980s I ran an influential monthly music fanzine called *The Wool City Rocker*. My first collection of poems had come out in 1972. There've been dozens of books and pamphlets since then. All told, I've now sold well over half a million books of poetry, plus novels, non-fiction, collections of short stories, etc. I've worked hard, but I've also been more than lucky."

Leaving his nomadic lifestyle behind, Toczek planted in the Leeds/Bradford area just long enough to run punk nights at a few different venues. As punk was becoming second wave or hardcore or whatever, through booking bands at these pubs and clubs he got a first hand look at the very young anarcho punk scene.

Nick: "I was already an anarchist. And then anarcho punk and I kinda found each other. I started running punk gigs in March 1982. The first venue I used was a club called The Funhouse in Keighley. They let me have Monday nights because that was when the town was at its most dead. From the opening night, headlined by London skinhead band the Business, these gigs took off—especially when I featured punk bands. I called it Nick Toczek's Gory Details. Headliners on week two were a new Leeds band called Sisters of Mercy (some of whom later split to form the Mission). Attila The Stockbroker and the Newtown Neurotics did week three. Bradford's Southern Death Cult (from which came both the Cult and the much more radical Fun-da-mental). And the anarcho-punk stuff really began to creep in that September when I ran a series of nights devoted to indie labels. Monday the 6th featured CNT Records outfits with Newtown Neurotics and the 3 Johns headlining. Monday the 13th was Riot City Records, headlined by Disorder and Chaos UK. The Xpozez headlined a Red Rhino Records package on the 20th. And the 27th was devoted to No Future Records, featuring Insane, Red Alert, Blitzkrieg, and Crash. In January I launched two new nights: 1984 every Sunday night at The Warehouse in Leeds and Fatal Shocks every Monday night at The Manhattan Club in Bradford. My first two purely punk venues (much of it anarcho) started a month later. Natural Disasters was every Wednesday at Brannigans in Leeds, Gory Details was moved to Thursdays at The Palm Cove in Bradford. This meant I could offer consecutive nights to touring bands. The Destructors and the Underdogs opened the two clubs on Wednesday the 23rd and Thursday the 24th. The following week featured Conflict, Omega Tribe, and Icons of Filth. After these came gigs headlined by Peter and The Test Tube Babies, The Adicts, King Kurt, the Meteors, Major Accident, Abrasive Wheels, Bad Brains, the Subhumans, the Vibrators, and UK Subs. Gradually more and more of the anarcho punk worked its way into these bills. I was happy with that. I much preferred political commitment to dealing with the egos and self-indulgence that went with rock/pop-centric bands. And anarcho packages would be great. Poison Girls brought Chumbawumba, while Conflict and The Subhumans always came with great support acts. Some amazing all-dayers at The Bier Kellar in Leeds brought these years to an end in 1986. After that I moved on to running political alternative cabaret. In the seven years from 1982-1989, I kept open house every night. I lived in a small terraced house (5 Beech Terrace in Bradford), never locked the doors, and made everyone welcome. Over that period, around 7,000 people stayed overnight in that house. We partied, politicked, and crashed out late every night. It was wild!"

Along with the bands came the new spoken word or punk poetry. With the North a stronghold of activity, Toczek's was also able to use his years of experience to analyze some of his contemporaries.

Nick: "Bradford was really the main center of ranting poetry, which is what's now called punk poetry. Two of the other key figures in that movement, Seething Wells and Ginger John the Doomsday Commando, lived as lodgers at 5 Beech Terrace. We toured together as *The Intolerance Show* (along with black political singer-songwriter Kevin Seisay) and released a pretty cool cassette LP on Bluurg. When I ran alternative cabaret gigs in the late 1980s and well into the 1990s, my co-worker for most of the time was another Bradford rant poet, Wild Willi Beckett who also fronted a great band called the Psycho Surgeons. I organized the first overseas tour by UK rant poets when I took a package of poets to Holland where we got an amazing reception and great reviews. Attila The Stockbroker, Seething Wells, and another Bradford poet, Little Brother, were all part of that package. There were loads of punk poets. Sadly, only a handful lasted the course. Andy T's a prime example of someone who had the skill and the style, but not the stamina. Performing's a merciless business and he's not weathered the shit that it throws at us. He's had a tough time and he was probably right to get out of it. Perhaps he should've got out sooner than he did."

Having started his poetry nearly a decade before punk, Toczek's influences were quite broad from the blues to comedians to the classics.

Nick: "My inspirations were diverse. Victorian music hall performers (what you Americans call vaudeville) impressed me, as did later stand-up club comics like George Robey, Max Miller, and Les Dawson. These were all self-taught performers who worked a tough working-class circuit that blurred the edges between literature and entertainment, poetry and comedy, theatre and music, lyrics and monologues. Then there were song lyrics: the words of blues artists such as Leadbelly and Mississippi John Hurt; words which bucked the system and spat out against the status quo—a path that lead directly to more commercial singers such as Bob Dylan, Billy Holiday, Noel Coward, Paul Simon, Woody Guthrie and, probably the best of them all, Bob Marley. There were the Liverpool Poets and rugged individuals like fellow Bradfordian Jeff Nuttall. I read a lot of American writers too—the Beat Poets of course, but also in the late '60s I discovered the work of Charles Bukowski, William Wantling, Kenneth Patchen, Anaïs Nin, Henry Miller, and Richard Brautigan. From there you look back to Rimbaud and Verlaine, and forward to Patti Smith. British First World War poets mattered to me, especially Edward Thomas and Wilfred Owen. I've always read and re-read T.S. Eliot. I'm also keen on the poetry of a couple of his fellow Jew-baiters, Ezra Pound and Hilaire Belloc—though *not* for their anti-Semitism (Toczek's a Jewish name). Oh, and two other Americans who've influenced my work are William Carlos Williams and E.E. Cummings. And Tom Lehrer's mix of lyrics and stand-up were great, so was Woody Allen's stand-up comedy. And then along came the Pistols and the Clash—oh, and yeah, I often was (and still am!) reading lyrics as poems. Most of my poems both rhyme and scan, so they fit to music. That's down to the fact that I often write with music playing and always write with rhythms in my head. Even good prose has great rhythm to it."

From his first burst of teen inspiration to the present, Toczek has maintained and tempered his craft. With punk, he was able to dedicate his writing to a certain style. But over the years he has written the personal, the political, and for just about every age group.

Nick: "I've kept notebooks and written virtually every day (writing extra the next day if I miss a day). That habit began when I decided around the age of eight or ten that instead of trying to keep a diary of my daily doings, I'd record creative ideas instead. Don't remember my first poem, but I could find it for you. In a hut in my garden are boxes and boxes of stuff I've written. I've got every scrap I've ever written. I keep all of that shit. Right now, just behind me in this attic room that's my office is another box that I've been filling for the past couple of years, It's overflowing. I always write in black, using gel pens or biros, and nowadays usually favor plain white A4 sheets in a red clipboard. But any notebook or scrap of paper will do if ideas are flowing. And I also do a lot of work directly onto my computers. This is going straight onto my laptop. I usually use the computer downstairs during the day and this machine at night."

His first experience taking his art to the punks came in 1978 at the end stage of the initial punk explosion.

Nick: "Supporting Bradford's first punk band, the Negatives, at one of their very first gigs at Chicago Express, a pizza restaurant in Bradford. That'll have been in December 1978. I did some solo poems and a few songs with Kay Russell, with whom I was soon to form Ulterior Motives—and she sang some of her own songs—oh, and I played congas backing her."

It's not an unusual occurrence in any decade to see a punk feign sick at the mere mention of poetry. But surprisingly, Toczek and others like him seemed to go down well at gigs and the anarcho scene was especially receptive.

Nick: "I never expected to be liked or popular as a poet, so it actually came as a surprise to get positive reactions. Bad reactions were mostly my own fault. They'd result from me not putting enough into a show—usually due to stage-nerves, tiredness, or other distractions. More often, though, I'd be amazed at how easy it was to go down well. Having something relevant to say helped, as did being confident. I've a sense of humor and can cope with most hecklers, so that's good too. And most people can identify with someone with a gob. I mean, mouth and vocal chords are the two instruments that almost all of us play. And people like to see instruments played well. I play a mean tongue! And I'd perform anywhere, still do. People know music. They can quickly tell how good a band or a singer is. But few people have heard many live performer-poets. So, not only do you have the advantage of being new and different, but most of your average audience'll have no yardstick, no way of measuring your quality, so if you're half-way good, that's enough to make them like you. I try to be better than that. I want people to be *really* impressed. That's the constant challenge. That's why I've done over 40,000 gigs and still come back for more. It's a drug. I get withdrawal symptoms if I go more than a couple of days without a gig. And I actually enjoy challenging audiences much, much more than polite and quiet ones. A polite and attentive silence sucks!"

With many of his poems written as lyrics and many of his inspirations being singer-songwriters, it was just a matter of time before Nick tried to get a band together. Ulterior Motives lasted long enough to make it at least once onto vinyl.

Nick: "Kay Russell and I formed the band in the Spring of 1979 with bassist Rick Green and a Roland 77 drum machine. Our first gig was for Rock Against Racism (5th on the bill to The Negatives at Queens Hall in Bradford on May 25). We put out a 7" single ("Another Lover" b/w "Y'Gotta Shout") on our own Motive Music label in mid-November. We got tracks on some samplers and gigged, mostly locally for about three years. Kay and I split up and she left the band about half-way through that. Rick left after just over two years. I hung on to the bitter end while some thirty other musos came and went. I enjoyed it all. Being in a band was something I'd always wanted to do. I was a late starter. I was 28 when the band formed. I'm a great believer in being old. It's the one thing you're never too old to be!"

Not especially punk in presentation, the group was not especially anarcho either.

Nick: "I was anarcho, the rest weren't. Most of us were well into the punk ethic, but also variously into much more: so (for example) Kay played ace blues guitar, I was a Gil Scott Heron fan, Rick was into Jimi Hendrix. Not one of us looked remotely punk. None of us had the money to be fashionable. Most of our clothes came from charity shops and second-hand stalls. We took shit photos. We were uncool, badly dressed, ugly, and proud of it. On stage, I wore a cheap white t-shirt on which I wrote 'IT'S ALL LIES' in black felt-tip. You'd have to ask Viv Westwood if that was an anarcho punk fashion statement. If she says yes, then you know it was just pretentious crap."

Having had the experience of singing in a punk band, Nick continued to focus on poetry.

Nick: "I've a friend—an African poet, musician, storyteller, and all-round performer called Freddie Macha. He comes from a long line of similar performers. They were guiros, traditional African artists. From them he learned poetry and dance, African instruments and music, theatre and rhythm, stories and medicine. He lived for many years in Latin America where he learned many of the same elements but from an entirely different native-Hispanic culture. His wife, also a musician and performer, came from India. She taught him a third cultural dimension. Some years ago, Freddie was one of several poets I booked into Bradford schools during a festival. I took him to the school and picked him up afterwards. Before we left, I asked a teacher what he'd been like. He said: "He was brilliant but he did no poetry. He did breathing exercises, rhythmic noises and movements, drumming and story-telling, acting and dance, but no poetry at all." Freddie overheard this conversation. As we left, he turned to me and said: "It was strange what that teacher said. What I was doing was all poetry. I did nothing but poetry. My father and grandfather would have recognized all of it as poetry, but not that teacher." So here's my answer. It's all music. It's all poetry. How can I prioritize? Every day I write. Every day I perform, sometime in public, sometimes privately. It's all writing and performance. It's all poetry and music. It's all politics and life. If that sounds glib, it's not meant to be. I mean it, man!"

As far as his punk material, he's mostly remembered as a rhythmic, solo voice, very musical and intense. But after Ulterior Motives, he did work with musicians from time to time more in the way that John Cooper Clarke did using punk bands to back up his poetry.

Nick: "We mostly played with local groups. No one famous. We once gigged with Japanese Soldiers supporting us. Their singer was a Bradford cartoonist called Mark Manning who went on to front Zodiac Mindwarp and the Love Reaction. He changed his name to Zodiac Mindwarp thirteen-millionths on a second before I was about to do the same. That's why he's now old and bald but still called Zodiac Mindwarp, while I'm old and bald and still called Nick Toczek. Life can be remarkably cruel (now changed to *rezodiacally* cruel)!"

In 1985 Toczek released his first record of poetry. The *More To Hate* EP was originally recorded for Mortarhate and would be his last time working with a backing group.

Nick: "It became the actual record for Martyrhate (our own label, funded by an indie distribution outfit called Red Rhino). Colin Jerwood who ran Mortarhate and fronted Conflict was a friend of mine. I'd put Conflict on regularly at my various clubs and they'd often stayed at my house. He'd been keen to release some of my stuff. There was a lot of racism at the time, especially between white skinheads and black and Asian Brits. So I recorded a four-track EP for Colin's label with a reggae band called Spectre backing me on two of the tracks and a skinhead band, The Burial, backing me on the other two. I called it More To Hate (Than Meets The Eye)—the first bit being a pun on Mortarhate. However, Colin was neck-high in a million other projects and commitments so, when it became clear he'd never get round to releasing it, Red Rhino paid for it, and we called the label Martyrhate as a joke against Colin forever moaning that he was too busy. No bitterness. He was cool. And, soon after that, he included a track of mine on Mortarhate's excellent album *We Won't Be Your Fucking Poor*. Respect for the man."

That same year, "Being Terrorists" came out on Radical Change's *Words Worth Shouting* compilation LP with the Disrupters, Revulsion, and Contempt, amongst others.

Because there's a fucking civil war going on here in Britain, in Ireland

With tanks and troops and barbed wire barriers stretched across the street

Because Asians and women and the aged and others rightly terrified of violence

Have been forced to observe a dawn to dust curfew in our cities

Toczek also got a couple of his titles, "Noo Yawk Squawk" and "Sheer Funk" on the *God Save Us From The USA* compilation LP on KTL with Heresy and Newtown Neurotics.

Nick: "Seriously, I've always been really bad at getting my stuff out there—still am. Right now I've about two dozen finished books (including several novels, numerous collections of poetry, several collections of journalism, a few political books and other one-off non-fiction things). I've no agent and just offer stuff when people ask for it. So I had loads of tracks (music and poetry) on sampler albums. And that still happens, but my solo stuff… y'know, a who piece of plastic or pulped tree that's only me. They just happen when I hit lucky. But I'm luckier (and older) than most, so there are several dozen solo things that sometimes appear on eBay. My first gig was in 1967, and I'm typing this in 2007, so forty years of hanging around waiting to score means that sometimes I have. That's neither talent or professionalism, it's just averages, that's all."

Through booking the band, Toczek also developed a friendship with the Subhumans. With Dick from the Subhumans writing lyrics that also bridged the gap between political polemic and nuanced poetry, the two found there were many commonalities.

Nick: "If you mean carnally, I don't know any of them! Jeez, have you seen how infrequently some of them wash?!! On the other hand, if you just mean socially, during the 1980s I put the band on regularly at gigs and they often stayed at my house. Dick is a great writer and we've become friends. On an anarchist tour of Canada and occasionally here in the UK he and I have done poetry gigs together. And he's released loads of my stuff on Bluurg—one vinyl album and half a dozen cassette albums. I have respect, trust, and admiration for him—and he's a buzz to gig with. That's rare. Great music too. At the moment though, I'm really into *Millennial Madness*, an album by one of Dick's other outfits, Citizen Fish."

The end result of his friendship with the Subhumans was Toczek's second and last record of punk poetry. *InTOCZEKated* was released on Bluurg in 1986.

Nick: "There were eleven songs on the album, each of them a poem, and then there was a poem on the back cover and that's the first half of it."

We were feeding our faces
We were lying in bed
We were going through the pockets
Of the dying and the dead…

It was a war
Between the rich and poor
Money made notes
And kept the score

Truth and trust
Were reduced to dust
Just dust
Between the gullible and sussed
Just dust
Innocence and lust
Just dust
As it was before

In the war
Between the rich and poor
When we turned up the TV
In the room next door

We were wondering why
We felt no dread
We were feeding our faces
We were lying in bed
We were going through the pockets
Of the dying and the dead…

Nick: "What happened was that I sent a demo by a friend's band to Dick, hoping he'd release it on Bluurg. On an impulse, I also sent him a cassette I'd put together of recordings I'd done with various bands during the late 1970s and throughout the 1980s. He hated my friend's band, but like my stuff and offered to release it. I'd ceased to work with bands by then, but said okay. So, ages after I'd ceased to gig musically, I got my first proper album of songs out. And that's how it happened. Told you I was crap at this stuff! Oh, but here's an odd thing: that album's going to be re-released on CD later this year by a Bradford label called Mutiny 2000 that's run by a punk guy called Matt Webster. I'm going in the studio to record some bonus tracks for it. And I'll add other bonus tracks including some

I recorded with Wreckless Eric (his music, my lyrics and vocals). How did this deal come about? I met Matt at a gig and we got talking. See, I still depend on pure chance."

When asked how the record was received, it seems that it might be possible that he has still yet to hear a copy of it.

Nick: "When my free copy came through the post, my dog bit it in half. He was called Scraps and he's been dead for years, but his teeth-marks are still there in the half of the album that I've kept. It's on the wall beside this desk that I'm sitting at right now. Scraps attacked it as the postman attempted to shove it through the letterbox. Scraps was no fool. And, as far as he was concerned, the album was badly received. All dogs hated it. Luckily, most of the copies went to humans. They now sell it on eBay. Some of them ask up to thirty quid for it. No one buys it. I guess they're all waiting for the CD with all those bonus tracks. Let's hope they don't have dogs."

With or without a record, Toczek was constantly on the road. With spoken word nine times out of ten more convincing live, he performed wherever he could throughout the '80s.

Nick: "I performed all the time, though no longer with musicians, so it was a strange form of promotion, a bit like a pre-election politician meeting the people with all the blood washed of his (or her) hands."

All the touring came together with a full US tour with the Instigators.

Nick: "Did some New York dates for an anarchist guy called Bob. We played frisbee in Central Park and I supported a Puerto Rican band in a bar, reading English poems to Spanish-speaking people, but we got on fine getting drunk togethtr. And then I toured from New York to LA as a poet with UK band The Instigators and US band The Detonators. The tour ended for me (the others went on San Fran) at Fenders, an LA club that in *Maximum Rocknroll* had just been voted worst venue in America. Jello Biafra sent me a message telling me not to go on stage there because no poet had ever done it and it just wasn't worth it. And the organizer spent an hour arguing against me going on stage. Circle Jerks were headlining and the whole place was full of white skinhead and punk tribes, each wearing bandanas that identified what gang they were in. I opened with a poem that'd been the lyric of a song I'd had on a skinhead punk album called "The Oi! Of Sex." Everyone joined in. They all knew the lyrics! It was what you Americans call awesome. I did a twenty-five minute set and lost count of how many people came up to shake my hand (and other bits of my body) afterwards. There's a lot to be said for surviving! If you want to read more about that tour, why not offer to publish the book that contains numerous episodes from the jaunt? I fiercely hate the vanity of autobiography, so this unpublished book (one of the many I mentioned earlier) is called *Not Me*. It's an account of people I've met and incidents in my life. What makes it all worthwhile is that I studiously avoid talking about myself, unlike in this fucking interview! So what was it like touring the States? Ace! I love your landscape and your people. If it wasn't for your nationhood, your fucking flag, your leaders, your dirty little dollar, Korea, Vietnam, Croatia, Afghanistan, Iraq, and fucking everything you eat, you'd probably be okay—which makes you marginally better than us Brits. Our problem is intolerance."

What's interesting (among other things) about Toczek today is that despite his relative success and his being somewhat in the public eye (as journalist and writer) he hasn't even slightly shrunk off his anarchist philosophy.

Nick: "I don't have an anarchist past. I have an anarchist present! I still am openly, out and proudly anarchist. I tell teachers that. I tell pupils that. I don't preach it. To do so would be contrary to what anarchism is. I just am it. If that's problematic for anyone, I tell them to think of it as my disability. That way, if they can't deal with it, that's their problem, not mine."

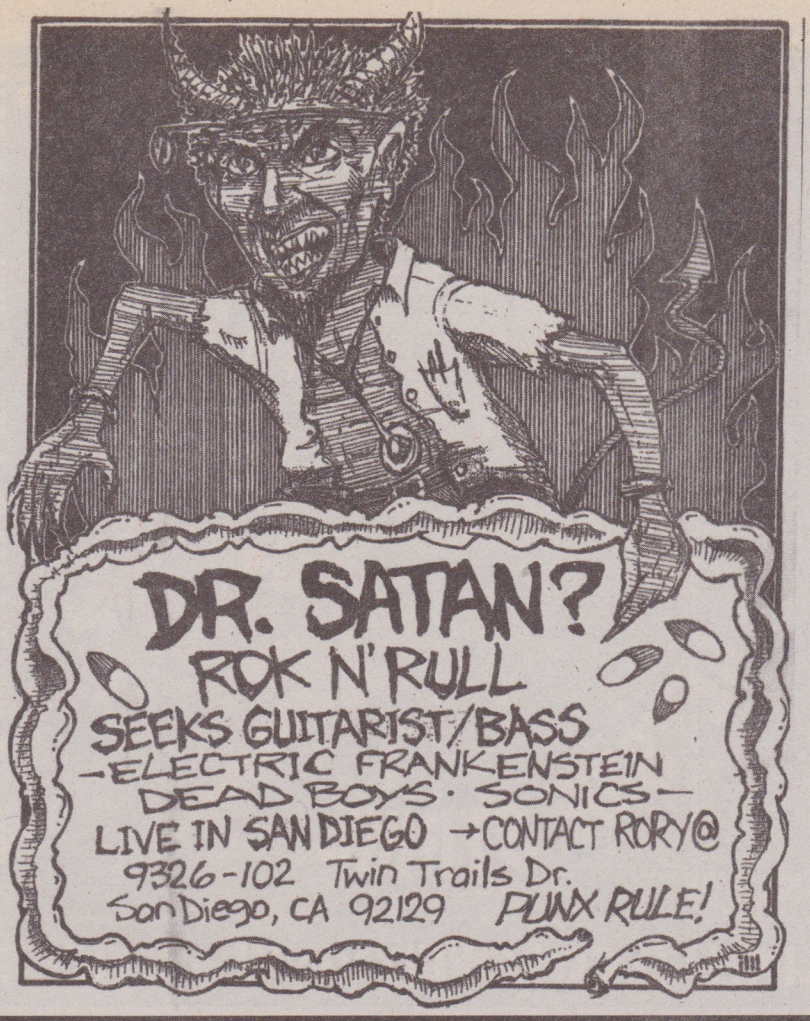
His status as a serious journalist is rebuffed, his idea of success outside of the commercial standard.

Nick: "Did I ever break through? I hope not. I've just been here all the time, doing my stuff. It's not arriving that matters, it's the journey that counts. I think of myself as a constant traveler. And if it's a mountain I'm climbing, then getting to the top's an anti-climax. It's fucking freezing up there, you can't stay there, and the only way's down. It's the climb, not the summit, that counts. And that's anarchism. We're in it forever, unlike (say) Communists who believe in their post-revolutionary utopia. We anarchists aren't revolution*ary*, we're revolution*ist*. Ours is the perpetual revolution. Whoever's in power, it's our role to question, undermine, and oppose them. That lasts forever—no utopian end, no mountain peak, no breakthrough. This fight's forever. But that's our value and our strength. We never set out to change the world, like the hippies did or even the naïve punks. Nah, we've always known that we're destined to forever live in a world run by mass murderers, East or West or wherever. Hitler and Stalin. Pol Pot and Mao. Reagan and Thatcher. Bush and Blair. Murdering bastards all of them. And while they and their ilk are there, which is always, there can be no breakthrough, unless you bite right into the shitburger they offer you. I love the fact that sometimes I realize that people listen to me, read what I write. That's near enough to a breakthrough for me. And financial success? Money's a drug. Drugs are fine while you use them, but when they start using you, you're fucked. So I don't reckon I compromise by getting paid. I don't work off the money. I work for the buzz and because I'm a political writer-performer. I use money, coffee, and beer. They're my drugs. They don't use me."

There's not a whole lot of sentimentality or cynicism when Toczek is asked how he observes the past.

Nick: "Via my memory! Or do you want the serious answer? Okay, here it is: I can live with myself. I fought then and I still fight now. Sometimes I could've done better, but at least I'm still trying, still questioning myself every bit as much as I question them and their hierarchy. Like I said earlier, there's no winning or losing in this game. There's just the eternal fight. They (mis) rule. We resist. It's that simple.

"Mostly, I'm proud of it and would stand by every word. I suppose that's sad. For a start, it means that nothing's changed. And if that's true, have I wasted my time? No! Real change is infinitesimally slow, but it eventually kicks in. What I said then still applies. Maybe it always will, but the goalposts shift a little. That'll do for the moment. That said, one or two careless lines deserve to be binned. Sensibilities change. I get wiser or more sussed. Dumb shit I once said needs unsaying."



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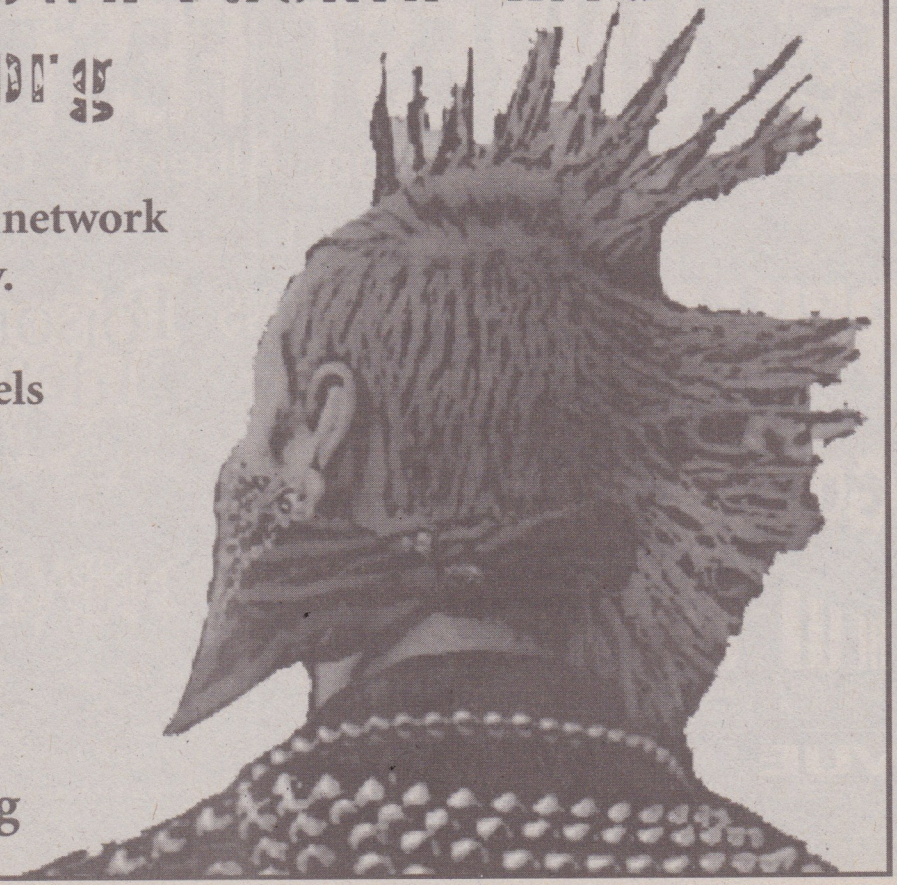


http://www.byofl.org

BOOKS

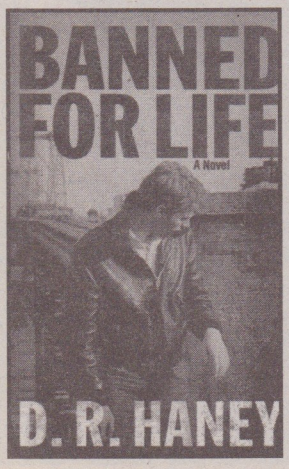
Everybody Talks About the Weather...We Don't
Ulrike Meinhoff
268 pages • $16.95
Seven Stories Press
140 Watts St.
New York, NY 10013
www.sevenstories.com

Reading a collection of writings by Ulrike Meinhoff of the Baader-Meinhoff gang, or as they preferred Red Army Faction, it is hard to not read for motives and premonitions of the violent group that she would late become so closely associated with. At least what I wanted to find was a well-developed argument of why peaceful protest had failed, and a move towards violence was justified. Instead what this collection, without the burden or benefit of hindsight and revision, contains is very much a catalog of complaints and outrages that is of its time and naively idealistic. Should we have expected more of a collection of newspaper columns?

Of most worth in this collection is the thoughtful and informative preface by Elfriede Jelinek that serves as a good introduction to Meinhoff's story and the radical milieu of '60s Germany. It also serves as a good frame for the Meinhoff's writings that are taken exclusively from her columns for the radical German paper Konkret that mostly predate her involvement in the RAF. Also of interest is also the closing essay by Meinhoff's daughter, Bettina Rohl, who Meinhoff abandoned to be raised by her father when she went underground, and later was imprisoned. Rohl has taken upon herself to be both a critic of the Left and the idolization of her mother's role within the Left. It's hard not to read her critique as being motivated by her feelings about her mother's absence in her upbringing.

In fact, this whole collection will not add greatly to the literature of progressive thought, and best serves as a story of the '60s. More than any memoir, reading Meinhoff's columns with the knowledge of the later RAF's action gives insight into the motivations of a generation as they tried to come to grips with their role as both heirs to Nazi shame and the growing international student protests to the cold war. How confusing it must have been.

—Ben Howell



Banned For Life
D.R. Haney
405 pgs * $15
and/or press
www.andorpress.com

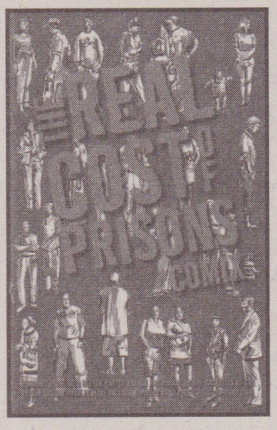
I was pretty skeptical when I picked up this book. Banned for Life is an embarrassing title and I was worried that not only would I have to be seen in public reading it, but that the book itself would be awful. Luckily, I was totally wrong.

Banned for Life is the story of a dude (Jason) who grew up punk, and is now kind of old and struggling in LA. Told in four sections, it bounces between recalling when Jason discovered punk in a small college town in North Carolina thanks to his soon to be best friend—a total angry weirdo tiny guy called Peewee, then starting a band and living in the lower east side in the '80s, his current crappy love affair with a fucked up selfish Serbian woman (more about this in a sec) and, what I think is the best part of the story, his tracking down an old punk idol who had disappeared. Actually I think all the punk parts are pretty damn good. Haney's characters are super realistic. They're nuanced and interesting and you actually care about what's going to happen to them. (I guess it doesn't matter one way or the other, but the writing was so spot on and realistic that I often thought this book was probably less for reals made up fiction, and more a fictionalized version of the author's life.)

The only hang-ups I had while reading this came in the most boring parts—when Jason was hanging out with Irina, the beautiful Serbian who refused to leave her cold-hearted British husband, (plenty of references to how cold and dull the Brits are here—Layla, you might not want to read it). Anyway this is the section where there are a lot of questionable generalizations made about Serbians—all the ladies are brutally hott, all the dudes are super macho, everything is more beautiful there, etc. It got within a hair's breadth of being super exotification time and it made me uncomfortable, and really didn't have anything to do with the cool and interesting parts of the story. Why were those parts kept in? It didn't help me gain any knowledge about the characters, but it did make me dislike the main dude.

But, really, the rest of the book is pretty sweet. It gets a little Youth in Revolt-y in some parts (mainly the high school and band days stuff) but in a good way. It's fun to read and goes really quickly even though it's kind of hefty. I bet you'd like it.

—Thera Webb



The Real Cost of Prisons: Comix
104 pages • $12.95
PM Press
PO Box 23912
Oakland, CA 94623
www.pmpress.org

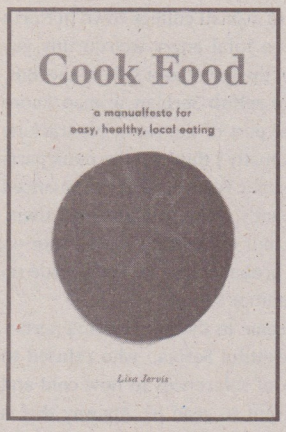
The Real Costs of Prisons Project really "illustrates" the atrocities of the Untied States prison industrial system in their comic book compilation, which combines three political comics that discuss different aspects of prisons' effects. The first comic is an overview of how the prison industrial system came to be after the 1970s and how it functions like any large corporation does for profit. The second discusses the so-called "war on drugs" and how it's used to create prisoners. And the third is about women in prison and the fractured families that arise from it.

In the introduction, the authors describe the disheartening and disgusting practices of the prison industrial complex. Although I appreciate the facts, it is the type of information that is hard to swallow all at once. Statistics start to become meaningless after being read too often, and it is here where it becomes obvious just how helpful and useful the comics are as the weighty information is given life through its format. The authors are constrained to make the text that appears along with the drawings as succinct, accessible, and engaging as

possible and they do a great job. The most interesting part of the comics is that they describe the various discriminatory practices of the prison industrial system by telling tales based on true events. Through doing this, it brings something so lofty down to a very human level. I found myself so engrossed in these peoples' stories that I read it all in one sitting.

These comics would be great for educational purposes and would be a nice addition to any comic book collector—especially of the political sort, if you enjoy the comics of someone like Joe Sacco. They can generally be requested for free by prisoners by writing to the publication.

—Krista Ciminera



Cook Food: A Manualfesto for Easy, Healthy, Local Eating
Lisa Jervis
136 pages • $10
PM Press
PO Box 23912
Oakland, CA 94623
www.pmpress.org

Heck yeah! This cookbook is right up my alley. I was so stoked to receive it that I immediately read the entire thing in one sitting. Cook Food is practical, conversational, and full of simple recipes utilizing readily available ingredients. The book is great for those intimidated by cooking or inexperienced in the kitchen. Not to say that it's only for beginners, as I'm fairly obsessed with food / cooking / cookbooks and there are plenty of nifty tips and tricks I'm looking forward to using. Cook Food also includes a comprehensive resources section that I will no doubt find indispensable.

Lisa's discussion of food politics is anything but dogmatic. While the author is not vegan, the recipes are. Her reasons for food choices are thoughtful, realistic, and useful and she does a good job of balancing ethics and practicality. There's a lot to love about this concise book, down to the layout, which looks great. A notable handy feature is printing on the edges of the pages, which makes the recipe section easy to find—nice touch!

Food is such a simple, everyday way to make a difference. Cook Food demonstrates that cooking and eating can be easy and cheap without hard-to-find ingredients or over-packaged convenience foods, with emphasis on eating whole foods and in-season produce. There are plenty of reasons to pursue a sustainable diet, whether it is for the well being of animals, of our environment, or of ourselves and others. Lisa has written an approachable and useful guide to food politics.

—Tress

The Green Zone: The Environmental Costs of Militarism
Barry Sanders
160 pages • $14.95
AK Press
674-A 23rd St.
Oakland, CA 94612
www.akpress.org

My major like about Barry Sanders' The Green Zone is his unpretentious approach. Sanders wants you to understand that the global pollution crisis is serious, and that there is one major subject being omitted from our every day conversations on the subject: the US military.

Barry Sanders quickly establishes The Green Zone as an essay rather than anything else—he wants to use this piece as a way to get the citizens of the US to demand more answers from our government and to more voraciously search for solutions to our global crisis. He wants the US to be responsible for our major contribution to world pollution: our large, and largely unregulated, military. Most importantly, he wants us to ask more questions.

The Green Zone is a breath of fresh air for anyone who is sick of seeing your every day consumer wearing a "This is Not a Plastic Bag" tote who thinks they've done the world a huge service by "going green." Sanders' book is a call for us to not only make the small changes we can in our every day lives, but to pay attention to the bigger culprit here—and with all of the stats he uses to illustrate just what a big culprit it is—it seems unbelievable that the military is so blatantly omitted from our discussions on environmental policy.

As someone whose knowledge of the subject is limited, The Green Zone fulfilled Sanders' ultimate purpose: it got me to ask questions.

—Kate Wadkins

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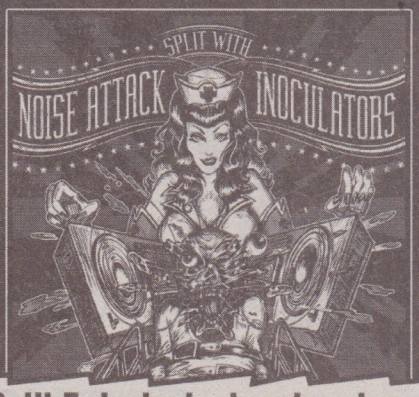

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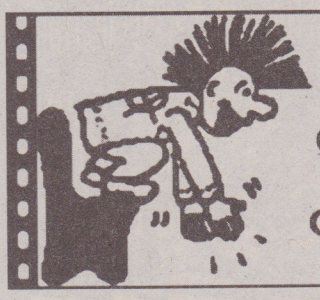


BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

One of the best things about summer in San Francisco is the *San Francisco Silent Film Festival*. If you've never seen a silent film, you need to. One of the best ways to see one is at the *San Francisco Silent Film Festival*. While you could probably watch a silent film at home on your 50-inch flatscreen TV or whatever you have, seeing a film in a theater with live musical accompaniment is the way to go. *San Francisco Silent Film Festival* pulls out all the stops. It takes place at the Castro Theater, an art-deco theater that opened in 1922 and has managed after all these years to remain a one-screen theater. The screen is really big. There is a Wurlitzer organ that rises from the floor and is played before some films, and in the case of some of these silent films it plays during the film. Additional sound effects have even been recently added, which probably annoys purists. I didn't really notice until gunshots loudly rung out during one film. Then I started noticing all of the extra sounds.

The first film I saw was **Underworld**, which is purportedly the first film to glamorize gangsters. It was made in 1927 and was the first hit film for director Josef von Sternberg. **Underworld** opens with a late night bank robbery conducted by a lone man, Bull Weed. He is seen leaving the scene of the crime by drunkard Rolls Royce whom is stumbling down the street. Instead of threatening Royce, Weed decides to clean him up and put him to work. Royce was a lawyer so his knowledge comes in handy. That is until he falls for Weed's girl Feathers.

Underworld is a dark film. Gangsters are intelligent and the cops are easily manipulated. Ben Hecht, who would later go on to write the screenplay for the original **Scarface,** wrote the story.

Next up is **Aelita, Queen of Mars**, a 1924 Russian Sci-fi film. Half of the film is set in Russia, during the Russian Civil War. Food is being rationed. People have been displaced. Around the world a strange radio message is received. No one can decipher it, but it causes Russian engineer Los to dream of going to Mars. The other half of the film is set on Mars. Gor, a Martian engineer, designs a device to view other worlds. The Martian elders decide to keep the machine a secret, but Queen Aelita discovers it. Since Gor has a crush on Aelita he shows her how it works. She becomes obsessed with watching people on Earth. The story lines eventually collide when Los and two other Russians go to Mars. Politics oddly clash between the two races with an attempt at a workers revolution on Mars.

While the sudden shift to a political angle definitely throws the viewer for a loop, **Aelita, Queen of Mars** presents a very interesting look at how outer space was thought of by the Russians in those days. The Martians' costumes are very elaborate with large headdresses and metallic clothing. The look of Mars is almost Cubist. There are lots of stairs and odd-shaped buildings. It is all very imaginative and much more interesting than what Hollywood presents as outer space today.

I am not sure how it happened, but everyone I talked to at the festival on Saturday seemed very excited to see **Erotikon**, a Czech film from 1929. Rumors circulated throughout the theater that the film is a silent porn. So the house was full at 1 pm on Sunday for the screening. As it ended up there was no nudity, but there was one very impassioned scene where the protagonist Ita has sex with a man who was invited to stay at the family's house by her father. The scene is mostly shown from Ita's point of view and she seems to be enjoying it very much. I am sure the scene would have been enormously shocking to American audiences in 1929 if they ever had the chance to see **Erotikon**. It probably wouldn't easily get by the MPAA censors today. **Erotikon** then descends into an average melodrama where Ita is forced to deal with the consequences of this one-night stand.

So's Your Old Man gets it title from a comeback that WC Fields would respond with when insults came his way. The joke appears twice in the film, once as an insult and later as a compliment. Fields plays Samuel Bisbee an inventor who creates unbreakable windshield glass. He also likes to drink and shows obvious contempt for authority and the rich. The son of the wealthiest family in town, The Murchisons, is interested in marrying Bisbee's daughter. After meeting Mr. Bisbee, Mrs. Murchison won't allow it. She throws some insults at him about his uncouth behavior and he replies with, "So's your old man."

Bisbee sets off to Washington DC to meet some car manufacturers to show his unbreakable windshield glass. He parks his car in a no-parking zone. The car is moved. After throwing bricks through the windshields of some other cars, he goes back home on the train a failure. On the trip home, he accidentally meets a princess who comes to visit him in his hometown. The Muchisons and others in town quickly change their attitude toward him. But Bisbee does not reciprocate. He thinks the Princess is pulling a fast one on the townspeople, which makes him appreciate her more.

Director Terry Zwigoff introduced **So's Your Old Man** at the festival saying it is the funniest film he's ever seen. It is incredibly funny. You almost forget it is a silent film as Fields dishes out the insults. His physical comedy also adds so much. The simple act of walking into his house from the garage in only an undershirt, then attempting to become more presentable by pulling up his suspenders is done so brilliantly straight. It is a wildly fun film.

The final film I saw at the *San Francisco Silent Film Festival* was Jean Epstein's **The Fall of the House of Usher** from 1928. Epstein started as a film critic before becoming an experimental film director. When **The Fall of the House of Usher** was introduced at the film festival it was mentioned that Luis Buñuel was working as assistant director on the film until he insulted a producer. Epstein fired Buñuel, reportedly telling him to stay away from the Surrealists.

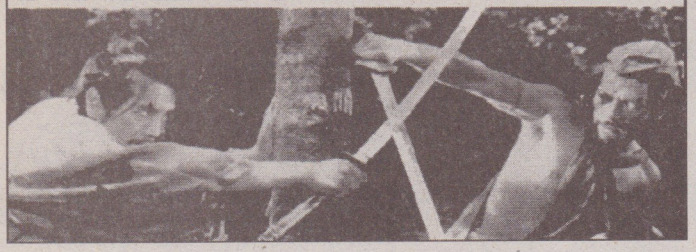
The Fall of the House of Usher is based on the story by Edgar Allan Poe. Roderick Usher is obsessed with painting his wife Madeleine's portrait. As he paints, Madeleine begins to die. Usher calls for a friend Allan to help figure out what is wrong with Madeleine. Usher continues to paint. The film is dark, stifling, and otherworldly. It is a bad dream.

Besides the annual July festival, the *San Francisco Silent Film Festival* has added a winter event. The films have yet to be announced, but the date is set for December 12, 2009. (www.silentfilm.org)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your

film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS

Martin Scorsese reported having several special challenges while directing **Kundun**, his 1997 feature on Tibetan reincarnation. The film ended up being in English (though the actors were Tibetan), and the flashy production did little to encourage credibility in the story. Nati Baratz, the director/writer of **Unmistaken Child**, may not have the style of a master, nor the resources to coax genius from a promising story, but neither may matter; for maybe the first time, we've been given carte blanche to see behind the scenes at one of Tibet's more extraordinary traditions: the discovery and selection of a Tibetan spiritual master. Scorsese settled for reenactments; Nati reveals the whole process, and its surprising results.

When Geshe Lama Konchog passed away, his followers lost a beloved teacher. Tenzin Zopa had been the revered master's assistant and best friend for several decades, fixing meals and helping to set up spiritual retreats in the cold, rocky area near the Tsum Valley—a remote place that had been dug into the mountain itself. With Geshe-la gone, the Dalai Lama agreed that his reincarnation should be found at all cost. Zopa was judged as the one man most qualified to recognize Geshe's personality, and was thereby commissioned to begin the search.

This kind of search had been done before for other Tibetan masters, and its basic concept has appeared several feature films and documentaries. However, with **Unmistaken Child**, we have the first chance ever to view the selection process from beginning to end—a privilege never been granted before. The low-budget production values suggest the obvious: our unprecedented access to this event occurs only to reduce unwanted attention on a controversial process. But a major virtue of this film comes from its very intimacy.

Zopa is overwhelmed at the responsibility he faces while trying to find a single child who may be anyone, anywhere. He's relieved that masters have done readings to reduce the alternatives, which reduces the search to the area around where he was born. Children who are too young or old are ignored (as well as girls, of course). Those who might initially qualify will now have to take a test to "recognize" Geshe's relics: a necklace, beads, and a noisemaker. Each child is tested, and the results are often less than encouraging. When Zopa finally lands on what he feels is the best choice, it's only the start of a long process that may change his pick from a child who cannot yet speak to a monk in one fell swoop.

It would be altogether too easy to concentrate on the arcane selection process itself while ignoring the film's special charms. Monk Tenzin Zopa deserves attention for his lonely, singlehanded efforts traversing the Tibetan lowlands to solve a metaphysical detective story—where faith in his own religion is sorely strained. He's troubled by grief after losing the sole focus in his life, and now he has singular responsibility to both find his former master and convince the parents to surrender their child to them.

Simple and unromanticized, **Unmistaken Child** tells a story likely to appeal to both the devout and uncommitted.

Big Man Japan (also called **Dai Nipponjin**) honors a time-honored concept that's been around since **Godzilla** and his clan: what if oversized, radioactive Japanese reptiles were loose on Tokyo and its environs, reducing the country to mounds of rubble?

Well, there aren't any reptiles in **Big Man Japan**, but the bizarreness of the creatures themselves more than compensate, and offer an ironic (and definitely comic) point of view. Dai Sato (Hitoshi Matsumoto) becomes the subject of a film documentary and we learn more and more about his unlikely rendezvous with fate when a massive electric jolt transforms him into a behemoth. When other large creatures hulk into his territory, his "job" is to either eject them to another, less-populated section of Japan, or kill them outright.

However, the unglamorous aspect of his story emerges in the "documentary" segments. Sato's home is a slummy mess with plastic wrappers littering the kitchen table, with paperbacks and DVDs piled on every surface. He's clearly self-conscious about being the subject of this documentary, but his jumbo alter ego takes it all in stride, assuming the hero role mainly because, well, it's a job. It pays, but not much.

Big Man Japan is helmed by popular comedian Matsumoto, who began with stand-up, evolved his popularity in TV shows, and profited from his immensely popular music program *Hey! Hey! Hey! Music Champ* (no excuses for its peculiar name.) Matsumoto's smirking, wise-cracking demeanor usually alternates with an air of quiet indignation, but with this movie, the actor-director spices its effects sequences with a deadpan delivery. His character is relatively subdued, humble, and even apologetic in some sequences.

It was a smart idea, because in spirit the creatures here are closer to yokai, which were successfully rendered in Takashi Miike's **The Great Yokai War.** (Quilin is a fierce but benevolent giraffe variant, chokunobake are talking paper lanterns, futokushi-onna sport two heads—one in front, the other in back, and there are countless others in the population of smaller monsters). But director Matsumoto opted for a new set of creatures—all of them big, and unaccountably weird. We get a giant old man in a loincloth, a fleshy flower-demon (and his overactive son), and a hateful red demon that uses his huge body, a horn missing, to stomp his opponents to oblivion. Most of the monsters don't have clothes, so the film ups the ante on weirdness when we find they have no genitals. And then there's everybody's consensual favorite: a hairy, anorexic thing with no head and carrying a giant eyeball, which it uses as a battering ram. Maybe the only familiar creatures come at the very end with a chummy family in Power Ranger uniforms.

With the main character, Hitoshi Matsumoto delivers a decidedly low-key performance. Even when he's fighting the most hateful creatures, he's a bit uneasy with his duties to clean Tokyo of these destructive giants, and seems to think of himself less of a hero than a janitor. At full size, he's big enough so that he can do his fights in an oversized sumo mawashi, which looks a bit more like a diaper. He is also not a high-rent superhero; when funds run low, he rents out space on his massive back, advertising chocolates.

Despite his great service ejecting (or even dispatching) troublesome giants, it's clear that most citizens feel he's an annoyance, and he takes the blame (by association) for damaging any number of buildings, factories, and overpasses. In one early scene, a brick is tossed through his window while he's eating; he doesn't bat an eye as he mixes his ramen. Being oversized is probably okay when it comes to sumo, but this affection turns to irritation fairly quickly, and most of the city's occupants are aware that he isn't the most dashing, heroic superhuman they could have envisaged. He actually more like a hippie.

If you object to one main thing with this movie, the naturalistic interview segments (which take up nearly 90% of its length) tend to be relatively lackluster. When Matsumoto isn't on screen, you miss his self-effacing comic delivery. He's a naturally funny performer (easily more amusing than, say, than fellow director-comic Takeshi Kitano), and a movie like this cries for performers on his level, or at least the ability to amplify, or complement the gentler comedy bits. One has little interest in much of the supporting cast.

It's hard to figure when **Big Man Japan** is all about exactly. A wry commentary on Japan's attraction to arcane monsters? A kind of film parody? It's safe to say that it's quite a bit of both, albeit filtered through director Matsumoto's laidback persona. Some of the more famous scenes have already been posted on YouTube and elsewhere, but dedicated fans of Asian trash won't want to pass up on a minor cult classic.

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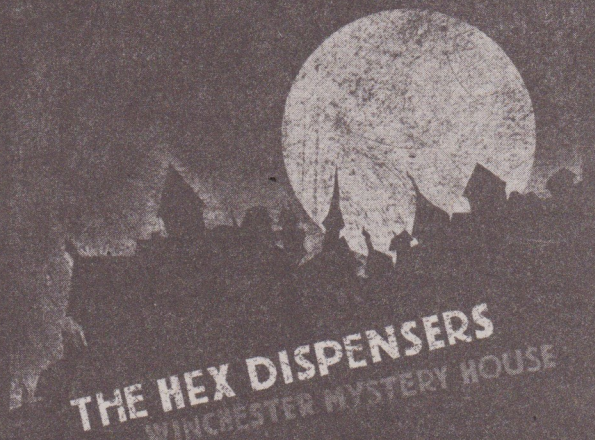

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ABOVE THEM / THE AMISTAD – split EP

I just realized that I never really hear pop- punk bands from the UK. It seems like all the UK bands that come to mind are some variation of crust / anarcho / hardcore / etc., but are never really poppy. Why is that? I wish I had an answer for you. The two bands here are just as good as any of the bigger US bands these days (take your pick). THEThe AMISTAD gets compared to the likes of LATTERMAN, BROCCOLI, HOOTON CAR 3, and JAWBREAKER. I totally hear the JAWBREAKER / LATTERMAN vibes here with the fast paced catchy verses and chunkier breakdowns. ABOVE THEM is mid-tempo with a melodic, slightly more produced sound. (BD)
(Disillusioned)

THE ACCIDENTS – "Stigmata Rock 'n' Roll" 10"

Fuck yeah! What the hell is goin' on in Sweden that in addition to practical and affordable furniture and delicious meatballs, they also produce a shit-ton of incredible rock 'n' roll bands!?! Add the ACCIDENTS to a list that already includes the HELLACOPTERS, BACKYARD BABIES, and more! This six-song EP kicks off from beginning to end with blistering rock 'n' roll full of screaming guitars, pummeling bass and drums, and gruff but melodic vocals. Even the "slower" songs rock hard! If I was to try to make a specific comparison, I'd say that the ACCIDENTS are an oddly successful blend of MOTÖRHEAD and KISS at times!?! My only complaint is that this comes in a plain sleeve with only the band name stamped on it. The music fucking rocks, and I guess that's the most important thing anyways!! (ML)
(Bootleg Booze)

ADD/C / LANDLORD – split EP

Maaaaaaannn...whiskey-soaked vocals and broken hearts...ha...*sike*. Pop-punk on both sides reminding me of SHOTWELL and DILLINGER 4. Both bands' lyrics seem to have this pre-occupation that their lives are out of their control: "if only I could take care of myself," or "I wish I could write you a letter to tell you how I really feel," or "I wish we could stay broken-up," etc. C'mon...you're probably older than eighteen and out of high school, you should keep the poetry in your hope chest, don't publish it in a record. ADD/C is stronger; they wrote better hooks. LANDLORD's singer's whine reminded me of Emo (no pun intended) Phillips. (VL)
(Plan-It-X South)

ADD/C / LANDLORD – split EP

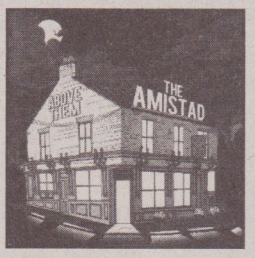
The ADD/C side sounds like an American appropriation of the Snuffy Smiles sound, but it also sounds a little bit like the FUTURE VIRGINS or VAGINASORE JR. Not bad, not as good as the FUTURE VIRGINS or a lot of the Snuffy Smiles stuff I've come across, but it won't let you down if you've been digging all the Snuffy Smiles records. The LANDLORD side is a little more enjoyable. This is a Plan-It-X (South) slab of vinyl, and judging by earnestness of the lyrics on the LANDLORD side, it's not a total departure from what you'd expect. Like a less-polished MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE or DELAY with the pacing and vocal inflections of a band taking cues from the HOT NEW MEXICANS. (P$)
(Plan-It-X South)

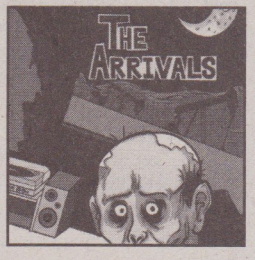
AK 77 / DEATH STATISTIC – split EP

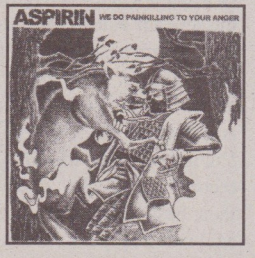
AK 77 is the best band of the month, and perhaps of the entire year. Tongue-in-cheek American-pride Oi! from Tennessee with genius lyrics like, "If you not American / When I gonna fight you / Cold beer in my hand / I just don't like you," and poorly played short-bus punk songs. I am hooked in an instant, as soon as I hear the singer (who sounds like he is about twelve years old) scream about '77 punx kicking my ass and how cool Wal-Mart and America are. I have not laughed this hard listening to a record since Michigan greats AFTERBIRTH first graced my turntable with their classic anti-teacher rant "Mr. Louis," and for those in the know...AK 77 most certainly reach those lofty heights with these four tunes. 100% classic, I will own this record until I die, and I cannot possibly explain to *each and every one of you* how much you need it!! Punk is serious shit, punk is my fucking life for fuck's sake, but if we can't have fun, especially at the expense of ourselves, the punks...then what is the fucking point?!?! DEATH STATISTIC is the "serious" band on the split, and they deliver three tracks of *super* raw distorted mayhem recorded in a toilet. Ultra-pissed, with lyrics that are as furious and scathing as AK 77's are hilarious. Fast and unrelenting hardcore from folks who obviously know what they are doing...just enough melody to break up the pace, but still a non-stop attack with manic vocals and frantic drumming throughout. Now that I have told you how much you need this record, it's is also necessary to mention that this is a memorial release for Andriy Kolyada, the 20-year-old guitarist for AK 77 (and DEATH STATISTIC? I think so, but the record came with little information), who obviously died way too fucking young. Beyond recommended. (WN)
(Do Ya Hear We?)

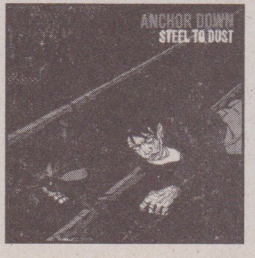
GG ALLIN / DISCO LEPERS – split EP

You know why I always get GG ALLIN records to review?









I don't. I mean, I got a tiny prick and I shit myself all the time and I'm also a junkie plus a rapist, but I mean so is Dougie and he always gets records that pretty girls like. Well anyways, you know that BOULDER record where it's a split 7" with THIN LIZZY, which is great because it's got a picture of ol' Phil Lynott saying, "I approved this" on the label?. This is sort of like that, but it's probably legit and GG ALLIN is not good... All his songs are NANCY SINATRA rip-offs (seriously) and his TwIzTeD CoUnTrY OuTlaW shit is like fuckin' WILCO gone wild. DISCO LEPERS is a band I gave a bad review to before. They're back, but it still sounds like someone recorded a joke record then sped it up. Is this supposed to be played at 78? Listen buddy, you got some actual OK hooks in your songs, but the lyrics aren't that funny and you gotta slow the fuck down, and why am I giving you advice? I doubt you can read. Also, btwby the way dogg, your name might have been *krazy* thirty years ago, but it's 2009. P.S. Don't thank Duane Peters on your record and, fuck, I could go on. Who buys this stuff?? Seriously, contact me via *Maximum* if you purchased this record and you do *not* know anyone in the band. Please. (BB)
(Indian)

ANCHOR DOWN – "Steel to Dust" CD

Some very melodic pop-punk from the Northwest. Sometimes they play faster like they're trying to do the OFF WITH THEIR HEADS kind of thing, and sometimes kind of slower trying to do the JAWBREAKER thing. The music is neither bad nor original. ANCHOR DOWN takes themselves somewhat seriously, but they don't have too much to say either socially or politically. Not that all bands need to, just saying. There really isn't any kind of characteristic that's sets them apart from the parade of pop-punk bands doing the same thing. A little bit too polished also, but it seems to go in line with what kind of music they're trying to produce. I guess I'd recommend these guys to people that are excited about AMERICAN STEEL playing shows again. (FS)
(Solidarity)

THE ARRIVALS – "My Generation" EP

If you're not familiar with the Razorcake Sister Series, here's a quick rundown: It's a series of split EPs, but not in the conventional way. Each release in the series is actually two records; one for each band with matching cover art. I haven't been following very closely, but I think this is only the second or third in the series. This time around we get the ARRIVALS and GRABASS CHARLESTONS. I'm not sure how the GRABASS CHARLESTONS record is, but the ARRIVALS deliver some of their best material to date. This isn't your typical Midwest pop-punk. The ARRIVALS do away with the gruff vocals and simple song structure that so many other Midwest bands embrace. These songs have more of a rock 'n' roll feel to them, with clear, clean vocals that are a nice change of pace from what you might expect from a Chicago pop-punk band. I haven't heard the GRABASS half of this set, but I'd be willing to bet it's equally top-notch. (BD)
(Razorcake)

ASPIRIN – "We Do Painkilling to Your Anger" EP

Leave it to fucking Schizophrenic to crush me with new and exciting Japanese shits!! Total raging Japanese hardcore (good thing I'm half drunk on Asahi right fucking NOW!!) with insanity from the guitars—holy soloville! ASPIRIN is fast as shit, and the riffs owe heavily to classics like LIP CREAM or even thrash like ROSE ROSE. According to the brief history included instead of lyrics, these dudes have been kicking around Tokyo for about three years now, and all I can say is that *I want fucking more!* (WN)
(Schizophrenic)

ATOMIC ROAR – "Warfare Merchants" CD

First few lines of lyrics: "We went to Hell just for a trip / We made orgies with dead bitches / Just little girls with big tits..." EJECT. (VL)
(Crush Until Madness)

AURYN / PEREGRINE – "Green Scare Benefit" CD

Pennsylvanian hessians PEREGRINE lead off this metal attack. Sadly, their songs are too long, and sound like a bunch of parts thrown together, as opposed to actual songs. I had hope when the grind part started, but it was mislaid. The production is totally pro, also not a plus here. AURYN, out of Pittsburgh, fares somewhat better. You can tell they came (at least in part) out of the punk scene, though they have the same hyper-fast black metal riffing and the same problem of poorly constructed songs. The production is not as good, which is better in this case, giving them a hardcore sound. This release is, as the title notes, a benefit for people charged with "terrorist activity" related to the earth and animal liberation movements. I found it unfortunate that the bands' lyrics are partially unreadable due to the clever (sic) layout. Fans of the metal / hardcore sound might keep their eyes and ears open for AURYN's future releases, as their material is halfway to pretty good. (JM)
(Fuck City)

BASEBALL FURIES – "Throw Them to the Lions" LP

Had these boys down as MIA for the last couple of years, but it looks like Rambo fucked off to Chicago and done the job—good ol' Rambo. Anyways, the third long-player from the Big Windy Apple's finest exponents of disjointed garage. Less messy, more dark and controlled than the last two, with hints of early KILLING JOKE and EMPIRE, and memories of WARSAW, and even some post-punk stiffness of late-'80s Dischord records. Still clinging on to their garage roots by the skin of their teeth, whilst riding proud and high on the post-punk tidal wave. I do believe I have a contender for this year's top ten. Great. (SD)
(Big Neck)

BATTLETORN – "Reflect the Filth" LP

Knowing that this is BATTLETORN's last record, I can't help but feel bad for saying this, but this shit sucks. This is sub-grind crap with no hooks, no speed, and nothing for someone who's seriously into this style to sink their teeth into. I always had high hopes for this band since they were ex-ENEMY SOIL, but they have consistently disappointed since day one and this LP is just more of the same. Maybe if you have a scene haircut, tight pants, and an address in Brooklyn this means something to you, but to me it's a wasted half-hour. FYI, the B-side is a decent-sounding live recording of older songs that aren't any better. (AU)
(Mad at the World)

BATTLETORN – "Reflect the Filth" LP

I'm always excited to hear new BATTLETORN records. There's something about hearing metal punk vignettes that never gets old. The band has perfected this fragmented style of songwriting that isn't about making a "song" as much as it is hammering out loud, pounding, and fast metal punk. BATTLETORN has always managed to capture that bad-ass HELLHAMMER guitar tone and the drums. I can't express how much I love the sound of the drums. They're punishing. And Omid provides some awesome blackened shrieks for the studio tracks. Raw, stripped-down, fast (sans blasts), and just ripping. I've always felt like BATTLETORN fused hardcore (à la DAMAGE from NY or NEGATIVE FX) and punkish thrash . (ONSLAUGHT, ANNIHILATED, or SACRILEGE) really well. The A-side is new studio tracks while the B-side has a live set from a recent tour of Japan that captures the non-stop fifteen-minute assault of their live show pretty well. It's awesome to hear the crowd chant "BATTLETORN, BATTLETORN" and at the end hear the singer say, "ABIGAIL is up next." Love the artwork and insert as usual. Killer. (DB)
(Mad at the World)

BLACK FRIDAY 29 – "Black Friday 2009" CD

These guys had an EP out from Crucial Response a couple of years ago, which I liked quite a bit. It mixed elements of old school and modern hardcore in a way that really appealed to me. This full-length, on the other hand, loses any sort of old-school influence to focus solely on modern mosh-core. BLACK FRIDAY 29 is good at it, but it's not anything I'm interested in hearing, done well or not. A pity. (XV)
(Let It Burn)

BLACK SUNDAY – "Lights / Can't Keep My Hands Off You"

I've never even really liked SLEATER-KINNEY (*The Woods* was OK). BLACK SUNDAY sounds like that to me, at least the track "Lights" does. Not that it sounds like SLEATER-KINNEY, it just sounds like the accessible side of riot grrl—stuff that was a radio hit, not on MTV, but maybe possibly could have been there. It's kind of new-style garage, kind of '90s girl alterna-rock. "Can't Keep My Hands Off You" is a little better, roving more into weirdo '70s British pop music territory. I almost really like it, but then it goes on too long. Oh, and it's an ALICJA TROUT, project, for those of you in the know. (MM)
(Disordered / Red Lounge)

BLACK TIME / TY SEGALL—split LP

I have never paid much attention to TY SEGALL records, but have seen him play live a bunch, and this record is sort of at odds with what I remember.

He struck me as having a BILLY CHILDISH-esque, howling-white- boy blues style, —with his surf- punk roots showing—, but the first song on this reminded me of TYVEK!! Not like that's a bad thing, and after that he gets back down to business. This is super blown- out, primal garage doom—you can see why he's a Carolyn Keddy- approved one-man band.... The BLACK TIME side is totally killer also, like the ELEMENT OF CRIME 7" on Soul Static Sound, like CUPID CAR CLUB, with a nod to Mr. CHILDISH in there, too... In short, like a collision between all my favorite teenage 7"s. True and total destruction for the doomed youth. Shit like this is so much more engaging than some arch-bedroom-duke of wanna-make-it-so-bad boredom... BLACK TIME don't always put out compelling records, but the past few have been undeniable, and this split 12" is a great combination of sound. The covers are so apt too; the London- based BLACK TIME havehas some kids by a classic '60s council estate, California's own TY SEGALL has a pixilated surfer boy... (LG)
(Telephone Explosion)

BLUE JUNGLE – "Baby Don't Cry" LP

LA-based dream-goth band BLUE JUNGLE unravels some distant sounds born from films about teenagers in cutoffs falling in love. All that sounds lovely, but really this is just a mess. The members of BLUE JUNGLE sound like they are living a dream right out of a Francisca Lia Block novel. Those unfamiliar with Block (and I'm sure many *MRR* readers are, as they are modern-day melodramatic limp fairy tales for young adult readers) should know that she creates magical, fairy-esque settings out of unpleasant, difficult, and often dirty ideas. Like her novels, BLUE JUNGLE's songs are whimsical and sparse while feeling a little burned at both ends. Even the singer's name, Lately BlueBlu, sounds like a name straight off the tip of the author's pen. One would expect a band that tries to ape JESUS AND MARY CHAIN to have long, drawn-out songs, but suspiciously their tracks are short and sweet. Short songs usually mark that of a great artist, it's important to get to the point. It doesn't work for these kids. BLUE JUNGLE's songs just feel like a fragmented sentence that can't spit out any meaning. (AL)
(Anti Fiesta)

BOTOX RATS – "Modern Caesars" LP

London's BOTOX RATS must fancy themselves lustful gluttons based on the title of their album, the lyrics to their song "New Romans," and the way they present themselves in the photo on the back cover. But the way I see it, these wankers are neither modern Caesars nor new Romans, but just your typical douchebags of all ages. The music and lyrics are pure shit, which at least matches the brown vinyl. They're just R'n'R pretty-boys posing as something more interesting than some band playing a shitty dive bar, and they fail to pull it off. (MU)
(Meaty Beaty)

BUNNY SKULLS – "18 Song" EP

Wow, greatly surprised by this. Yes, 18 songs, but just a few blast-beats! Mostly ripping HC that reminded me at times of N.O.T.A. and THEthe STATE, as well as CROSSED OUT (maybe it's the one-to-two-sentence lyrics per song that reminded me of the latter). Sounds like it was recorded live on a four-track at a practice space. I like that. Songs range in themes from dudes wearing Hooters t-shirts to nuking Portland and its bands. Two things that irked me: the name (BUNNY SKULLS...really?), and the cover art—which is well done but obviously a rip on Pushead. Everything else was great. (VL)
(Punks Before Profits)

BURNT CROSS – "In Nature We Trust" EP

Fans of '80s UK anarcho / peace punk take note—BURNT CROSS just crossed a time warp and they are here to fly the flag of anthemic, politically charged melodic punk. The vocals (and lyrics) are the highlight here, appealing to the lowest common denominator in the same way as classic bands like SUBHUMANS and CRASS... I realize that those are lofty comparisons, and I certainly do not think that BURNT CROSS reaches that status, but their delivery is certainly comparable. These are infectious tunes, so catchy that not only did I forget the drum machine, I fucking forgot it was there before the first song was over. How good is this record? I have already fired off an email to the label, ordering myself copies of the first two BURNT CROSS EPs. (WN)
(Tadpole)

BUZZER – "Teachers Pet / Stunning Freak"

All right, these guys will talk your ears off with coked-out yammering about how they sound like CHROME or NEU!, claiming they don't play punk but "tropical frost" (they aren't being ironic), but this sounds like some bizarre, mutated glam group who discovered punk in 1978 but also had Andy Jordan in the band. This is a double A-side—labels don't say that but I do, and I'm a goddamn tastemaker trendsetter *top rocker*, so all you stupid lunks listen up and shell out some clams for this creeper. (BB)
(Tic Tac Totally)

CARCASS GRINDER / LOW FAT – split CD

Veterans CARCASS GRINDER, from Nagasaki, Japan, are back with four tracks alternating between blurred HC and grindcore. Heavy and fucking brutal. What's great about these Japanese grind bands is that even though they put out a lot of records and CDs, all their releases have some absolutely killer songs with great riffs. LOW FAT, if I understand the press release correctly, is made up of Japanese nationals living in Thailand. They have more of a straightforward, detuned approach to HC. Riffs are good and the guitars have a cool metal crunch to them. They also contribute four songs. Cool split. (VL)
(MCR)

CDCP – "040 Hatebrigade" CD

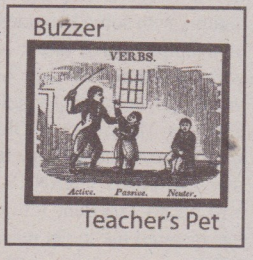
COMPLETE DRUNX & CHAOS PUNX is a Swedish crew that is apparently sick of living in a "Suicide Slavestate" and is bent on making punk a threat again. Their music is all over the place, with pop-punk and Oi! Iinfluences, in the vein of later CASUALTIES records evident in some songs, and generic hardcore riffs dominating others. (DA)
(Switchlight)

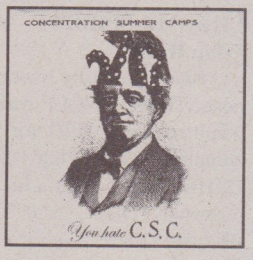
CHILD BITE / THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY – split EP

I've heard a lot of good things about THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY and most seem to be true. Ex-BASSHOLES playing creatively revved-up (non-cringe-worthy) garage / punk / arty / metallic rock with some DEVO-style keys. Although it's not metal at all...which I think I'm explicitly stating to reassure myself that this isn't bad, because I'm really not enjoying it all that much. The music itself probably doesn't sound as lame or off-putting as my description of it. It's not really punk, not really metal—it's interesting, really well played, and not at all bad. A BAD DUDES reference is appropriate. The CHILD BITE side isn't all that different from the flip. It defies description. Not my thing, but it definitely has its moments. (P$)
(Forge Again)

BILLY CHILDISH – "Archive from 1959: The Billy Childish Story" 2xCD

Wow. This is a fantastic two-disco overview of the





genius sound of BILLY CHILDISH, from the POP RIVETS, through the MILK SHAKES, the DELMONAS, THEE MIGHTY CEASARS, THEE HEADCOATES and HEADCOATEES, right up to the BUFF MEDWAYS and his current outfit, the MBEs. There's a smattering of random kitchen table outtakes, demos, TV show performances, 7" stormers, solo stuff, and obscure side projects, so while this is a greatest hits of sorts it's pretty fucking comprehensive! BILLY CHILDISH's recorded output could easily take over your entire record collection, and I would recommend this for all who are about to head somewhere up the coast and need a soundtrack, for those beaten down by life who need a sign that things are gonna be all right... It's a magnificent selection of classics and obscure gems—the French version of the DELMONAS' "Feel Like Giving In" is a mix-tape staple; who knew it was from a Belgian TV show? BILLY CHILDISH is a thorn in the side of the cultural canon, a subversive traditionalist for turgid times. (LG)
(Damaged Goods)

THE CHROME CRANKS – "The Murder of Time (1993-1996)" CD

The CHROME CRANKS always seemed to me to be one of those under-appreciated bands that got lost in the glut of '90s garage rock. They never fit neatly into the scene, so to speak, or maybe it was *too* neatly. But listening to these recordings many years later, it is easy to see that it was a really weird thing to happen. There are so many amazing songs here. I tried to decipher the organization behind this compilation and it seems to be select tracks off the band's three studio albums with some live tracks. The songs chosen are all exemplary. The music is '60s-influenced garage with rockabilly stylings and a bit of punk. The vocals go between sounding like TELEVISION-era Tom Verlaine and Greg Cartwright—intense, soulful, and enchanting. If you have never heard the CHROME CRANKS, *The Murder of Time* will be an excellent introduction. This collection has inspired me to get reacquainted with their LPs. (CK)
(Bang!)

CHROME SPIDERS – "Black Butterfly / The Whip Hand"

"Black Butterfly" sounds kind of like some post-STEPPENWOLF hard-rawkin' that might've qualified for a *KBD* (or not, depending on the compiler). "The Whip Hand" is kind of like the OTHER HALF with a bit of BLACK SABBATH thrown in. (DD)
(Big Neck)

THE CHROMOSOMES / THE TARJAS – split EP

Initially, I found the CHROMOSOMES from Italy to be the far better band. They offer two fast and melodic songs that could have been taken straight from a '90s California punk album on Lookout! Records. These guys rock a great, dirty guitar sound along with catchy and melodic vocals! Definite thumbs up from me!! On the other side however, the TARJAS took a little more work for me to appreciate...but in all fairness, they were being directly compared to the CHROMOSOMES. The TARJAS have a choppier, faster, and more hardcore sound and sing in their native Finnish, but by the second or third play I was starting to bop my head to it with some help from their Finnish-language version of "The KKK Took My Baby Away." I'm not actually sure if the lyrics were a direct translation or their own spin, but it's good! The TARJAS fly through four songs on their side to complete an enjoyable split 7". (ML)
(Killer)

THE CLASH – "On Broadway Outtakes" LP

I put this on thinking, "another fucking CLASH bootleg, snore..." but despite the shitty mastering job and the familiarity of most of these songs, I was quite taken by these different versions, most of which I haven't heard. I'm not a CLASH completist by any stretch of the imagination and I'm sure most of this stuff has probably appeared on other boots and official reissues. I wouldn't say you should run out and buy this, but it does contain some amped-up versions of classics like "1977" and "White Riot" as well as a perfect example of Paul Simonon's bass style on "Know Your Rights." Be forewarned though, you will want to skip Joe Strummer's version of "King of the Road," although the track of the band singing along to the VILLAGE PEOPLE on a Boston radio show is something they probably wish had never seen the light of day (someone from the band yells something about faggots, and they change the chorus to "Why Are You Gay?")... (AM)
(bootleg, no address)

COKE ROCKET / SINGING DOGS – split EP

COKE ROCKET pushes out two tracks of faster-paced, keyboard-flavored, female-backed power-pop / new wave. As the father of a young girl with a unibrow, I'm not sure I find their "Unibrow Clan" song very funny, but the songs are well done and catchy. SINGING DOGS is a little more aggressive, with a heavier, pounding style. It's also a little busy for my taste. (KK)
(Primitive)

CONCENTRATION SUMMER CAMPS – "You Hate CSC" EP

Nice to see the Euros keeping the '90s Rip-Off vibe alive! Super raw, snotty garage punk that sounds like some of my favorite old bands such as the RIP-OFFS, STIPJES, PROBLEMATICS, etc. They made the center hole too big, so it all sounds a bit wobbly, but I get the gist. Nuthin' groudbreaking, but it works. (TB)
(Discos Humeantes)

CRO-MAGS – "Age of Quarrel Demos" LP

The demo versions of these songs seem to have been pulled from the highly collectable bootleg 10" for this booty-looking 12". Even though this bootleg sounds like a really old warbly cassette and is basically a cheap copy of the 10", the brilliance of *Age of Quarrel* manages to shine through—as if it wouldn't. These recordings have the distinction of being rawer and just more cult-sounding. This 12" version has some extra live tracks from the Ritz in 1986. The live tracks sound better than the boot. JJ especially sounds great. I don't think I'd buy this for over 15 bucks, which is probably what this orange slab of vinyl is going for—I'll just wait to obtain the 10" pressing someday. (DB)
(bootleg, no address)

THE CRUCIALS – "Give Me a Keg of Beer" CD

By-the-book retro garage, taking in the Hammond stomp of some of their frat-boy rock faves mixed up with a little of that '50s rock 'n' roll. Too predictable for my harsh buds, but I guess some of those still stuck in the punk rock Fonzie days of the '90s will dig it. (SD)
(Kaiser)

CUTE LEPERS / DISCO LEPERS / THE LURCHING LEPER – split EP

This is a sick and twisted, yet oddly wonderful three-way split 7" from London's finest punk rock 'n' roll label No Front Teeth Records! The sick and twisted part is hands-down due to the B-side from the DISCO LEPERS with songs such as "Epileptic Sex," "Teenage Menopause," and "Nazi Tampons." Obnoxious lyrical content aside (which isn't a bad thing), DISCO LEPERS crank out five chaotic and catchy songs on one side of a 7" record!! Snotty vocals courtesy of Vinny Typhoid, one of Marco NFT's many rock 'n' roll alter-egos, combined with the rest of the band's fast and choppy, buzzsaw punk rock with lots of howling choruses and sneering back-up vocals. Check these guys out if you claim to be a punk!! And back on the A-side, the CUTE LEPERS blow me away with their amazing and appealing power-pop / punk rock 'n' roll on "Young Hearts." To me, Steve E. Nix and his CUTE LEPERS have blown his previous work with the BRIEFS out of the water. I absolutely love the vocal arrangements from the trio of female back-up singers, in addition to the infectious guitar leads from Steve E. and the driving bass and drums from Kicks and Josh respectively. If you ever get the chance, *go see this band live*! And just to further prove his endless talents, Steve E. Nix has recorded a song as a one-man band called THE LURCHING LEPER. "Death by Magazine" is a quick and quirky song with a new wave feel to it and it reminds me a lot of the JEFFIE GENETIC solo album from Dirtnap a few years ago. Overall, this 7" covers a lot of ground, and every bit of it, from the music to the artwork, is awesome! If you are still reading this review, then it's obviously held your interest and I would highly recommend that you get this record... (ML)
(No Front Teeth)

CUT IN THE HILL GANG – "Hung Up" LP

Interesting mix of rootsy rock that sounds somewhat like if some Medway scene luminaries had a major FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS influence; not that this sounds primarily BURRITOS-esque, but there's an underlying quality in the way the fuzzed-up blues / country / etc. licks are transmogrified into rock that makes them an easy reference point. There's a tendency towards bar band-itude at a few points that balances out (and is balanced out by) the hard psych aspects that also crop up. In other words, pretty good shit. (DD)
(The Little Room)

CUT THE REINS – "Man Made Dust" CD

This Irish hardcore band is not an easy one to pigeonhole, but I'd say they sound like some dudes who love the cogent lyrics of anarchist and (some) crust bands, but dig the sounds of new school, melodic hardcore just as much. The music on this album heavily leans toward the latter, but the astounding lyrics match the best of any band found on Mortarhate. I read along through the whole thing before even starting this review, which says a lot since I'm not really a huge fan of the new hardcore sounds (obligatory screamed back-up vocals, some nods to metal, etc.). The music on here is well played though, so it's hard for me to knock this just because I'm not crazy about the tunes. If you have any tolerance for melodic 'core, then definitely check this out. (BG)
(self-released)

DC SNIPERS – "Reaction" LP

Woah. DC SNIPERS releases come few and far between. Last time we heard from this New York band was on their now-out-of-print split 7" with the TAMPOFFS. That was easily their best outing, until they unleashed this monster. While their earlier records had a well-suited sleaze factor working through their '70s punk worship— whipping you into a frenzy while singing about Richard Speck and romping through other familiar territory—*Reaction* is…not toned down, but maybe grown-up a little. They're not playing nearly as fast as on their split with the SHOPFRONTS, or rather, not playing fast for the sake of playing fast, but the songs are essentially the same, except tighter, smarter, better. Some songs have a similarly brilliant short, sharp attack and call / response singing that made the REDS so awesome. Let some songs stew for a few years and you have an absolutely great album. Limited to 400 copies. (IS)
(Daggerman)

THEE DEAD CLODETTES—"Je Cherche un Garçon" EP

WOWWow, this band is great! Three French girls in a garage with a NIXE or even KLEENEX feel to it—such a good combination of sounds… The song writing is so top-notch, this is easily one of the best seven inches7"s I have heard so far this year. The interplay between the instruments is so interesting yet basic;, I think the way the guitar and bass sound together is what reminds me of KLEENEX. It's so classically punk-sounding, like something that coulda come out in '77 or '81, except it's happening now. I think this band has two 7"s, the first one I liked OK, but this one is so good! Seriously, if you like super raw girl punk bands like the PETTICOATS or the first WILMA 7", you need this seven inch. (LG)
(Lipstick Pickup)

DEAD UNICORN – "Yellowstone Supervolcano" CD

This duo is just bass and drums with the two splitting vocal duties. Most of the songs begin with lengthy samples and go into rhythms that are all over the place but generally settle in metal or noise rock territory. Vocals range from sounding like NICKELBACK to science fiction villains. (DG)
(Music for End Times / Glacial / Peterwalkee)

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR – "Our Glory Days" EP

So, no kidding, this is the first time I've heard DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR and I must admit I had some pre-conceived notions of what I may be hearing when I dropped the needle. I noticed a BRUSIERS cover (a fucking plus), but I am unfortunately ever-skeptical of BRIDGE NINE releases and wasn't so into the prospect of hearing this EP. That being the case, I soon came to find out the two original tracks on the A-side are to be released on the upcoming full-length by these guys (What the fuck? Booo!). But we do get a chance to buy an *exclusive* cover song *and* a super-limited 7" of 1,000 records. Lucky us, I'll take two. But I digress…the music is fast, tough Boston HC with cool breakdowns and a knowhow of relevant hardcore / street punk. A little too generic, but at least it's hardcore…right B9? (RM)
(Bridge Nine)

DEATHSKIN RAZORS – "Hearse City USA" EP

For some reason, I guessed DEATHSKIN RAZORS were from either Ohio or upstate NY, and they appear to be from Detroit, which isn't too far off. The band seems like they're working within the framework of modern hardcore, including drawn-out intros and moshy breakdowns, but is too restless and alienated to follow the formula even if they wanted to. The unpolished recording lends itself well to what DEATHSKIN RAZORS has come up with, and they also employ my favorite kind of in-the-red, abrasive, high-pitched vocals (think NINE SHOCKS TERROR, RNR, or the JURY to name a few) to back it all up. (DG)
(self-released)

DESTRUCTORS 666 – "Pow! That's Killmusik 666 Volume One: Revision" CD

This is a collection of these English fuckers' split 7"s, released (or at least recorded) from 2006-'08. They play revved-up bar rock, which isn't quite wild enough to get me juiced. There are good parts here and there, some pretty raging bridges between the second chorus and the third verse, but I lack the patience or desire to wait through the (mostly) better-than-average material preceding it. Average bar rock, of course, is shit. I can see how they would be better live, and I'm sure once you're eight pints in, it all comes together. I would recommend this CD to drunks who are already stoked on the band. (JM)
(Rowdy Farrago)

DETONATE – LP

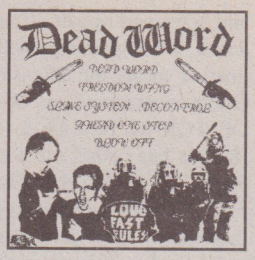
The guitars and bass sound good and the vocals are well enough up front, but the drums aren't that powerful and seem a little too clear. I guess I'd want them to sound louder or just have a different tone. Musically I'm inclined to compare DETONATE to DETESTATION, which seems like a cheap comparison because they both have female singers, but the vocals do resemble each other stylistically. The music is pretty solid D-beat-ish hardcore. It's nothing groundbreaking but whatever. The songs are pretty much all the same speed, and I like the tempo, but the lack of variation gets a little old. Aesthetically I think the record could use an overhaul. The design seems too dependent on computerized graphics and predictable imagery, but as far as the music goes, I can dig. (DB)
(Distort Reality)

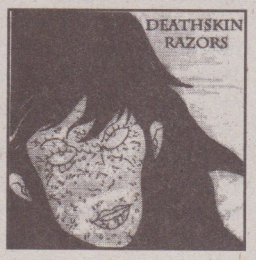
DEXKONCIERTO – "Resistiendo la Dexintegracion" CD

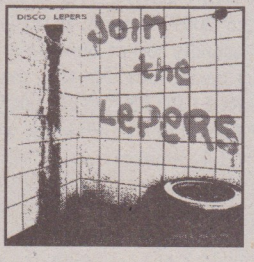
Cool, this is some '80s-style thrash / hardcore from Medellín, Colombia. DEXKONCIERTO is pretty raw sounding, which is fine because they're playing in a style that sounds best without glossy production. If this was from 25 or 30 years ago it would probably be more interesting to me, but this has been done so many times before that even a pretty good band is bound to get lost in the shuffle. (XV)
(Rob the Rich)

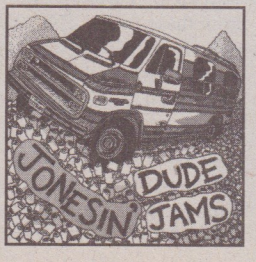
DFC / STOLEN LIVES – split EP

If nothing else, the late-'00s crossover thrash revival at least means we get record covers with a Jabba the Hutt-looking dude driving a bulldozer into army of attacking zombie punks wearing flipped-back INFEST baseball hats and CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER t-shirts. DFC from Brazil delivers six tracks of precision metal-riffed thrash with crunchy breaks and twisted









and screamed vocals. Unmistakably Brazilian in attack, it is high-energy with rampaging drums and gnarled vocals, but deigns to crossover as depicted on the cover more than '80s Brazil. Which RATOS DE PORÃO records do you like better—early '80s or late '80s? Ah, I thought so. The Czech Republic's STOLEN LIVES' three tracks are tech-metal hardcore with throttling, quick drums driving their quirky speed-fest. The guitars are thinned out to be overly technical, so there's little heaviness as hoarse vocals spit out over the top. This proficiency in playing is markedly evident, but it steals a lot of the impact of the raw outburst of this kind of music. Still makes for a fun split. (KS)
(Phobia / TPC / Hard Core Attack / Crapoulet / Waking the Dead / Trenchcore / Aback)

DIGITAL LEATHER – "Fresh Secrets" EP

I have only ever listened to this band because Martin went through an obsession when their first 12" came out, but I remember that record having a dark / heavy synth- punk feel. This, however, makes me sad that this seven inchit is gonna be green -taped and kept forever in the *Maximum Rocknroll* collection. The title track sounds like a more lo-fi ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARKOMD—like something that should have been on the soundtrack for *Less Than Zero,* or some other weak '80s reproduction youth culture disaster. The B-side hits us with some of the most saccharine lady vocals, with —the magical tones of someone who should be singing in the background of a Tampax ad, or performing at a mall. She's part of a turgid duet entitled "Happily Ever After" which is as lyrically vile and insipid lyrically as it sounds. The music on both of the songs on the B-side leans towards shakey electro bedroom desperation,; probably if you are a Term-Bro you'll find some magic in this soundd, somehow. But speaking as someone who owns records by the NORMAL and the UNITS, someone who's not exactly a D-beat all the time *MRR* reviewer stereotype, I couldn't find anything of value in this piece of plastic. (LG)
(Red Lounge)

DIMPLES – "Council Bluffs" LP

You know what this sounds exactly like? Like '67 ROLLING STONES became an art punk band in 2009. I mean, it really fucking does. This is actually sort of blowing my mind, in a weird way. I mean, fuck. No shit, they're not as *good* as the ROLLING STONES, but you know what I mean? Fuck, I don't even know what I mean. (BB)
(Holy Smoke)

DIRECT CONTROL – "Farewell" LP

Fuck yes! DIRECT CONTROL comes steaming out of Virginia to deliver this crazed opus! The *Farewell* LP on Feral Ward is brute -force punk with all the nastiness that you have come to expect from these fucks! This blistering LP hammers you right from the get -go with "Lion's Den.". This thrasher sets the tone for the *fFarewell* LP. DIRECT CONTROL sings: "I hate all the things I see / Death, greed and poverty / What's wrong with the world? / Trapped in a fuckin' maze / Media's got us in a daze / Nothing me and you can do.". Fuck yes! We plow through "Mortality,", "Fear Oof Death – Fear Oof Life,", "Hollywood Secrets,", "No Change" Aabout Ppanhandlers," and "Public Safety" with lyrics like this: "Our lives are in the hands of the world leaders / Selfish assholes that care if we live or die.". Side B continues to rage with "Laid Tto Waste,", "De-educate,", "Getting Closer," and "Farewell" (written by Mikey Offender). This record is a good slice of music to exit with DIRECT CONTROL keeping their pissed -off attitude they've shown throughout their career. This is a fitting tribute to the life of Mikey Offender. (BR)
(Feral Ward)

DIRECT CONTROL – "Farewell" LP

Fuck yes! DIRECT CONTROL comes steaming out of Texas to deliver their crazed swan song! The "Farewell" LP on Feral Ward is brute force punk with all the nastiness that you have come to expect from these fucks! This blistering LP hammers you right from the get-go with "Lion's Den." This thrasher sets the tone for the farewell LP. DIRECT CONTROL sing: "I hate all the things I see / Death, greed and poverty / What's wrong with the world? / Trapped in a fuckin' maze / Media's got us in a daze / Nothing me and you can do". Fuck yes! We plow through "Mortality," "Fear Of Death – Fear Of Life", "Hollywood Secrets", "No Change About Panhandlers" and "Public Safety" with lyrics like this: "Our lives are in the hands of the world leaders / Selfish assholes that don't care if we live or die". Side B continues to rage with "Laid To Waste," "De-educate," "Getting Closer" and "Farewell" (written by Mikey Offender). This record is a good slice of music for DIRECT CONTROL to exit with, keeping their pissed off attitude throughout their career. It is great to see a band retire at the top of their game. (BR)
(Feral Ward)

DIRTY FILTHY MUGS – "Half-Pint" CD

A decent street-punk band that includes the bass player from the old SoCal unit THE GAIN. For the drinkers and the fighters, six anthems with rough vocals and a Brit punk influence. Oi! (RL)
(Brrapp)

THE DISCREET DOLL BAND – "Talking in My Sleep" EP

This is not bad, but not great. As an eternal optimist, I always like to focus on the good things in life, and overall I liked the DISCREET DOLL BAND, however I think that with a little more time to develop their songwriting these guys could seriously rock! The biggest stumbling block for me was either the songs were too long to the point that they dragged a bit, or this should only have been a two-song 45 rpm single instead of a four-song 33 rpm EP. These guys have the chops and all kinds of rock 'n' roll licks to fill an entire album I'm sure, but sometimes "less is more" in my humble opinion. I hear all kinds of great influences like the STOOGES and the DEAD BOYS and even a little bit of early, early, early JOY DIVISION (e.g. WARSAW-era) at times! All in all, a rockin' 7", but I think I'd rather be downing a few beers in a dark bar with these guys kickin' some ass on the stage! (ML)
(Rich Bitch)

DOG FACED HERMANS – "Hum of Life" LP

It's been a while since I've put *Hum of Life* on. I think maybe it's DOG FACED HERMANS' best offering. It's certainly the record where Colin's bass and Wilf's drums finally meshed into the perfect propulsive, distorted death-disco backdrop for Andy's shattered, chiming non-guitar guitar sounds and Marion's impassioned vocals and trumpetß. One of my favorite parts of seeing them live (which I did a lot around the time this record came out) was the moment in "Jan 9" when Andy switched from guitar to viola for the hyper-speed gypsy folk crescendo. It always seemed to be touch and go if he would actually make the switch quickly enough to come back in to the song on time, but of course he always did. I don't understand why this band doesn't get as much recognition as fellow travelers (and member-borrowers) THE EX—they were every bit as good, if not more so. I know that my life was changed for the better by this band. If you're looking for a life-changing experience, their music has been lovingly reissued Mississippi Records, just for you. (AM)
(Mississippi)

DUDE JAMS / JONESIN' – split EP

JONESIN' reminds me a wee bit of a more melodic SUBMACHINE—hard and tough yet catchy…I guess there's a drop of Gainesville in there too, which is especially evident in the second track. JONESIN', judging from these two tracks anyway, is good. DUDE JAMS (aside from having a Top 100 bad band name) is a very nice wall of noise that bounces around and implores one to shake it,..very catchy and loud. Their two songs here are called "Shit Fit" and "Dumb Fuck." Gotta like that, gotta like DUDE JAMS. (AD)
(Muy Authentico / Dirt Cult)

THE DUEL – "Childish Behaviour" 2 x CD

I always hate the thought of being that asshole reviewer that tears things apart, 'cause I know that if someone took the time to release something, it meant enough to them to put in the time and the effort (and the money) to do so…but I think that I have no other choice with this one. First let me say this,: who the hell releases a double-CD of which the second disc is all weird acoustic mixes and out-takes? Seriously?? Unless you are a band with a massive following that people will buy any drivel that you put your name on, there is *no* excuse for doing this!! Looking at their MySpace *(the* authority of all things, haha!), it appears that the DUEL has been around for a few years now and is quite active, if nothing else. With plenty of show dates and tours all across the UK and Europe including some killer festivals, they are trying to make it in the same crowd as the VIBRATORS, the ADVERTS, the SLITS, UK SUBS, etc. Personally, they sound like a bad '80s rock band masquerading as a "punk" band to me. With the female vocals, you might be able to compare them to the AVENGERS or something like that, but even that is a stretch…
(ML)
(Ffruk)

ELECTRO CHIAC THERAPIE / RECLUSIVE MUTE – split EP

RECLUSIVE MUTE just sounds like Les Claypool trying to impersonate Lux Interior while fronting WALL OF VOODOO, so let's not

spend time on that—*reaaallllyyyy* not worth it. ELECTRO CHIAC THERAPIE is really good though. Like if GINA X PERFORMANCE or possibly the NORMAL were riot grrl bands—kind of amazing. They hasve three songs with minimal lyrics that are screeched bored-ly over weirdo blown-out electronics. I like it, but the RECLUSIVE MUTE side makes this kind of a bummer. (MM)
(The Radiator Family)

EMPTY GRAVE – "Abandoned" LP

Although compared more than once to the GERMS, this LP is only superficially similar. The aggressive, high-velocity guitar riffing is tight, and the high treble mix creates a punishing HC sound; you can capture a hint of Darby Crash's intense vocal sound in "Burnt Out" and a few other tracks. Though *Abandoned* is a notable improvement on the past, EMPTY GRAVE shines when their manic side comes to the fore. Fans of melodic punk may not find this to their liking, but the record definitely improves with familiarity. Above-average. (SS)
(Absent)

ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH / MOUTHBREATHER – split EP

I think this is the third ENVIRONMENTAL YOUTH CRUNCH record I've reviewed in the last year or so, and I must say I always appreciate their not-too-serious approach to their music. If you haven't heard them before, they play catchy punk that doesn't seem to dwell on negativity, rather uses it in a more humorous manner. I also like that they can poke fun at their own songs—this time around they opt out of including lyrics to one of the songs explaining that, "If you read the lyrics…the song would be even worse." Kudos to you, gentlemen. MOUTHBREATHER is less poppy with more of a straightforward, slightly hardcore sound. The somewhat wordy lyrics delivered with a screamier voice add a feeling of gravity to the already gloomier music. (BD)
(Rorschach)

ESKORBUTO / R.I.P. – split LP

The ESKORBUTO / R.I.P. *Zona Especial Norte* split is about as classic as it gets—some of the best hardcore ever put to tape. It's hard to dissect a record when all of the sounds have been unavoidably locked in your brain for years. I can play these songs in my head without physically hearing them. So yeah, it's *that good*. This reissue is well done and long overdue. It isn't plagued by the all -too -pervasive urge to cram all the songs on one side in order to tack on a bunch of unnecessary live and demo tracks. The track list and artwork are thankfully exact reproductions of the original (although the colors of the cover art are slightly muted on the reissue),, while the mastering is improved, and the new version contains a nice booklet with lots of photos and both bands' tumultuous histories written in Spanish and English. For those that have never heard these Basque bands, you're in for a treat. ESKORBUTO plays hardcore punk that is all at once catchy, dark, and tense. The passion of their vicious attacks on their government and social world is felt with every word and chord, and their nihilistic, bleak stance just as relatable today as it was in 1983. Their sound is evocative of hardcore in its nascent stages, but played by folks with the ability to write infinitely memorable hooks. R.I.P. is faster and a bit more primal than ESKORBUTO, but nonetheless effective in delivering their inflammatory message. Their sound is rooted in the heyday of hardcore, and is decidedly post-DISCHARGE but not the mimicking variety. While the bands have distinctly different styles, they compliment each other really well and oddly enough the liner notes say it was happenstance that this material ended up being compiled into a split. Buy this now or regret it forever. (CI)
(Munster)

EXUSAMWA – "Please Allow Me to Introduce Myself" CD

EXUSAMWA ranges from blown-out noise thrashers with high-pitched vocals to minimal, way-too-long blahblahblahs. Imagine if DEERHOOF, MELT BANANA, and STEREOLAB took turns writing songs and recorded them on a boombox. The frantic 50-second freak-outs are pretty good, but the vocals get on my nerves the same way Satomi's do. And then, all the sudden, there's nearly three minutes of ambient noise and whistling. Not good. And the cover art? Creepy stuff of my nightmares. All together it's just, almost…but, nah. (MM)
(100% Breakfast, no info)

FLIGHT – "Flowers / Johnny's Mixed Up"

The A-side is slow-paced, distorted garage pop with a nice hook. The B-side isn't too much of a departure from the A-side except the hook's not as memorable. Should have an appeal that's pretty comparable to that of the other Sweet Rot 7" that came in this month by WOVEN BONES. If you're into a lot of the Hozac stuff or music that will likely be covered in the current permutations of the nowidefunct *Let's Get Hurt* column, FLIGHT might be something you'd be into. (P$)
(Sweet Rot)

FOR THE WIN – "The Black and the Blue" CD

Melodic hardcore that ranges from RANCID-esque punk to a screaming STRIKE ANYWHERE. FOR THE WIN is okOK; certainly not on the aforementioned bands' levels. Still, for a new band, worth checking out if you like the rough production. A co-release with Asian Man. (RL)
(Solidarity / Asian Man)

FUNERAL ORATION – "The Godsend" LP

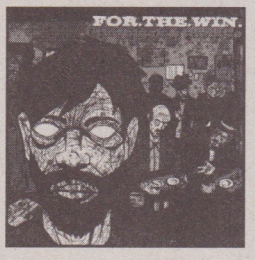
The Godsend is FUNERAL ORATION's second demo, whichthat some mysterious folks saw fit to bootleg. Honestly, despite their being bootleg scum and all, I have to commend whoever did this for having foresight to release obscure material that is actually deserving of vinyl treatment even though I'd rather see a legit issue of it. The packaging is bootleg -quality cardboard with glued-on photocopied paper containing photos and a track list, but the sound is well-above bootleg average and the songs are great. FUNERAL ORATION is one of Europe's foremost melodic hardcore bands. Their music is slightly reminiscent of California's more melodic first generation hardcoreHC bands (i.e. DESCENDENTS, REBEL TRUTH, SOCIAL UNREST, IMPATIENT YOUTH, etc.),, and it's undeniable that there's are hints of early HÜSKER DÜ in the mix too, but FUNERAL ORATION blended their influences to make a unique sound for the era. The drumming is mostly blisteringly fast, and the vocals are sung over alternating fast power chords and picked minor chords. These sixteen songs prove that these guys had a massive influence on the birth of pop -punk and although I think FUNERAL ORATION is great I still can't justify paying more than $10 for a copy considering that it's a cheaply produced bootleg. (CI)
(bootleg)

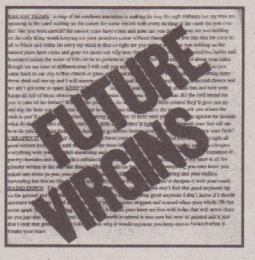
FUNERAL SHOCK – "California's Dead / Petty Motherfuckers"

Featuring personnel from CAPITALIST CASUALTIES and others, this 45 updates the late-'80s LA sound with a pair of raw, raspy hardcore numbers—mid-speed but urgent. The A-side is somewhat faster, with guitar riff breaks coming into the mix at regular intervals. Comes in a limited edition of 50 on white wax, followed by a pressing of 500 disks in black. Decent. (SS)
(Tankcrimes)

FUTURE VIRGINS – "Easiest Years" EP

Oh, FUTURE VIRGINS, the latest darlings of the DIY pop-





punk community. About two years ago, it seemed like everyone and their brother was talking about this band and their two *amazing* singles. And ever since then, they've been privy to the most hype a pop -punk band can get without having Billy Joe Armstrong or Blake Schwarzenbach as a member. They balance just the right amount of bouncy, catchy pop with just the right amount of dirty, fast rock 'n' roll. And the lyrics are kind of snotty and kind of gruff, but never too much of one thing. Admittedly, those two singles were really good. Their split with ONION FLAVORED RINGS was OK, but the ONION FLAVORED RINGS side stole the show. And now, this is the first batch of tunes they offer up in almost two years, and yet again this shit is really good—like top-ten-of-the-year good (that is, if you like pop-punk). Five songs on this slab of vinyl and every one is the jam, especially "Radio Down"—solid song right there. I hate to be one that joins in the chorus in praising a band, but FUTURE VIRGINS deserve it. They're one of the best pop -punk bands playing right now on this side of the Pacific. The songs are instantly catchy and just get better the more you listen. (FS)
(Plan-it-X South)

GAWJ – "So Far Away From Giving a Fuck We Can't Be Seen" EP

Speedy necro-sounding metal and hardcore from New Zealand. GAWJ mixes things up a good bit, combining the nihilistic sounds of some '80s thrash with speedy grind and touches of Japanese fastcore. Lyrics are a dark view of the world. Reminds me a lot of fast, mid-'80s metal bands with hardcore influences, that had nothing to do with crossover. (MH)
(Idoneum Bello)

THE GODDAM GALLOWS – "Ghost of th' Rails" CD

Wow! I'm honestly not much of a fan of "country punk," but the GODDAM GALLOWS just might be the band to change my mind about the genre! I don't think that these guys are doing too much that is unique or original, but they are doing it bloody well! The musical composition includes thumping upright bass, twangy guitar, snappy drumming, and some occasional banjo, accordion, and even a washboard and mouth-harp at times, and it's all backing up some strong, crooning vocals! I like it! I don't have too much to reference in comparison, but at times with the banjo it almost has a feeling of the POGUES done in an American country style! I would even be so bold as to compare them to TOM WAITS at times. I'd totally check these guys out if they ever pass through SF. Hit me up if you do, guys... (ML)
(GBC)

GODSTOMPER / XANAXFEAST – split EP

Is GODSTOMPER the longest running bass / drum powerviolence band on Earth? Yeah, I think so. I'm not sure when BIZARRE X started, but I'm pretty sure GODSTOMPER has been at this shit for over fifteen years. Perhaps they are mellowing, but their side of this split goes like this: slow, quiet, distortion-free, bass-only intro, followed by a mid-tempo one-note jam that goes, "She didn't have no curfew." (Maybe it's, "Satan has no curfew"? I can't really tell, and GODSTOMPER isn't big on lyrics, you dig?). This goes into the second song that starts like the first, then falls apart into noisy, lo-fi powerviolence into a long, plodding, repetitive, distorted electronic track. So that's GODSTOMPER. XANAXFEAST is a disjointed, noisy mess with a bass and sometimes a drum machine—total bedroom four-track action. (WN)
(Must Play Fast)

GONE TO CROATOAN – "They" EP

I think I'm a little bit in love with Eolian Records. They're a bit on the arty/experimental side without coming across as pretentious, they focus on fairly obscure local (Portland, OR) underground acts, and they put out some killer bands like RABBITS, the CYSTS, CITY OF CHURCHES, and now GONE TO CROATOAN. This bass / drum duo is pretty weird. They alternate blasts of grind with moaning, singing, and general sonic weirdness. In the wrong hands, that combination could produce some real unlistenable shit, but for these guys the formula works surprisingly well. GONE TO CROATOIAN is pretty killer live as well. (XV)
(Eolian)

GOVERNMENT WARNING – "Executed" EP7"

It took me a listen or two to get into this. The first song begins slow, with vocals that are snarled in a way that strays from the snotty style of past records, but it gradually metamorphoses into the fast hardcore that these dudes are known for. At least for a second, they break away from '80s Boston-influenced hardcore to create a more unique hardcore sound. These songs are definitely not sticking in my brain the way the super catchy riffs on *"No Moderation"* and *"No Way Out"* did, but it's still a pretty good release that follows closely in the footsteps of *"Paranoid Mess."* (DA)
(Grave Mistake / No Way)

GRABASS CHARLESTONS – "Gone Fishin'" EP

Ha ha, of course the guys from Gainesville would write a song about fishing... —tThree new songs and a cover from GRABASS CHARLESTONS on this 7". Good stuff, pretty solidly in line with their previous output; no surprises here if you've listened to them before. They fit real well in that whole Gainesville sound,—you know, "fat guy with a beard and baseball cap" punk (even though no members of the band look like that, but you know that style). This record has some interesting guitar stuff. It's good and recommended if you're into stuff No Idea Records puts out, or ADD Records, or the band TILTWHEEL, and if you like all three, get this record right now. (FS)
(Razorcake)

THE HARD-ONS WITH NEIL HAMBURGER – "American Exports" EP

The HARD-ONS are joined by America's funnyman NEIL HAMBURGER on vocals for four tunes, including a cover of "Six Pack" by BLACK FLAG. The music is a traditional cover of the classic song from LA's best and HAMBURGER provides his traditional annoying voice and delivery over the song. It's exactly what you would expect, and if that sounds cool to you, then you will dig this record. I personally think it sounds terrible and would prefer to be listening to any of HAMBURGER's albums from the past few years, which were not funny or even slightly amusing. (MU)
(Red Lounge)

HARD SKIN – "Same Meat, Different Gravy" LP

Man, it's only been a few years since *Same Meat, Different Grave* was originally released, so I'm curious about the sudden reissue. It is a pretty decent record, though, and Feral Ward puts out some quality shit (sturdy covers and thick vinyl), so why not? In case you've been asleep for the last fifteen years or so, HARD SKIN is a skinhead Oi! parody band that can rock the genre better than most contemporary bands that play this style and take themselves too seriously. It's satire because the lyrics are slightly tongue-in-cheek, but really this stands on its own because the music is pretty damn good (in a generic street punk sort of way). What gives? Really, you covertly gotta love something to lampoon it well. I mean, the STRAIGHT YOUTH EP was the best straight edge parody record ever made because those dudes all secretly worshipped that stuff. My guess is that these English lads really dig the street punk working-and-drinking sentiments of the likes of COCKNEY REJECTS or the BUSINESS, but they just think knuckleheads comprise the majority of that scene so they're calling out the stupidity. I don't know, just a guess. *Same Meat, Different Grave* is very much worth checking out if you dig good Oi! music, so don't let the fact that it's a spoof stop you from doing so. (BG)
(Feral Ward)

FRANCIS HAROLD AND THE HOLOGRAMS – "Mirror of Fear / Retreat"

Hmm. Seems kinda dirgy. I feel compelled to mention BRAINBOMBS right about now. This has the whole blown-to-shit-recording / cacophonic-howling-in-an-echo-chamber thing going on but without anywhere near the right amount of venom. Consequently FRANCIS HAROLD AND THE HOLOGRAMS end up sounding more forced and sterile than what I remember from their earlier records. Side A goes on for too long and has a bit of a PISSED JEANS-between-LPs-via-the-Northwest sound, while side B picks up the pace a bit and rides on an excellent smarmy riff, stops for a few seconds, then taunts the listener with the exact same thing eight more times without substantial variation. A cool idea that sounds better in theory than in practice, but at least it's not a locked groove in the middle of the record. Whatever, it's on Hozac, you're all gonna buy it anyways. (DG)
(Hozac)

HARRINGTON SAINTS – "Bootstraps / City on Fire"

No-nonsense punk-inspired Oi! from the Bay. Big and ballsy, coming off as a serious HARD SKIN with the energy of early GBH. Tight and tough, with those huge kick-in-teeth choruses that this genre screams for. Seems that the HARRINGTON SAINTS have this Oi! thing in their back pocket. Straight on the money; this rocks. (SD)
(Longshot)

LES HATEPINKS – "Live at the Stork Club" LP

Fuck. I was supposed to be at this show, but I was sick. This just makes missing it even more painful. LesLES HATEPINKS greet the Oakland crowd with "Bon soir, New York." Funny guys. All you really need to know is that they play a good assortment of songs and they play well. The sound is good and recorded well. If you're a fan of lesLES HATEPINKS, you'll want to have this. It's all I've got. Please come back. I won't miss it again, I promise. (KK)
(Under Siege / Spastic Fantastic / No Glory / Crapoulet)

LES HATEPINKS – "Police Sandwich: The Complete Oupupo Archives" LP

I have to hand it to lesLES HATEPINKS. 31 tracks on a single LP is an amazing feat. Some of the songs are 20+ seconds long, but still manage to sound like a complete song. Not many non-hardcore bands attempt that, never mind accomplish it. I am in awe. The songs get increasingly longer as they go along, but they never get over three minutes. The music is bratty punk with high-pitched silly vocals. It is peppy and poppy. They even manage to cover the ROLLING STONES (in 21 seconds) and VOM. As the title implies, *Police Sandwich,: tThe Complete Oupupo Archives* includes all four Oupupo singles. (CK)
(Crapoulet / Spastic Fantastic / Under Siege / No Glory/ Under My Bed)

HELLBASTARD – "Ripper Crust" LP

A limited-to-500 reissue of the UK band's 1986 demo, which is a lo-fi, sloppy blend of metal riffs, lingering thrash-y metal-punk bashing, and perfunctory punk lyrics wrapped up in metal imagery. Cited by Wikipedia as the original source of the term "crust," these tracks owe great debt to AMEBIX and VENOM, but without either band's textured nuances—or rather the weird quirks that made both those bands interesting. And really, the problem here is that while they're "seminal," these eleven tracks are just not particularly that *interesting* to listen to outside of their historical context, landing more assertively on the metal side of the punk-metal fusion and its staid familiarity of style. This familiar predictability in metal is often the core of its strength for its fans, and as part of the zeitgeist of when that style was being defined by HELL BASTARD and their contemporaries like DEVIATED INSTINCT, ANTISECT, BOLT THROWER, etc.,, there's a heap of groundbreaking credit due and understandable cult band fanaticism that warrants the nice "for fans" deluxe packaging here, which includes a foil-stamped cover with splatter vinyl, a large poster, and a large fold- out insert. (KS)
(Agipunk)

HELLO CUCA – "Esplendor en la Arena" CD

HELLO CUCA are two sisters from Spain, Lidia and Mabel (and their drummer Alfonso—who is not a sister!), and this is the discography of their *twelve years* as a band. It's crazy to me that they have been around for so long, but it makes sense because I think I first saw them play when they toured the US around '99. Watching Lidia shred on the guitar was a definite high point, like watching JOAN JETT but filtered through an art-punker filter. Their music is kind of surfy, kind of rootsy, and really punk, too—it reminds me of later DILS and that era X too. They name-check WANDA JACKSON and BIKINI KILL, so somewhere between those you'll find HELLO CUCA! They are just a cool and unique sounding band, a California sound filtered through Spanish punk-girl hands… Lyrics are in Spanish, but they snuck in an English lyrics sheet for monolingual lunks like me. (LG)
(Austrohungaro)

THE HUNCHES – "Home Alone 5" LP

Home Alone 5 is a limited-edition LP released to accompany the HUNCHES' final tour. They broke up, so hopefully you caught them when they were last in your town. *Home Alone 5* consists of four songs done while recording their previous In The Red record *Exit Dreams*. These songs are catchy, garage-ish jams with fervent vocals and soaring guitar parts,—very cool tracks that could have easily been included on *Exit Dreams*. I am glad they have finally been released. The B-side is the HUNCHES Peel Session recorded September 22, 2004, and includes an intro by John Peel himself. There is a picture on the sleeve of the band with Peel, too. The performance is as intense as is expected and includes two of my favorite HUNCHES songs, "Static Disaster" and "Droning Fades On." Plus, the record is on half black, half orange vinyl. Nice touch and great record. (CK)
(In The Red)

HUNX AND HIS PUNX – "Teardrops on My Telephone" EP

HUNX AND HIS PUNX is perfect bedroom dancing music, or the soundtrack to the midnight sleepover where everyone's jumping on the bed and screaming. I really love that both the GRAVY TRAIN boys (Brontez is YOUNGER LOVERS) have done these perfect power-pop records that serve the same purpose but are so completely different from each other. *Teardrops on mMy Telephone* is another seven- inches of bubblegum fun from HUNX AND HIS PUNX. So far, all of his releases have been these super shiny, bouncy, scream-along songs with kind of dirty, really gay lyrics, and this continues the trend. It even contains a, "yr boyfriends gay, girl" song. The complete collision of innocence and sleaze! Another one not to be missed. (MM)
(Shattered)

HYGIENE – "TV Girl" EP7"

Unfortunately, this record has been gone from the shelves for a while, which is a true tragedy, because this recordit i's punk as all hell. The good news is that these Brits will be releasing some new records in the near future, hopefully with equally as hypnotic and raucous tunes as this one features. The record begins with "TV Girl," a sloppy and tweaked-out foray into the world of late- '70s New York punk, but it strays from the conventional with distorted vocals and weird drums. "Organic Shopper" is far more sparser, driven almost completely by bass, drums, and vocals, lending a more post-punk, FALL-esque feel to the end of Side A. All of these styles are combined in the final track, which completes the record in a droning, yet catchy, fuzzy mess. If you find this release, don't hesitate. (DA)
(Dire)

I HATE THIS – "Lost" EP

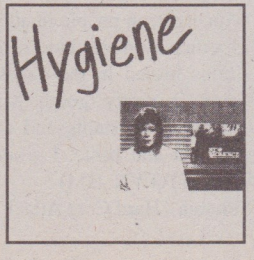
One side of this record plays at 33, the other at 45. Unfortunately they're mislabeled. It's doubly unfortunate since the side that was supposed to be at 45 sounded heavy and awesome on 33, but nowhere near as good on 45. These songs were previously released on split EPs with KILLIN' IT and RAW SEWAGE. Fast hardcore, all the "right" politics, emotion, anger—and I just can't get into it. (XV)
(Sit & Spin / Give Praise)

IMMORAL SQUAD – "Damned" CD

Hard hitting crossover / hardcore from Quebec. Equal parts DRI, GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS (it's the singer, he sounds just fucking like Erba), and modern fast, heavy HC. Shit rips, that's all there is to say really. (WN)
(Choking Hazard)

IN THE HOLLOWS – "Move Away" EP

Can't go without noting that members of CHAMPION,



RUINER, and PULLING TEETH play on this record, and as with most "members of" bands it's not great, but pretty good. I like the aforementioned bands a lot and Baltimore is boomin' right now with viciousness, so hopes were high but not met. The music is not moshy, but instead melodic and melancholic with cheesy lyrics sung by a fitting voice. Overall the sound is non-impressive but good. The opener is the winner here, yet all three tracks tend to blend into the oneness of IN THE HOLLOW's sound. Better than most, but throw another log on the quasi-emotional teenage hardcore fire. Blah. (RM)
(Mightier Than Sword)

INTIFADA – "Sounds So Good" EP

If memory serves correct, INTIFADA has been kicking around Chicago for the last five years and this is only their second EP. They play hardcore punk that is decidedly loose and energetic, and the rudimentary recording does a good job of capturing these traits. And though the music reminds me of other Chicago bands like ESKE and SIN ORDEN, I also detect a late-'80s NYHC feel that reminds me of the way LIFE'S HALT was influenced by youth crew stuff. INTIFADA's songs contain lots of breakdowns and group chants with an ample amount of energy. The vocals alone kinda make the record—perfect, raw screams and shouts. I really appreciate that INTIFADA is playing good hardcore punk, while not falling for any of the current trends. I have to admit that at times the bass is way too loud, and the drumming could use some variation, but those are minor complaints, because the songs rip regardless. (CI)
(Rompe Todo)

JONESTOWN / KOHOUTEK – split EP

JONESTOWN is charging Euro crust with a pretty serious D-beat tendency. The two songs are a touch slow for my taste, and while this fist-full-of-beer, other-fist-in-the-air hardcore with liberal doses of Scandi-leads falls a little short, JONESTOWN delivers the crust with no frills and no errors. Fellow Czech's KOHOUTEK are way more metal. Technical mid-tempo riffs with lots of SEPULTURA-style single-notes and slow, bouncy riffs. I far prefer them fast, but the best accent to the slow parts is the vocals, which keep reminding me of Japan's ASSAULT, even though the musical styles are completely different. Phobia Records from Czech sent us a pile of Eastern European crust and hardcore this month…check the shits out! (WN)
(Phobia / Hard Core Attack)

JONESTOWN / MESSERSCHMITT 109 – split EP

Both these Czech bands play gnarly crust like you'd hear at a week-night show in a European squat with eighteen people in attendance. JONESTOWN is a thrashy mess, kind of blown-out and with the drums buried in the chaos. Overall I'd say they bring it pretty good. MESSERSCHMITT 109 sounds more stable and ordinary in comparison, just fast and basic. I would advise checking out JONESTOWN. (JM)
(Phobia / Hard Core Attack / Jeagerbombers)

JUICE TYME! – "The Dream" EP

Get down! Northern Virginia's JUICE TYME! is *killin' it!* Hardcore powerviolence done the way it was intended: ugly, pissed, and raw. The EP is over before you know it, and the jamz you are able to absorb hammer away while keeping everything nice, fun, and edgy. Sounds like a demolition project soundtrack. Not trailblazers by any stretch, but they certainly bring tha pain! Remind me of the Bay Area's MINDLESS MUTANT project from a couple years back (a very good thing). (RM)
(Forcefield)

KALI – "Non Profit Organization" EP

I'm well into side two before I even start my review, and I'm liking this slab more and more as I move forward. KALI hails from Red Deer, Canada (for those keeping track, that fine city falls about halfway between Innisfail and Blackfalds) and will totally crush you with their manic intense blasts of hardcore. The vocals are the focal point for me; shrill dual screeches that sound more like really fucking anxious teenagers than anything else I can access in my brain, and when put on top of crushingly heavy jackhammer riffs and slow parts that rumble your insides, the shit just fucking slays. Lyrics touch on the typical social ills, and while they are delivered from a rather idealistic viewpoint, they are so fucking pissed that even the old and jaded should take note "Ignorance is not bliss / I won't be a part of this"—seriously…who can't get behind that? I keep listening over and over, I cannot wait to hear more from these dudes. Fans of fucking short and fucking fast hardcore need to get on this shit quick. Other notes: this is a vinyl press of the KALI demo, and the drummer's blasts are no fucking joke. (WN)
(Idoneum Bello)

KILL CONRAD – "Work & Class" EP

Hmm. I'm a bit on the fence about this one. It sounds like a bunch of posi-hardcore kids got together and wrote a bunch of songs with a few different genres involved. Some songs sounding poppier, while others have more of a melodic hardcore approach, and all have youth-crew-style back-ups. The artwork is also kinda funky. It all seems to be original drawings, photos, and handwriting scanned into a computer, then blown up and pixilated beyond readability. I'm all for DIY and such, but it seems like photocopying and enlarging would have produced a better final product. So yeah, remember that time I said I was on the fence about this one? Somewhere during this review I fell off on the "not for me" side. (BD)
(Neutral Territory)

KING FRIDAY / RADON / THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB / VAGINASORE JR. –split EP

This is now Fast Crowd Records' second attempt at the four-band 7" compilation. The format is getting quite popular in the pop- punk crowd lately. This record features one original song each from RADON, THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB, VAGINASORE JR., and KING FRIDAY. And if you like pop-punk, a lot, well then grab your PBR in a beer- can koozie and get ready, you're in for a treat. All four tracks on this one are killer, but with their faults. The RADON song is totally awesome. Musically, it's like a song off of your favorite RADON album, but with totally dorky lyrics. I suggest taking the lyric sheet, crumpling it into a ball, and turning up the stereo to ten. THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB gives us exactly what you'd expect: jangly guitars and upbeat country punk. VAGINASORE JR. plays a good song that's real poppy—almost too poppy, but not quite. It's solid. And last is KING FRIDAY, the only band on the comp I wasn't familiar with before listening to the record, and let me tell ya, it's best song on the 7". Super catchy, distorted, fast—it's all there. I dig it! (FS)
(Fast Crowd)

K-JELL – "Refreshing Power" CD

Now this one has me kinda confused. From what I can tell, K-JELL is from Norway, as is the label, but with some kind of connection to China? [Editor's note: the label is based in both China and Norway] There is a track listing on the back of this minimal CD wallet-style sleeve in both English and, I'm assuming, Chinese (my apologies if I'm wrong, but I'm not sure about this). Regardless of the odd packaging, the music itself is also a little fascinating! It's kind of enjoyable in a guilty way. The first track had a bit of a SWINGIN' UTTERS feel to it, but as I listened to more of this, I was getting more of a VANILLA MUFFINS vibe, hence the "guilty pleasure!" Overall, I'd be interested in hearing more from K-JELL, but preferably on a good ol' slab of vinyl! (ML)
(October Party)

LADIES – "Hole Sailor" EP

Fuck! LADIES come out of the gate screaming!! And LADIES do *not* have any females in their band! LADIES play hard-bitten rock and roll with grand chugging guitar riffs that grab you by the throat immediately! Side A starts with "Dirty Pictures of Your Mother." This fine song has melodic hooks, a catchy rhythm, and a strong punk spirit. This song has the solid rock and roll credentials of a timeless song like "Teenage Depression" by EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS. Song two on side A changes the modus operandi of the LADIES' battle plan. "I'm a Beast" has all the danger and nastiness of the DEVIL DOGS or the MUD CITY MANGLERS. Excellent! Side B continues to pummel you with high quality rock 'n' roll with an evil punk twist. This is very good shit! "Channel 12" and "Hole Sailor" establish the LADIES as an unsavory musical force that must be reckoned with! (BR)
(No Way / Black Lung)

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(No Way)

LAST – "Dead Word" EP

Jesus fuck…*who is this band?* Blistering Japanese HC with the rocking parts I love so much. Riffs are ripping and I'm stoked on this. I've never heard of these guys, but now I need to track everything they have their names attached to. LAST reminds me of CHAINSAW, TETSU ARREY, and MUSTANG, and this 7" contains back-up vocals by members of DISTURD and DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR. (VL)
(Must Play Fast)

LET'S DANCE – "Calling All Cars" EP

I'm about a minute into "Calling All Cars" and starting to think it's an instrumental. Nope. Wow. This is catchy in a sort of anthemic, sing-along kind of way without actually being an anthem. "All the kids just wanna have somethin' to do." I'm 44-years-0old and I still find myself saying "fuck yeah" to lyrics like that. There are three tracks on the B-side and not a loser among them. This very much reminds me of PEGBOY. I'm not saying they're *that* good, but I highly recommend this release. (KK)
(No Front Teeth)

LOGIC PROBLEM – "No Center" EP

LOGIC PROBLEM's second 7" abandons the subtle VA / NC regional stylings of the first, but otherwise picks up where that one left off. This is music for blearily catching the first morning bus out of your shitty town after staying up one too many nights agonizing over your shitty life. LOGIC PROBLEM plays frantic, desperate hardcore that doesn't slow down for a second except to abruptly end a song or the record. This is good, but I have the feeling they've yet to hit their peak. (DG)
(Grave Mistake)

LOSER LIFE – "Friends with a Demon" LP

I've only been half into the other LOSER LIFE records that I've heard, but along with their 7" on Yellow Dog, *Friends Wwith a Demon* is a big improvement. LOSER LIFE doesn't really overhaul their sound or songwriting much, but things just get a bit faster and tighter, and there's sort of a "melodic crust" element on the better songs akin to a band like BREAD AND WATER. The vocals are less prominent in the mix, which gives their bleak sound a faux-transcendent dreamlike quality, like reveling in an escape fantasy that won't come true, but it's a soothing thought in the midst of a shit life. That said, the record's best songs are the first three on the A-side and the first two on the B-side, and after those the quality drops and things start to sound the same. Those five afore-mentioned songs would've made an excellent 7". (DG)
(Life's a Rape)

LOVER! – "Let's Play a Game / Salt Water Surprise"

I've been a big fan of this band ever since their *Booger in My Asshole* record. I'm not sure if it's my imagination or not, but they seem to going in a very pop direction. Before you go jumping to conclusions, I do not at all think that is a bad thing, not for this band. They do it well. Both cuts on this record are very soft and easy to listen to. The B-side has a real '60s folk feel to it. This is not punk, but it's very alternative. And I don't mean alternative in a mainstream way. Highly recommended. (KK)
(Red Lounge)

MAD MINDS – "Can't Take Much More" EP

These Cleveland dudes play fast hardcore with tons of breakdowns that I assume would involve mass numbers of men piling on top of each other with their fists in the air during live sets. Their style is very much in the vein of a lot of current straight edge hardcore, similar to bands like DC's COKE BUST. The topics of their songs cover the same mundane hardcore issues: people and their high horses and negativity in the scene. They switch up the parts of each song in a pretty standard and methodological way and end it all with a LIFE'S BLOOD cover. (DA)
(Leave 'Em)

MAD SPLATTER – "Something in My Room" CD

Horror themed pop-punk from Philadelphia. It's similar to SCREECHING WEASEL, the QUEERS, and especially given the lyrical content, the Canadian band the CREEPS. I guess they're going for a MISFITS kinda thing, but without the perviness. The music is mid-tempo and pretty well played and written, and the singer does a good job… I like it—it has enough of the goods to make it stick out from the crowd. (AD)
(House Fire)

MAGNICIDE – "Rise to the Annihilation" CD

Grindcore from Singapore. Usually that would be enough to put off even the bravest! Burly shit here that doesn't descend too far into a blur of noise. The vocals are pure guttural grind like TERRORIZER, but the music slows down into Japanese hardcore territory at times. They definitely have a Japanese vibe, sounding kinda like grind greats 324. Not 100% my vibe, but the brutal fans out there should dig it up. (TB)
(HG Fact)

THE MAGNIFICENT – "Pay the Crimes" CD

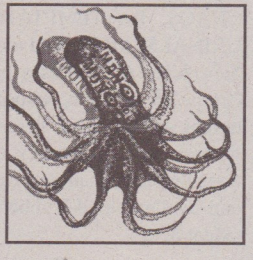
The Boss Tuneage label has been around for nearly 20 years, but I feel like recently Aston's really kicked things up a notch and is going from strength to strength. For proof, check out this new release from Leeds mugs the MAGNIFICENT. We'll ignore the fact that there's already a band from Edinburgh called the MAGNIFICENTS (plural), and just enjoy their brand of rough-edged UK pop punk in the vein of SOUTHPORT or ANNALISE. It seems like the different members trade vocal duties, as the singing can change from one song to the next. Great stuff—can't wait to hear more. (AM)
(Boss Tuneage)

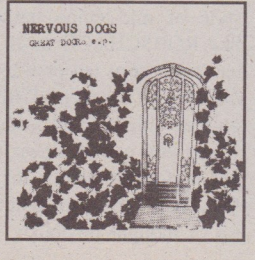
MANIKIN – "Stop the Sirens" LP

This cold, new wave jammer from Austin's MANIKIN, which includes drummer, Alyse Mervosh from the awesome HEX DISPENSERS, is the band's third full-length. It is an ominously, darkly cynical and almost caustic offering. Yet still, it's as accessible an album one can find wading through the other bands that embody the sound of black-dyed, buttoned-up, bleak punk / post punk. Sounds of restraint and a push / pull tease keep the mood of the album tense and repeat-worthy. It's also worth noting that *Stop the Sirens* includes a standout cover of the CURE's "Grinding Halt," but it doesn't stand out on the album per se—it fits into place quite perfectly. This chaotic order that MANIKIN has succeeded to convey is attempted frequently, but hardly ever pulled off as efficiently. (AL)
(Super Secret)

MANO DE MONO – "Human" EP

New wave punk. Think a Spanish cross between the EPOXIES and the MINDS. The music sounds pretty similar to the EPOXIES but the aggressiveness of the vocals evokes the MINDS. Although not quite as good as the aforementioned bands at their best, this isn't bad; it's good. If you're into the EPOXIES, you'll probably dig this. (P$)
(Discos Humentes)





MAYYORS – "Dead" 12"

Giving themselves room to swing hard on the expanded format of a 12", Sacramento's MAYYORS take full advantage of the wide grooves, creating one of the loudest, yet most textured and just fucking killer punk records in recent memory. This coming from someone who never got into the noisier / AmRep end of punk, which is exactly where you can trace the MAYYORS' sound. Four songs that suck the oxygen out of your lungs, and yet you can't help but reach for the volume knob to turn it up louder. Plenty of echo and other mind-bending effects on the vocals, which works perfect against the absolute punishing blizzard of guitar wizardry coming from Sir Chris Woodhouse. This record is *deep*, like the bass and whole rhythm section aren't just rattling windows, but kicking them the fuck out. It's also deep in that each song has so much going on—so many layers, so many sounds, it's fucking buffet. Sit down and gorge yourself. Despite nerdy noodling, this isn't just a Thinking Man's record. Through it all is a square-jawed, basic rock 'n' roll sound. Tortured, battered, and twisted, sure. But it's there. That's the difference between great "weird punk" and just weird noisemaking. Limited, with hand-painted covers. Let the hyperventilating and eBay shitstorm commence. (IS)
(Hurling Man via Mt. St. Mtn)

MEATMEN – "Cover the Earth" CD
MEATMEN – "War of the Superbikes II" CD

I got lotsa respect for Tesco Vee—not only did he do one of *thee* best punk zines ever, he was singing the praises of bands as varied as the FIX and SPK before just about anyone else had heard of 'em. So how come the MEATMEN were / are mainly just mediocre rock? Perhaps Tesco was so far ahead of the good-music curve that he came all the way back around to the lowest common denominator. Or maybe he just likes to rock out (in a Santa costume with a three-foot inflatable plastic cock) every now and then. These two discs offer an extended trip through the id of the Dutch Hercules himself with backing music provided by some proficient hired guns. *Cover the Earth* is the "new" MEATMEN record—one original plus twenty-three covers by the likes of JERRY LEE LEWIS, BLACK RANDY, B.Ö.C., SAXON, CRAWLING CHAOS, the TEMPTATIONS, the FUGS, the URINALS, ABBA, and more—whereas *War of the Superbikes II* features a pair of older full-lengths (from '85 and '96, respectively). Enough bodily humor and negative stereotypes to offend anyone with a shred of decency or good taste, and more naughty slang than you can shake a, er… "veined and swollen blood-bomber" at. (CS)
(Meat King)

MERKIT / RESURRECTIONISTS – split EP

Florida's MERKIT plays a spastic and caustic style of mid-tempo hardcore / punk, sounding like RORSCHACH or BORN AGAINST if they had been born ten or fifteen years later. It makes me think of a heavier DANGERS. The production on their side is excellent, creating a wall of sound where you can still hear each instrument clearly, just perfect production for the sound they're going for. Their lyrics are pointed and political, and a lot of thought obviously went into them. Really, really good shit. The RESURRECTIONISTS hail from Germany and play a more grind- and crust- influenced type of hardcore, with the drums and vocals all the way up front in the mix. Noisy and abrasive, full of stop / start parts and slower, heavy parts in the vein of PARANOIA KEEPS CRAWLING or CATHODE. Fucking rad—this is a really worthwhile split all around. Pick it up! (XV)
(IFB / React With Protest)

MIRRORS – "Something That Would Never Do" LP

You know how the cliché goes: "Not many people saw the VELVET UNDERGROUND, but everyone who did, started a band." Count the MIRRORS among that select few who fit the cliché. The MIRRORS wear the VELVETS' influence well, with some songs tending to the slower, lo-fi, jangly side—more *Loaded*-era VU—and others mining arty, experimental depths. At the same time, early SYD BARRETT-styled prog can be heard creeping through some of the songs. The MIRRORS also nail the basic, essential garage rock pounder. As disparate as all that sounds, the MIRRORS' sound has the singular, syncopated roar of a Ford 355 engine (known as The Cleveland). It's a sound that, at the time, was slowly crawling up through the cracks of music, as heard in such knockouts as SIMPLY SAUCER, TWINKEYZ, or X_X (featuring former MIRRORS members). The MIRRORS were one of the Ohio bands that—like ELECTRIC EELS, STYRENES and ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS—created the embryonic goop that evolved into or influenced some of the best punk bands, ever. This fifteen-song album collects the two MIRRORS songs originally released in 1977 as a 7" on Hearthan Records, in addition to tracks from the incredible *Those Were Different Times* compilation of Cleveland pre-punk, and material from the *Hands in My Pocket* CD. Everything was recorded during the MIRRORS brief apex, 1974-'75. This reissue is a record nerd's record: a beautifully packaged, limited, vinyl-only release. All-around knockout release. (IS)
(Violet Times)

THE MONKS – "Pretty Suzanne / Monk Time"

This is the 1967 "heavy fuzz" version of the non-LP MONKS track (I believe the pre-LP demo version appeared on a *Prae-Kraut Pandemonium* as "Please, Please, Love Me"). Snazzy MONKS photo on a nice cardboard cover gives extra points for this nice little artifact of MONK time. (DD)
(Red Lounge)

MORNE / WARPRAYER – split LP

Holy shit—there are so many "ex-members of…" on this record that I won't even start listing them all. Taking the bands on their merits alone (and assuming that every split record is a battle for supremacy) this is a win for MORNE. Milosz was clearly the brainchild behind FILTH OF MANKIND, because MORNE continue to deliver a similar style of incredibly epic, irresistible crust punk. I can't think of many better recordings to reach for when introducing someone who's not familiar with the genre. Their side features two new tracks and a re-recorded version of "Ignorance Is Bliss" from their 2008 demo. WARPRAYER aren't slouching on their side either, of course. This is some seriously heavy BOLT THROWER / STORMCROW (and really, can you not name those bands in the same breath?) crust shit with some sick Swedish-style leads thrown in. I really like these songs, and I'd buy their next release for sure. All in all, I can't think of a single reason not to buy this record. (AU)
(No Options)

M.O.T.O. – "Single File" 2xLP

Another issue of the M.O.T.O. singles collection. 31 tracks on two LPs in a gatefold sleeve. Goofy pop-punk with oh-so-humorous songs like "Crystallize My Penis," "Skeletons Need Sleep," "Satan Always Calls Collect," and so many more. Cute the first time around. Annoying on subsequent listens. (CK)
(Red Lounge)

MOTOCICLON – "Costras y Tachuelas" LP

Second full-length album by this great Spanish band that mixes punk and metal. Songs are great with real catchy riffs and leads. Quite a few guitar solos but nothing too embarrassing. The lyrics, from what I understand, are written not in Spanish but the slang from their neighborhoods where they grew up. Real cool record. (VL)
(Beat Generation / Rock Is Pain)

MUDLARK – LP + EP

A mix of grindcore and doom. Fast and slow. 12" and 7". Angry and depressed. I really like this but I'm having a tough time coming up with words to describe it. They have a lot in common with the ENDLESS BLOCKADE and the doom parts remind me of GRIEF. The 7" appears to come with the 12", and the tracks on the 7" seem a bit more rawer. I've listened to this so many times and love it but am still at a loss for words. (MH)
(Schizophrenic)

MULETRAIN – "Crashbeat" LP

Spain's MULETRAIN plays a rousing Euro version of that thick, melodic, guttural punk one often finds in the catalogs of No Idea or maybe even Recess Records. A little HOT WATER MUSIC, a little AVAIL, with a nod to the modern, melodic, power-punk of the MARKED MEN, DILLINGER FOUR, etc. Good stuff. For fans of the aforementioned bands. I can't believe I just used that term. You know how those horrible corporate indie cunt labels have taken to putting "FFO," followed by a list of whatever bands are currently hot with the kids on CD jackets and promo sheets, meaning "For Fans Of"? It's gross. That's got nothing to do with this record though, which is great. (AM)
(Beat Generation / Munster)

MYSTERY OF TWO – CD

This Cleveland band plays jangly, dreamy indie rock. At times, the chiming guitars are reminiscent of the WEDDING PRESENT or maybe some of the more twee C86 groups, while the vocals have a TOM VERLAINE (TELEVISION) or JONATHAN RICHMAN drawl. If any of these references are making your mouth water, don't get too excited: song-wise this is fairly bland, and the production

is cleaner than a mouthful of Orbit gum. One song started up sounding rough and lo-fi, but within a few bars the "real" production kicked in. Track five, "Reprise It," sounded good too, with the added sax and trumpet, but then it was over in a minute and a half. On the whole this album is a fairly jaunty and upbeat outing, but lacking the teeth that I look for in my regular listening. (AM)
(Exit Stencil)

NERVOUS DOGS – "Great Doors" EP

I don't know what it is about Florida (Gainesville, in particular) that makes so many of its bands great. I've never been there, but if I were to visit for a drawn-out period of time, I'd want some of it to rub off on me. NERVOUS DOGS are no exception. While many bands of this ilk use a sort of depressive / self-deprecating sentiment to color their songs, these guys seem to keep things more positive and hopeful. I'm looking forward to hear more from this trio in the future. (BD)
(Bakery Outlet)

NEVER HEALED – "Untitled / Untitled"

NEVER HEALED continues their steady approach of spittin' hateful lyrics and crankin' out catchy hooks on this latest Painkiller single. The two tracks, both untitled (yep, *both*), each possess a different flair, giving the record some reasonable balance and variety. The A-side is an expected mid-tempo rocker, not unlike what I've heard (and almost have come to expect) from the band. It carries a simple but workable riff to the limits, being pushed over the top by the over-the-top vocals. For those of you who haven't heard them, think face cancer / throat chainsaw accident…they're fucking awesome. The B-side is the better track. Oakland's pride and joy kick up the speed a bit on our second untitled treat and rip through one to close it out. Not essential but good. Great aesthetic. (RM)
(Painkiller)

NITAD – "Ge Oss Mer" EP

Courtesy of No Way Records comes this reissue of NITAD's *Ge Oss Mer* EP (their second?), originally released by Kranium Records in 2007 in a measly edition of 200 copies. Based on their name, I always figured these guys would play in the classic Swedish HC style, but of course that's not actually the case—it's late-'70s-influenced melodic punk delivered with the aggression of early hardcore, reminding me of fellow Swedes INSTÄNGD or REGULATIONS. While NITAD doesn't quite rise above the pack on this EP—the songs are solid but won't change your life—they've got nice production, cool basslines, and great vocals. Look for the faux-psychedelic artwork. (CS)
(No Way)

BOBBY NOBBIT – "Cage Fight" EP

Toughneck, axe-swingin' shitz that could be *just* untamed enough to appeal to Confederacy of Scum types, especially on "Cage Fight" and "Animal Child." But really, listening more, (and given that, honestly, I haven't listened to a COS record in like ten years), I'd say they're straying more into Big Neck or Black Lung Records territory, if that means anything at all… Buffalo thunder? Crazed, with a seriously meaty rhythm that doesn't just carry the songs, but swings them by the neck. The vocals go from crazed to low and burly. Strong enough to appeal to more manly of the, uh, "garage" punk crowd, but even the wienies among you are treated to a number in "Rocket Hits Plane," with its effects-heavily vocals, keyboards, and stomping firestorm not unlike something RYAN WONG might cook up. (IS)
(Rich Bitch)

NOVEDADES CARMINHA – "Te Vas Con Cualquiera" LP

Wow, the powers that be here at the compound have their ears to the ground. I was just recently going on how much I'm into Spanish punk rock… and here we have a blinder from Madrid. Thanks, guys. This has been on constant repeat, and on each listen I'm reaching for a comparison. It's kinda thudpunk meets power-pop, or mangled Killed By Death. Catchy yet abrasive as is all the best Spanish punk. They definitely have the ESKORBUTO vibe down, but it's a little rawer. The cover is all hand-drawn over a photo and looks super punk… lyrics are all in Spanish which sucks 'cos I can't speak a word. I bet this lot would rule after few cervesas!!! (TB)
(Bowery)

LAS NURSES – "Apples & Hatreds/So Tired"

LAS NURSES perform a spastic, jazzy combination of NOMEANSNO, the MINUTEMEN, and the FALL. A reliance on repetitive rhythm and a dose of math-rock technicality takes the place of songwriting, unfortunately: while the sounds and parts are exciting, there's not much to grab on to, even after repeated listens. (AM)
(Discos Humeantes)

JACK OBLIVIAN – "Sweet Thang / Put Your Love on Me"

Sounds like one-man (and one rhythm box) four-track recordings; a kinda subdued "Rock of the '80s" vibe (with some STEELY DAN thrown in on the A-side) predominates, which may be a conceptual tie-in with the Nagel-esque artwork on the sleeve. Not my cup of poison, but maybe I just don't get it. (DD)
(The Wind)

OBLIVIANS – "Barristers Ninetyfive" LP

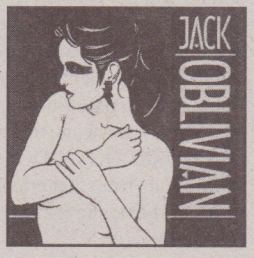
This LP is a mail-order only release of a show at Barristers from '95. Sounds good, definitely. I'm not going to pull out the clichés for the sake of drama; no, I can't close my eyes and feel like I was there at the time. I can only partially imagine the spit, beer, and sweat that were flying through the air, I cannot feel the energy of the room when I put the needle down on the record, but I'm sure it was drunken and heavy. It's a live record and I'm certainly not here to debate the merits of such a release, but I think a lot of people agree that the OBLIVIANS really never missed a beat when they were around. They seemed to be less about schtick and more about business than their peers (if you're in the business of good times). Apparently their shows were no exception. If you're familiar but not a super fan, you might be surprised at how well this actually does hold up as a demented garage piece of history. (AL)
(In the Red)

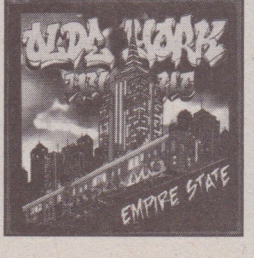
OFF WITH THEIR HEADS – "Live at Atlantic: Vol. 2" 45

I can't believe I missed these guys again last night! Maybe the best band in the country, OFF WITH THEIR HEADS play gritty, upbeat melodic punk with a hoarse, harsh edge. You get two live tracks here—I'm not really into live recordings and I would never think of buying a two-track live record unless I was really rich and wanted to be an OFF WITH THEIR HEADS completist… That said, the sound quality is fine, and the band is brilliant as usual. Fuck, why didn't I just go… (AD)
(Sound Study Recordings)

THE OH SEES – "Sucks Blood" LP

A re-release of, I think, their first LP. (I'm probably wrong—usually am.). Not as full-frontal as their recent long-playing recordings, but still managing to be a five-star platter of vinyl honey. Kicking it in a more laid-back, girl-heavy-on-the-vocals, Phil-Spector-on-the-knobs kinda way, with nimble touches of those famous girl bands of the swinging '60s. Got a nice lo-fi indie feel, with hints of PEARLS BEFORE SWINE and ISOBELL CAMPBELL making this a garage record for the non-garage crowd. Another homegrown winner. (SD)
(Castle Face)





OK? – "Everything Is Going to Be OK?" 45

The A-side of this two-song single is pretty great, in the early '80s anarcho-style—like if CRASS had a good song and only a lady singer. "Earthseed" is up-tempo, bouncy, catchy, and driving, with a great sound. The flip, "Duress," is more mid-tempo and emphasizes the lyrics more than the song, I wouldn't play this side too much. I would buy this for sure for the one great song. (JM)
(Life's a Rape)

OLDE YORK – "Empire State" CD

"OLDE YORK is back, like JUDGE had once said / Stronger than ever, and kicking some heads." I love mid-to-late-'80s metallic NYHC, so this CD has many elements I can totally dig, but the lyrics aren't really one of them. They're not that different from WARZONE lyrics. Actually, they take some lyrics directly from WARZONE ("In our hearts and in our minds"). The singer sounds like Jules Massey (SIDE BY SIDE) and sometimes Raybeez. There are a lot of upbeat parts and more than enough breakdowns; I guess it's pretty solid metallic NYHC. Possibly the coolest part about the record is the guest appearance by Eddie "LEEWAY." Amazing. *Empire State* is a little unimaginative thematically, but I know that's just unrealistic expectations speaking. Recommended to people who want to hear bands play a fusion of UNDERDOG, JUDGE, TOKEN ENTRY, and other bands from that era of NYHC. Personally, I'd rather just listen to the originators. (DB)
(Count Down)

ONE IN THE CHAMBER – "Drugged" LP

A caustic five-track dose of pounded rhythm, behemoth metallic riffage, and scalding vocals, served rough around the edges to create a very dark, sludgy bombardment that, alternates between mid-tempo chugs of thrash, and brutal, grinding stop. Their first LP since forming in 2003, Oakland's ONE IN THE CHAMBER has played relentlessly in the Bay Area, following the lineage of members' previous bands DEATH BY EXCESS and EL DOPA (1332). There's the most similarity to EL DOPA (1332) in Bryan's vocals, and some of the head-crushing riffs, but there's a considerably more bleak tone from this, (if that was somehow possible). From the longer songwriting that seems to brood on moody, slower passages and churning, banged-out instrumental bridges with blunt, to-the-point lyrics barked out about addiction, war, creepy priests, and the torment of addiction. A long-ish sample intro and outro gives this the feel of '90s records, but instead of a revival or tribute, ONE IN THE CHAMBER offer continuation of the Oakland tradition of soundtracking shows at Awesome, run-down, spray-painted warehouses, and community backyard parties filled with punx as your beer warms in your hand, and the waves of bleak, caustic metallic hardcore roll over you. Capturing that mood and feeling makes for a cool debut. (KS)
(Beneath the Gallows)

OUTBREAK – "Work to Death" EP

Fancy colored, one-sided effort by these ex-Bridge Niners. I was surprised by how great this was considering how underwhelmed I've been by the recent crop of Bridge Nine bands. Fast early-'80s hardcore taking cues from the old school of NYHC—CAUSE FOR ALARM, etc., but with some SXE shout-outs and break-downs and totally bratty old school vocals like N.O.T.A. or something. This rips and I'll be tracking down the new LP for sure. (TB)
(Think Fast)

PAINTBOX – "Trip Trance Travelling" CD

After numerous delays due to unforseen events (namely the unfortunate death of the guitarist, Chelsea), the final PAINTBOX recording sees the light of day—and what a tribute it is to the man. I'm impressed by the album and feel that it was well worth the wait, but it's so dense and multi-layered that any attempt to summarize it at this time is a lost cause. There are elements of HC that are in line with the trajectory of the band based on their previous albums—*Singing, Shouting, Crying* and *Earthball Sports Tournament*—but they've also incorporated elements of jazz, blues, progressive rock, and reggae, using harmonicas, chimes, and trumpets and other horns, outside of the standard drums, guitar, and bass. The best description may be the term they use in the inside of the beautiful gatefold cover: Hardcore-Psychedelia. It features sixteen songs, a few of which were previously released and are redone here, and each one is an epic journey. I listened to it three times over the course of a week and feel that I've barely begun to *comprehend* all that's happening. You could take each track and listen to it on repeat for a week and *maybe* begin to understand its mastery. I'm currently at a loss but look forward to reviewing it again in six months for the end-of-the-year selections. R.I.P. Chelsea! Outstanding work! (VL)
(HG Fact)

PAINT IT BLACK – "Amnesia" EP

PAINT IT BLACK have been one of the most hyped hardcore bands of the last half-decade, and I've pretty much avoided them until now for just that reason—I never was really attracted to the whole Bridge Nine / Deathwish bandwagon, and "ex-members of" pedigrees mostly turn me off. So I went into this not really knowing what to expect, other than that it's dudes from KID DYNAMITE and LIFETIME, two bands I never cared for, (send death threats and indignant letters to xYosefx c/o *MRR*). So, with that overly long intro, how is the music? For me, this is a mixed bag. The first song, "Salem," is *really* fucking good, and if the rest of this EP had followed the same formula, I would have been sold. Unfortunately, this goes back and forth between styles. Some songs and parts of songs are slower and heavier with a brooding atmosphere, while others are in a more typical fast-ish modern hardcore sound, the kind of sound that doesn't move me. But in the end, what does this review matter? If you like this band you're already going to buy this, and a review won't make a difference either way. The hype machine rolls on… (XV)
(Bridge Nine)

PARASITES – "Solitary" CD

New PARASITES album? What's going on? Actually, it sounds very good so far. It's fast (faster than I remember them indeed), of course it's ultra catchy and sugary, and the songs are well written. This goes along well with the current crop of good pop-punk bands, who are more than likely influenced by them. I always thought that the PARASITES albums were a bit same-y and they were truly a 7" band, and you could say that about this album I guess, but it's very well played and produced…so it remains to be seen how much I go back for repeated listens. For now, it's certainly got me tapping my feet—thumbs up. (AD)
(Kid Tested)

PINK NOISE – "Alpha" LP

Enjoyed this one quite a bit. Reminds me of that first EAT SKULL LP, in that there's a shit-ton of range and variability between the songs, but this is more new / no wavey. There are some garage-y parts, poppy melodies, and new wave synth parts with unusual key sounds, that run the gamut from bright and poppy to dark and semi-abrasive. For the most part, it's all really good. If you're into the *World's Lousy*, series as well as stuff like CHROME or synth-stoked stuff like DESTRUCTION UNIT or BLACK SUNDAY, then you should enjoy this one. Great stuff. (P$)
(Almost Ready)

THE PLASTIC GANGSTERS – "Plastic Gangster / Retsgnag Citsalp"

PLASTIC GANGSTERS is actually an alias for the almighty 4-SKINS, and this bootleg reproduces a rare Secret Records promo single from 1983. Never issued with a picture sleeve, a few were sent out to the press and radio stations shortly before Secret went belly-up, and the original 7" now trades hands for upwards of $400. Kinda not worth it, if you ask me—"Plastic Gangster" is an uncharacteristic ska-flavored tune that, while decent, is more of a novelty than anything else. The flip is simply the same music, backwards. Well, I guess now you can own the next best thing for a fraction of the cost… (CS)
(bootleg)

POUR HABIT – "Suiticide" CD

From Compton, Cali, these guys sound a lot like the early OFFSPRING. With OFFSPRING not being one of my faves, these guys rock it pretty good in a melodic hardcore / pop-punk way. Uptempo and on Fat, you'll swear that's Dexter singing. Decent. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

PREYING HANDS – "Through the Dark" CD

This starts off strong, with a catchy ripper that is followed by a couple well-executed mid-tempo melodic numbers that set the tone for the rest of the album. As a whole, we have a melodic and intense record that certainly holds up start to finish, showing off some well-written songs with a seamless flow throughout. The music is good, again very melodic but quite awesome with a standout vocalist who was made to be in this band. (I believe it's the woman from BALLAST, as this is three- fifths of that band.). These elements together produce a solid project, executed well, but it does grow a bit tired. I don't dig this sound too much so it's tough to really analyze, but I hear a band that is similar to THIS IS MY FIST and, if they're lucky, probably as much fun to see live. (RM)
(Inimical)

PUNKS NOT DAD – "We Are the Dads" CD

I was ready to slate this… cheeky, chappy punk rock from the UK kinda like SUPERYOB, or fuck, even HARD SKIN, but with a theme of being Dads. Sounds like shit, right? Totally. The problem is, I am a Dad, and while I wanted to be cynical, I really enjoyed this. The music is legit punk party music and the lyrics are funny as shit. Not for everyone I'm sure, but Dads? It can be your guilty pleasure!! (TB)
(Boss Tuneage)

RED MASS—"Little Man" 10"

Upon first listen, the singer's voice reminded me of a mix between the HOLD STEADY and NICK CAVE, which isn't exactly a compliment… The music is non-raw garage rock with sort of a post-punk jerk to it in places. This band features two of the CPC GANGBANGS and is some sort of collaborative affair, with a revolving cast of Montreal garage types. It made me think of the GET HUSTLE somehow, that dark carnival BAD SEEDS / TOM WAITS mythology sound through the garage lens. There's an ELECTRIC EELS cover marred by these terrible belch-sound electronic drum-beats throughout. (LG)
(Red Lounge)

RED TAPE PARADE – "The Floor" EP

This German outfit has been cranking out a few releases over the last couple of years, and while I'm sure are worthy of the hype they're starting to build because the music is competent, the singer has a great voice, and the lyrics are fantastic, I just can't get into the music. It sounds a bit too polished for my tastes. The anti-jock straight edge song "Less Van Damme, More Darby" should get a reward for lyrics of the year or something, but the melodic—almost emo—delivery reminds me too much of the kind of punk I can't stand like GAMEFACE or later-day DAG NASTY (the cover of this EP is a tribute to the *Four on the Floor* album if that says anything), mixed with stuff that came out on Epitaph or Fat in the late '90s. Man, if I were into this type of shit I would absolutely love this band,. and you probably will if you clandestinely listen to this kind of music when nobody's around. If you're a closet Epitaph fan then you should seek this out. I won't tell anyone. Promise. (BG)
(Twisted Chords)

REVERSE DOTTY – "Licorice Whips" CD

I think I've said this in a review already this month, but bands that sound super influenced by SLEATER-KINNEY are a no-go for me. This is that, but then they're also trying to sound dancey and electronic and dramatic. The dude vocals that come in here and there just remind me of how annoyed I'd get at SUGARCUBES records when that fucking guy would start rapping / singing. Inane lyrics, shitty drum machines, not cool violin (which means it's *really* bad), all the dumb parts of new wave, that bad dramatic / triumphant kind of MTV emo singing, shitty guitar solos. It's the sound of weekend warriors having a crazy time on Friday night, going to those wild punk rock shows, but they're only slumming it like that until that get signed to Warner Brothers or some shit. There's one song on here that if I close my eyes and pretend real hard that maybe it's ERASURE, it's kind of OK. Still. Really. No. (MM)
(Spotty)

RIPPERS – "Seeds of the New Dawn" CD

These Spanish rock 'n' rollers have been hitting it for about ten years now, and from what I have heard this seems to be the best release so far. The band plays hard punk 'n' roll in the same vein as NEW BOMB TURKS or early NIRVANA with a nice raspy voice (sung in English) leading the charge. At times I can hear a strong WIPERS "Doom Town" influence in here as well, which makes sense since the aforementioned bands were also influenced by GREG SAGE's brilliance. This is pretty killer and is totally recommended if you can handle heavy rock mixed with your punk. Apparently there are some limited vinyl copies of this floating around as well, so keep your eyes peeled. (BG)
(Rock On Music)

ROCKNROLL ADVENTURE KIDS – "Hillbilly Psychosis" LP

Years in the making, the ROCKNROLL ADVENTURE KIDS finally pulled together an album! And it's a picture-disc, no less. They kick off with a cover of the TAMRONS' "Wild Man," a staple since the very earliest days of the band. Hell, it was on their first 7". This album plays at 45 rpms and, if absolutely nothing else, does a great job of capturing the spazzy, manic, absolutely breathless nature of the ADVENTURE KDIS. I got tired just listening to this, I swear. The band (a three-piece) basically sounds like a blitzed-out one-man band holed up in some cabin on a steady diet of '60s garage, rockabilly, country, and surf music. At times the songs venture towards CRAMPS territory, and other times they're moving in on the LEGENDARY STARDUST COWBOYS's turf and, well, overall, through every song it's really *all* Marcos. Because in the end, this has always been his band. (IS)
(Total Trash)

RUSTED SHUT – "Dead" LP

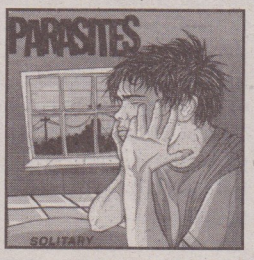
Took me a few spins to wrap my head around this one, the third official release (I think) by this long-running Houston band. Side A features two near-formless, lumbering, ranting dirges, characterized by shards of squealing noise guitar and blown-to-fuck bass. It's a workout—just when you think the assault is showing signs of relenting, they pull you back down in the muck for some more punishment. Things gel more on the B-side, with half a dozen primitive one-or-two-chord bashers, pounded out at a relentless mid-paced tempo. Repetitive, yes, but there are at least some discernable song structures underneath the layers of distortion. Couple tunes even reminded me of the almighty STICKMEN WITH RAYGUNS. Great. (CS)
(Load)

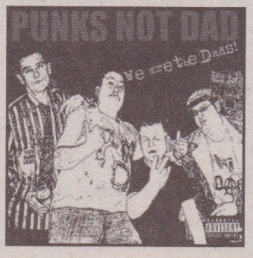
SANCTUM – "On the Horizon" LP

This is the LP of the CD that's been out for half a year now on 20 Buck Spin. These dudes do kick up some serious, severe metal. Imagine black-clad hessians, 30 feet tall with (p)leather, chains, and big-ass boots, lumbering around on pills and swill. They go for a mid-tempo groove, briefly hitting some intense jams, but mostly they're just good at what they do. The production does favor this material, with a lot of low-end and rough, raw guitars. I don't think this record would make a lot of converts to this sound. I guess the lyrics aren't real important, as none are included on a gatefold LP with an insert, and the singer's growls are buried in the mix. This copy is on pretty green vinyl. If you're down, you'll be rewarded, and the cover does indicate what's inside. (JM)
(Agipunk)

SCATHA – "After the Dust Settles" 2xLP

SCATHA hailed from Scotland, was born of two bands (DISAFFECT and SEDITION), and existed from 1995 to 2003. They're undoubtedly one of the best metallic crust bands in the history of the subgenre. This double-LP compiles all of their vinyl releases. *Respect, Protect, Reconnect* has to be one of my favorite crust records of all time. The lyrics, the vocals, the riffs, the drumming are all totally exceptional. And their other releases compiled here are equally ripping, with the second LP having more of an early NEUROSIS (but heavier) vibe to it. Agipunk did an awesome job with the layout (gatefold, booklet with all the lyrics, timeline / bio). This record rules.





Some inspirational crust lyrics: "I won't restrict my life anymore with petty rules and codes / I won't stagnate my thoughts with those familiar dead-end roads." (DB)
(Agipunk)

SECRET ARMY – "Redemption" EP

Thanks to Mike at Longshot I've been catching up on the current crop of street and skin bands and I'm liking what I'm hearing. I don't know if it's my current fascination with all things Spanish, but this Barca band's 7" is fantastic. Really powerful Oi-tinged punk rock. Loud as fuck, catchy choruses galore… I'm reaching for a beer at 10 AM! It kinds sounds like a slower OXYMORON or one of the old crew of German skins. Keep your eyes on the new Longshot releases, they all have fantastic packaging and the records are really fucking good. Love it. (TB)
(Longshot)

TY SEGALL – "Cents" EP

You wanna know what TY SEGALL sounds like? Imagine if I was in a one-man band. This sounds like the polar opposite of that. Girls *love* this guy, probably because he's friendly, handsome, and plays catchy, palatable garage rock. But the reason I'll go see him is because he's got the *man* behind him, backing him up on the bass—my personal favorite session musician, Shayde Sartin, who really saved my ass a few months ago. I guess that's it. (BB)
(Goner)

THE SESS – "Brain Ruster / ABC"

Party time garage done with a healthy wink and a nudge to the heyday of party time garage, 1966. Managing not to fall in the big scary retro trap by staying punk enough to frighten off the mop tops with an added herk and jerk tribal stomp to attract the budget rock hipster elite. Two tracks, two winners and two thumbs up. (SD)
(Slovenly)

SHITTY LIMITS – "Beware The Limits" LP

From the moment these bratty kids from the 'burbs of London played their first show, everyone was talking about them. Always a step behind, everything was sold out when I tried to track their stuff down. Since then I have managed to backtrack and get pretty much everything. Best band in Britain? Sure, and I haven't even seen them live. Sometimes you hear a record and it sounds instantly familiar, yet totally fresh and new, you try and make comparisons then realize it's like all the bands you love….but kinda all together! You know when you were a kid and you'd just sit by the record player holding the sleeve for the entire record? Just did it. The music? Fuck… like a hardcore ART BRUT… the GERMS meets HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE? I dunno, get the fuckin' record. Just get it. It's an LP played at 45. Can you believe I'm going to miss them on their US tour because I'll be at Legoland. Seriously? (TB)
(Sorry State / La Vida Es Un Mus /Boss Tuneage)

SHORT LIVED – " Mindrot" EP

If I didn't know this band was from New Zealand, I'd swear they were from SoCal. This is some intense fastcore shit that occasionally crosses over into powerviolence territory. I'd be shocked if they didn't listen to DESPISE YOU; even the insert is done in a similar handwritten style. Unlike a lot of records, the cover (of "Lights Out") is easily the worst song, though that's mostly because it's really terribly done. That being said, 7/8ths of this 7" is still pretty fucking awesome and I'd happily recommend that fans of the style, especially of newer bands in this scene like IN DISGUST and SFN track this down. (AU)
(Idoneum Bello)

SILENT WAY – "I Wanna Be Your Terrorist" EP

More MINUTEMEN / BIG BOYS worship. Brash, bass-driven punk peppered with crystalline shards of guitar. My biggest complaint about this record is that the vocals are buried deeper than Michael Jackson. If you could actually hear them, this would be really cool. (AM)
(Silent Way)

SIX FINGER SATELLITE – "Half Control" LP

Some SIX FINGER SATELLITE recordings from 2001 see the light of day. I always thought SIX FINGER SATELLITE was some sort of dreamy psych band, but here they sound much different than my preconceived notion. I am amazed that the singer sounds eerily similar to JOHN BRANNON. He has a nice deep voice and screeches so hard it makes my throat hurt. The music is driving, powerful hard rock-ish. Thrashy, wild and a little unhinged. Wow. (CK)
(Load)

SLICES – "Nub City" EP

Five tracks of heavy HC from members of BRAIN HANDLE and WARZONE WOMYN. The songs are great and I am into the riffs. Each is very distinct, memorable... meaning the songs are written well. Has a very minimalist feel to it, like, there's not a lot of guitar-gymnastics, and yet each song feels very full and stands out. At times reminds me of a HC version of DRUNKS WITH GUNS. Looking forward to hearing more. (VL)
(16Oh)

SMART COPS – "Cominciare A Vivere" EP

I always save the best thing in my review pile to do last and this five-track EP easily takes the cake. Assuming that you're not so freakin' lame that you didn't hear their debut EP last year (also on the same fantastic label), you shouldn't need to know anything other than the fact that this slab is a welcomed continuation of that same incredible frantic garage-core done so well the first time around. These guys hit that perfect spot that exists right where punk, hardcore and garage rock meet. At the moment RAW POWER mixed with the REGULATIONS comes to mind as a musical reference. And the dudes dress like cops (Italian style with black berets). What more could you want!? (BG)
(Sorry State)

SNAG – "Back for the Gravy" CD

What the fuck? A goddamn punk rock CD that's actually pretty good, going against the oft-noted tide of CD releases (for whatever reason—I can theorize a few) being musically inferior to records and even (especially, some say) cassettes. At any rate, the SNAG CD at hand's got some rawk touches balanced out by a judicious use of hardcore-ish tempos (and the breakdowns that go with it) and is altogether fine. And few song's break the two-minute mark, always a good sign. Eye yam surprised, pleasantly. I'll bet Bruce would dig this even more. (DD)
(OTF)

THE SORELY TRYING DAYS – "Survival Mode" CD

Many of the records that come in for review have some sort of handwritten or typed out "press blurb" or whatever you call it. Many times the labels try to talk up their releases, which I totally understand; you want to make the bands seem appealing. This one couldn't be less descriptive of the actual music found on this disc. "A rampaging orgy of aggressive '80s hardcore and hook-laden '70s rock, metal and pop" this is not. Nor does it sound like BLACK FLAG, SABBATH, or HÜSKER DÜU. *Maybe* a hint of DINOSAUR JR, here and there, but not enough to make me want to label them as much of an influence. But really, this isn't as bad as I might be making it out to be. This is more accessible to the masses than a lot of other stuff I get for review. I'd give this a middle-of-the-road rating as far as how good it is. (BD)
(Useless World)

SPREAD 'EM – "Pizza Crisis" EP

Fucking hold on, you little punk-rock shits! SPREAD 'EM stirs up a fast punk mess to fuck you up! Side A starts with a manic mid-tempo punk rock number called "Punk Rock Son of Kong." This yields to a furious, crazed song "Too Many Zits." Great! Guitars chug and vocals sneer on "Fuck Megatron." Side B cranks it up really high with "Pizza Crisis." This rock 'n' roll blast crashes into "Institutionalized," and then you will be thrilled by the excellent singing on "Jamie Lee Curtis Fingerbang"! SPREAD 'EM finishes you off with the "Group Hug" chant. The electric guitars soar on this fucker! Order this slice of bad music for bad people! (BR)
(Peterwalkee)

SQUIRTGUN – "Broadcast 02.09.08" CD

A pretty pointless live release. The original lineup of SQUIRTGUN playing a recent benefit show, with one practice under their belt. About as essential as those bad VML live releases. Stick with the better-quality studio releases from these pop punk vets. (RL)
(Kid Tested)

STATE POISON – "Wolf in Sheep's Clothing" EP

Fuck yeah! The new wave of noise-core virus has spread to France. STATE POISON marries the propulsion of GAUZE with the distortion of CONFUSE and comes up with a seriously fucking winning blend. I suppose if I had to gripe I could say that the vocals lack a certain urgency compared to the frantic instrumentation, but it's a minor quibble and the killer reverb kind of makes up for it. Holy

fucking shit, I wish I could have seen this band on their tour of the UK with the WANKYS. What a perfect pairing. These guys are easily my favorite French band since RAPT. (AU)
(sSelf -released)

STREET EATERS / WHITE NIGHT – split EP

Two brand new California bands sharing the record here. This may be the first record STREET EATERS have put out, but it certainly won't be their last. This band has been on a tear over the last year or so, already having a reputation for playing nearly every house show in Oakland. They've now recorded all those tunes and let the various record labels of the country put out the songs. Its good stuff, pretty original—they're a two-piece (bass and drums), and do that back-and-forth male / female vocal thing real well. On this record, they've got one original and one DEVO cover. Good for a taste but I think their best stuff is yet to come. On the other side, WHITE NIGHT hits us with some killer stuff. Real fast and catchy garage punk. The first song has a heavy MARKED MEN influence with kind of a MUFFS vibe (but WHITE NIGHT is all dudes). The second song has a CARRIE NATIONS kind of thing but with way fuzzy guitars and the vocals with that MARKED MEN distortion. All of which was awesome. This split is totally worth checking out. (FS)
(Repulsion)

STUPID IN STEREO – "Day the Earth Stood Stupid" CD

Bad horror punk with a MISFITS-meets-HELLBILLIES feel, not done well. Not really for me. (RL)
(Unrepentant)

STUPIDS – "The Kids Don't Like It" LP

A new STUPIDS album in 2009?! I loved the STUPIDS back in the mid-late-'80s; when so many bands were ultra serious and no fun, they were a breath of fresh air. Like so many I was introduced to them by John Peel, and was blown away by their melodic, spastic take on hardcore. Heavily influenced by American bands and with their tongues firmly in their cheeks they released two of the best British records of that period I think, *Peruvian Vacation* (1985) and *Retard Picnic* (1986). The side-projects FRANKFURTER and especially BAD DRESS SENSE were cool, too. I'm not sure what Marty Tuff has been up to all these years, but the last thing I heard Tommy Stupid was a drum 'n' bass DJ, and now this…and there's not a break-beat to be heard—in fact this pretty much picks up where *Vanstupid* left off. It's upbeat, it's wacky, and where it counts, it's hard and tight as fuck—it's definitely the STUPIDS, all right. They don't appear to have lost a step with age, or their sense of humor. This is great; what a nice surprise. I always liked them better than HERESY. (AD)
(Boss Tuneage)

SUICIDE SYNDICATE – "Dead Generation" 10"

A four-song 10" EP at 45 RPM—it's a short dose of this Swedish band's brand of hard rock 'n' roll DEAD BOYS-by-way-of-later-TSOL. WithSimilar gothy twitches and maybe even some LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH-styled floor-tom-driven drumming and squealing guitar eerie-ness. Searing guitars crank great riffs with sung vocals belting sing-along punk bits. This style never feels right to me without sealing the deal with JOHNNY THUNDERS- ordained self-destruction, and like here, pro-recording and slickness always cuts the edge that a band member is about to OD in the toilet at any minute. But it still flies the flag, and lights it on fire with the torch, so no complaints. (KS)
(Switchlight)

SVINE! – "Vsechno Bylo Receny" CD

SVINE! from the Czech Republic's ten tracks here clock in at a curt fifteen minutes, but blast by in a blur of absolutely ripping hardcore. Taking an upbeat, searing melodic attack with the strained, yet clearly sung vocals, it's reminiscent of the best raging moments of Poland's classic '80s band MOSKWA but cornered with mid-tempo sing-alongs and simple intros. Cored around a sturdy, high-energy snare-drum attack brought to the front by a strong recording, the band's delivery is on-point with some great leads swirling around, but the vocal style, with its uniformity of delivery, precise clarity, and vicious attack, propels this into another level, giving it a classic Eastern European hardcore feel and immediate urgency. Lyrics in Czech with minimal packaging exports little clue to the band's motivations, but their reaction here is A+. *Great!* (KS)
(Papagajuv Hlasatel)

SWORN LIARS – "Vile Device" LP

This isn't terrible but it's also not amazing. Just your run-of-the-mill punk band, that's probably pretty fun to see in your hometown and nowhere else. (MU)
(Big Neck)

TAMARYN – "Weather War" 45

This limited single (250 copies) is just a single song, so thankfully it's a pretty good song. It sounds like a goth band trying to play garage rock. It helps that it was recorded and mastered poorly; the cheap sleeve and lack of money put into the labels on the record itself all help fit the image and sound. The song itself starts slowly and then after building up ends abruptly without going anywhere: a random pleasant surprise. (MU)
(Hell Yes!)

TOMATO STEAL – "'Enter Despairing Party" 10"

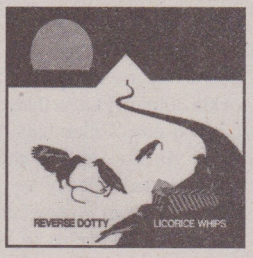
Screamy, technically talented hardcore, that jumps around from HC to grind-style jams to a weird slow-down part that isn't hardcore ska but isn't too far off (total vibe killer) to lounge-core (sorta amazing). Though I might discourage them from their flirtations with ska jams, I'd wholeheartedly encourage them to further mine this hard-lounge-core. There's some jam currency in that. Not for full-fledged weird ska-lounge hardcore fans but for those who dabble in that sort of debauchery. (P$)
(Plans to Make Plans, Inc. / Cosmic Note)

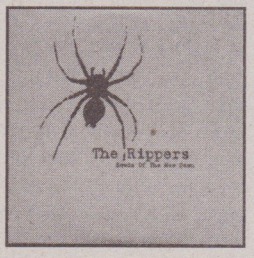
TOMORROW'S HELL – "Kladivo Rasu" EP

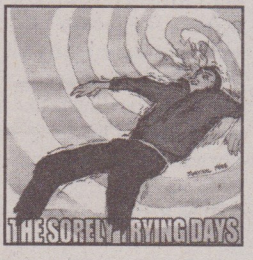
TOMORROW'S HELL is from the Czech Republic and plays pretty straightforward metallic D-beat with melodic leads and blown-out vocals. They have some cool riffs and the production is awesome—really big and full. Not into the dramatic intro with the violin and everything. The needed ingredients are there, but I'm not particularly blown away by the result. (DB)
(Phobia / Hard Core Attack)

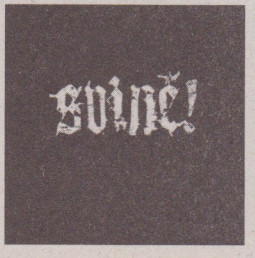
TOP TEN – "Girls Understand / Don't Talk About Us"

TOP TEN is back with a traditional 7" single. "Girls Understand" has got such a late-'70s / early-'80s sound to it that I thought it was a cover. Seriously. A quick internet search revealed that it's an original. Even with the female vocals, I was reminded of the DAMNED, RICHARD HELL, the USERS, and the VALVES. Good shit. In fact, it is the B-side that is a cover (of the SOMELOVES). Don't be fooled by the fake mustaches or the baseball card inserts; these guys are for real(s). This is loud, full, catchy, infectious power-pop-punk-rock. And Ritchie Bucher is one big, giant hunk of man love. TOP TEN in the Top Ten? Oh yeah. (KK)
(Classic Bar Music)









TROUBLEMAKER – "Soul Seller" EP

I had been waiting for this EP to drop for a while; after the demo I was wondering what would happen to these guys. But seven full inches of negative hardcore played with raged-induced breakdowns and spit-in-your-face angst answered all my questions. The best of a good crop of Jersey bands standing tall these days. Pushy, *fuck you fuck me hardcore*. Come back to Cali, TROUBLEMAKER! (RM)
(Neutral Territory)

THE TURN IT OFFS – "Too Much Static" LP

It all makes so much sense now! From the second the needle hit the opening track on this rockin' album, I knew that even though Red Lounge is based out of Germany, this was not a German band… In fact, having never heard of these guys before, I can honestly say that I had a hunch that they were from somewhere around, oh, let's say Tennessee—Memphis to be exact! Thanks to the wonders of MySpace I was able to confirm that, as well as their association with Goner Records and that whole garage scene. The OBLIVIONS instantly came to mind as a comparison as well as the BLACK LIPS and along some local (SF) lines, the ROCKNROLL ADVENTURE KIDS. I'm admittedly not well versed in the "garage" genre, but I am more often then not quite impressed with what I hear! With the upbeat tempos, frantic-sounding guitar and vocals, and even some great organ on a couple of these tracks, this is a great record! You gotta love a 12" record that plays at 45 rpm!! (ML)
(Red Lounge)

TV GHOST – "Cold Fish" CD

Having been in a few myself, I am always curious how bands end up with the sound they achieve. I like to think that in the more interesting bands, there are a bunch of conflicting influences floating around each band member, and when it all gets put together it, comes out as an odd amalgam. Those are the bands you can't easily pin down and they either create something mind-blowing or fall flat, but either way you gotta give them credit for the effort. These are the things I wonder as I listen to TV GHOST. The music is noisy and at moments it seems as it they are simply playing musical scales (or some equivalent). It is kind of building to nowhere. The singer's vocals are buried beneath reverb and he sounds like he is making an effort to push out each line. It is strangely soothing music. My mind wanders for a minute and then the music pulls me back in. (CK)
(In The Red)

BOBBY UBANGI – "Inside The Mind of Bobby Ubangi" LP

Ex-CARBONAS, ex-living human (he recently passed away from the big C, R.I.P.), this record is BOBBY UBANGI's farewell gift to us usually ungrateful shower of the unwashed. Upbeat lo-fi, no-budget new wave, coming off as a cleaner DIGITAL LEATHER with a nice touch of the TV PERSONALITIES, the CLEAN, and the NODZZ. It's got the charm, the hooks, and the memories of another of punk's lost sons. Thanks, BOBBY. (SD)
(Rob's House)

VIVIAN GIRLS – "Moped Girls / Death"

Shoegazey punkish jams heavy on harmonies. Like a more conventional rock 'n' roll DUMDUM GIRLS. Vocals sounded uninspired (even for shoegazey jams) but I enjoyed some of the music; more specifically I enjoyed the bass riff and a few other parts of the A-Side ("Moped Girls"). Not bad, not great, kinda what you'd expect. (P$)
(For Us)

GARY WAR – "Anhedonic" 45

Effects-heavy guitarist GARY WAR's newest single is a one-sided 7" featuring just one song, the norm for Hell Yes!, (though there was a limited version that that wasn't one-sided). The song, patently GARY WAR, is pleasant on the ears, merging his melodies and effects in a talented manner. If you're an obsessed fan, I'm sure you're going to pick this up, but as it's a one-sided, one-song 7", this is obviously not the first place to start with GARY WAR if you're not familiar. Though if you are familiar, the sound on this doesn't differ so much from what you've come to expect from the artist. (AL)
(Hell Yes!)

WAR PIGS – "No Hope, No Faith, No Point" EP

Now, these dudes are a good example of a hardcore band playing something a bit different that actually works and sounds good to my ears. There's even a bit of metal guitar work mixed in here, which I normally freakin' despise, but it's good metal à la BLACK SABBATH, (look at the name of the band, fercrissakes). Mostly the tunes come off as excellent hardcore that strongly reminds me of late '80s underappreciated groups like ABSOLUTION, or Connecticut's AWARE. The lyrics fall along the personal side of things, but the killer track "No Faith" reveals a bitter disgust for religion and society in general. This is pretty impressive. Check it out. (BG)
(Leave 'Em)

WEBELOS – "Megadiez" EP

Oh my god, this rules. This originally came out in 1999, and we have Bowery Records to thank for reissuing it. These two guys and one girl from Madrid know how to write solid punk songs that get a lot out of a little, and are as tough as they are catchy and carefree. The band members are clearly RAMONES devotees, even nabbing a riff here and there, but they also channel the same forces at work on GORILLA ANGREB's *Aborted 2000* 7" and the early, more straightforward TYRADES stuff, or maybe even the SILLA ELECTRICA 7"s for that matter. They have at least one other record that I spotted in the *Maximum* collection; think I'm gonna have a listen. (DG)
(Bowery)

WEEKEND NACHOS – "Unforgivable" LP

Holy shit, this has to be the most negative slab of vinyl up for review this month. This is a fucking black hole of despair and contempt that doesn't allow even a glimmer of hope to escape. WEEKEND NACHOS were a really fun band when I saw them a couple of years back, but all of that fun is gone, replaced with pure malevolence and hate. They still play some fast-as-fuck brutal hardcore, but the slower and heavier shit is more prominent then ever in their sound, like the first two HARM'S WAY EPs or the ENDLESS BLOCKADE, mixed with early BLOOD FOR BLOOD. The lyrics are all about isolation, pain, hatred for this world, broken friendships, abuse, and assault. This isn't even really powerviolence anymore, just some fucking evil hardcore with parts that almost border on sludge. Another classic release from Deep Six. (XV)
(Deep Six)

WHAT IF – "Ivy's Birthday" EP

Aw hell yeah! This shit rules! Six songs of fuzzed-out, drunken DIY pop-punk played at breakneck speed. This is like the GRUMPIES *Who Ate Stinky*? for the next generation, but way more drunk and out of control, in that BLATZ kind of way. I want to write more about this record but it just made my brain melt in the best way possible. Highly recommended! (FS)
(Do Ya Hear We)

WOMAN – "Bang" CD

Eight tracks of unconvincing garage-inspired death-punk. The vocals are too forced, the riffs too predictable, and it's all sounding dated. I'll stick to my BIRTHDAY PARTY, GUN CLUB, and LAUGHING HYENIAS for my fix. (SD)
(Bang!)

WOVEN BONES – "Your Sorcery / Howlin' Woof"

In the '80s I got into RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY. Most people today would probably say "WWho?" In fact, I think they did in the '80s, too. I still have all their '80s albums and singles. Although I don't listen to them that often, when I do, I still enjoy it. I would never have imagined most people today would be interested in that band, but there seems to be a slight resurgence in their oeuvre. First there was NOTHING PEOPLE, now there is WOVEN BONES. This is punchy, new wave-influenced garage rock, with driving drumbeats and reverb-drenched vocals. At the time, RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY was called goth, and lumped in with the post-BAUHAUS bands. But they weren't really, and neither are WOVEN BONES. I think it is the reverb. Two catchy songs on this 7". Cool stuff. (CK)
(Sweet Rot)

X-RAY SPEX – "Peel Session and More" LP

I wouldn't call this essential—it's definitely good, but it's really just an average bootleg-type compilation. It even includes some backing tracks, and really, who gives a shit about X-RAY SPEX sans POLY STYRENE? (MM)
(bootleg)

XYX – "Momento Acido Contemporaneo" EP

This is the second single from now-Austin, TX-based Mexican band XYX. The debut single was one of last year's best, a slippery knot of heart-piercing shambles. Surprisingly, XYX's second attempt is better than the first. It's more controlled, less scattered, and more focused. Admittedly the fractured shards of female vocals and distorted bass were the appeal of the last 7", but this record puts the puzzle together in such a way that the effort is

stronger for it. This new single is a bit more drugged-up and paunchy, and, as already stated, it's a less-shattered, dangling-in-the-air mess. Impressive that XYX may have another of this year's best singles, though they are offering something so different this time around. (AL)
(Skulltones)

LOS YETIS – "Me Siente Loco" EP

Two tracks from Munster's (forthcoming?) double-LP compilation of LOS YETIS, one of Colombia's wildest '60s beat groups, (which also appeared on the LOS YETIS boot that was circulating a few years ago), including the great "Me Siento Loco." Rounded out with covers of "Louie Louie" and "Gloria" that are pretty damn good even if you feel you've heard more than enough versions. (DD)
(Munster)

YUSSUF JERUSALEM – "A Heart Full of Sorrow" LP

When I first put this record on, an avalanche of symphonic black metal filled my headphones and I thought it had been assigned to the wrong person. I persevered and was treated to some ROKY ERICKSON psychedelia, a little garage rock, and some indie rock that recalls Antipodean acts like the CLEAN. This is a rare beast—a truly diverse record. Once I'd got past the first song, I enjoyed everything else. Maybe it's there to scare off those with a more nervous disposition? Or maybe I'm the butt of a joke I don't understand? YUSSUF JERUSALEM would be at home on Siltbreeze Records. File under weird shit. (AM)
(Florida's Dying)

V/A – "Carry the Torch: A Tribute to Kid Dynamite" CD

This CD came with a nifty little promo sheet, including "Marketing / Selling Points," "Target Markets" and other such important information. That says more about the state of the contemporary hardcore scene than I ever could. Anyway, this is every single KID DYNAMITE song ever, re-recorded by "some of the biggest and up and coming names in the punk and hardcore scene" (their words again), including THE ERGS!, BROADWAY CALLS, LEWD ACTS, COMADRE, THE GEEKS, THIS IS HELL, and 33 others. Apparently this is "A must have for any KID DYNAMITE fan." (XV)
(Get Outta Town)

V/A–"No Bullshit Vol. 4" EP

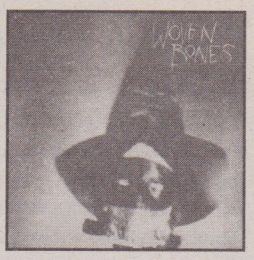
The fourth installment of *No Bullshit* contains early-'80s American influenced hardcore from Holland's CITIZENS PATROL, Italy's ANTI YOU, Canada's BORN BAD, St. Louis' CIVIC PROGESS, Raleigh's LOGIC PROBLEM, England's VIOLENT ARREST, and Spain's INSOMNIO. Side A features CITIZENS PATROL and ANTI YOU and their treble- and snot-infused takes on hardcore, while BORN BAD and CIVIC PROGRESS charge through burly, vicious rants. On the flip LOGIC PROBLEM offers some subtle texture to the mix, VIOLENT ARREST shows off one of their unrefined blasts of spite, and INSOMINO closes it out with some not-so-subtly textured mid-tempo, dark punk. Across the board, the *No Bullshit* compilations have showcased the modern resurgence of the classic, fast hardcore sound, and *Volume Four* continues with that tradition. No surprises—seven solid hardcore tracks. (CI)
(No Way)

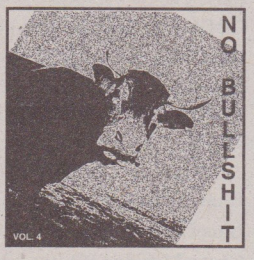
V/A – "SpeedPunkMetalCrust" EP

Four-band 7" comp with two bands from Italy and two from Brazil. I've always loved listening to comps like this, hoping to discover a new band. Who isn't going to want to give at least one listen to a comp named *SpeedPunkMetalCrust*?? I even had two other *MRR* reviewers ask me how it was, I think because of the title and artwork. First up, from Italy, CHILDREN OF TECHNOLOGY. They have a retro-metal sound with a lot of punk and rock 'n' roll influences. Such a simple and strange sound; early CELTIC FROST but with garage punk lyrics. Add a little MOTÖRHEAD and TANK, for 1984 metal with a punk attitude. Next up, from São Paulo, NUCLEAR FROST. They play shorter, less-metal crust punk, but also have a little early thrash and black metal mixed in. A bit raw and lo-fi. Band three was a shocker—another band from Brazil named ARMAGEDOM? Nope, this *is* the early '80s band with a new song. There were a handful of bands around São Paulo in the early to mid '80s who had a crossover sound, such as RATOS DE PORÃO, and sure enough this is hardcore-influenced thrash. Lastly, from Italy, MINKIONS, who play hardcore-influenced speed-metal or crossover. The singer from MINKIONS also plays bass in CHILDREN OF TECHNOLOGY. This release is a must-listen. (MH)
(Agipunk)

V/A – "The World's Lousy With Ideas, Vol. 7" EP

The all-Aussie edition of this comp series popular with the *Termbo* crowd. SUPER WILD HORSES opens with a stripped-down song that consists of little more than two girls singing a handful of words against very bare-bones drums with a stark, overly echoey guitar. They make the VIVIAN GIRLS sound like brawlers. UV RACE follows up, walking firmly in EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING's footsteps with an exceptionally repetitive sound, along the lines of a plucked-naked and distorted JOY DIVISION riff with an appropriately solid, no-frills rhythm and barely any singing until the end. Like I said, the EDDY CURRENT comparison is unavoidable, but not unexpected given how fucking popular they are. STRAIGHT ARROWS mix it up with an almost mind-blowing, fuzzed-out '60s-garage-style killer. Fucking drowning in fuzzzzzzz. Then there's EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING. Undoubtedly they draw most people to this comp. They're the name-band that you know, and the best among the four. And while not their absolute best, they deliver a totally solid, mid-paced song that would've easily fit among the tracks on their last LP. (IS)
(Almost Ready/Aaargh!)





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16oh: www.16oh.com

Aaargh!: www.aaarghrecords.com

Absent: PO Box 7927, Richmond, VA 23223, www.absentrecords.com

Agipunk: c/o Borys Catelani, via a. Da Settimello, 19 50041 Calenzano (FI), ITALY, agipunk.com

Almost Ready: almostreadyrecords@live.com, www.almostreadyrecords.com

Anti Fiesta: www.antifiesta.com

Asian Man: PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, www.asianmanrecords.com

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Bakery Outlet: POB 4054, St. Augustine, FL 32085

Bang!: Posta Kuxta 166, Santurtzi, Basque Country, SPAIN, www.bang-records.net

Beat Generation: www.munster-records.com

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Big Neck: PO Box 8144 Reston, VA 20165, www.bigneckrecords.com

Black Lung: PO Box 7101. Norfolk, VA 23509, www.myspace.com/blacklungrecords2

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Brrapp: www.myspace.com/brrapprecords

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Cut the Reins: www.myspace.com/cutthereins

Daggerman: 25 Elgin Park, Apt 6, San Francisco, CA 94103, www.daggermanrecords.com

Damaged Goods: www.damagedgoods.co.uk

Deathskin Razors: myspace.com/cobracobracobra

Deep Six: PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510, www.deepsixrecords.com

Dire: direrecords@gmail.com

Dirt Cult: 713 Stagecoach Dr., Las Cruces, NM 88011, www.dirtcultrecords.com

Discos Humeantes: www.discoshumeantes.com

Disillusioned: Flat 1 51 St. Johns Avenue, Bridlington, East Yorkshire, YO16 4ND, UNITED KINGDOM, info@disillusionedrecords.com

Disordered: www.myspace.com/disorderedrecords

Distort Reality: PO Box 80338, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.myspace.com/distortrealityrecords

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Hard Core Attack: c/o Mirek Durkiff, Stred CD 11, 02354 Turzovka, SLOVAKIA, metalcrust@pobox.sk

Hell Yes: hellyes@hotmail.it

HG Fact: www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfatc

Holy Smoke: PO Box 40524, San Diego, CA 92164-0524, www.holysmokerecordings.com

House Fire: www.myspace.com/housefirerecords

Hozac: www.hozacrecords.com

Idoneum Bello: www.i-b-rec.blogspot.com

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Kaiser: www.kaiserrecords.com

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La Vida Es Un Mus: www.lavidaesunmus.com

Leave Em: www.myspace.com/leaveemrecords

Let It Burn: Erzgiessereisstrasse 51, 80335 Munich, GERMANY, www.letitburnrecords.com

Life's a Rape: PO Box 278, Carlsbad, CA 92018, lifesarape.blogspot.com colinrrmf@yahoo.com

Lipstick Pickup: www.myspace.com/lipstickpickup

Load: www.loadrecords.com

Longshot: 980 Harrison St., San Francisco, CA, www.longshotmusic.com

Mad at the World: PO Box 230367, New York, NY, 10023, www.matwrecords.com

MCR: www.dance.ne.jp/~MCR

Meat King: Box 26112, Lansing, MI 48909, www.tescovee.com

Meaty Beaty: 980 Harrison St, San Francisco, CA 94107, www.longshotmusic.com

Mightier Than Sword: 102 1/2 Norman Ave. 2nd Fl., Brooklyn, NY 11222, www.mtsrecords.com

Mississippi: 4007 N Mississippi Ave, Portland, OR 97227

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Music for End Times: PO Box 3264, Kingston, NY 12402, deadunicorn@gmail.com

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Muy Authentico: www.myspace.com/totallyofficial

Neutral Territory: 2134 Providence RD, Northbridge, MA 01534, neutralterritoryrecords.com

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No Glory: www.noglory.tk

No Options: PO Box 22285, Oakland, CA, 94623

No Way: www.nowayrecords.com

October Party: www.myspace.cn/octoberparty

OTF: www.otf-records.com

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React With Protest: Vechtetr 09., 33775 Versmold, GERMANY, reactwithrotest.org

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Schizophrenic: 17 West 4th Street, Hamilton, ON, CANADA L9C 3M2, www.schizophrenicrex.net

Shattered: www.myspace.com/shatteredrecords

Silent Way: c/o Robert Drucker, 69 Louis St. Apt 1, New Brunswick, NJ 08901

Sit & Spin: www.myspace.com/sitandspinrecords

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State Poison: 9 Rue Michel Servet, 42000 Saint Etienne, FRANCE, www.statepoison.blogspot.com

Super Secret: www.supersecretrecords.com

Sweet Rot: PO Box 78025, Vancouver, BC, V5N 5W1, CANADA, myspace.com/sweetrotrecords

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Telephone Explosion: www.telephoneexplosion.com

The Little Room: myspace.com/littleroomrecordco

The Radiator Family: 5653 Cornwallis St, Halifax, NS, B3K 1B6, CANADA, www.myspace.com/radiatorcollectiv

The Wind: thewindrecords.wordpress.com

Think Fast: www.thinkfastrecords.com

Tic Tac Totally: PO Box 558383, Chicago, IL 60655-8383, www.tictactotally.com

Total Trash: www.myspace.com/woohoo

TPC: c/o R. Patez, PO Box 40 Litvinov, 436 01 CZECH REPUBLIC

Trenchcore: www.trenchcore.punkgen.sk

Twisted Chords: www.twisted-chords.de

Under My Bed: www.myspace.com/undermybedd

Under Siege: BAT C, 615 Avenue de Vessy, 01210 Ornex, FRANCE, www.undersiege.fr

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Useless World: www.uselessworldrecords.com

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Helen Degenerate, Dan Goetz, Cissie Scurlock, and xYosefx

BAD CHOICE – If even half the demos I review this month are anywhere near this good then I'm in pretty good shape. This is some killer Canadian hardcore with strong influences from the early '80s (UK, Boston, and NYC in roughly equal doses), featuring members of URBAN BLIGHT and other Toronto bands. These guys are going to take the world by storm, get into it now. (xYosefx) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $6 ppd to Manor of the Middle East, 45 Granby St., Toronto, Ontario M5B 1H8, CANADA, badchoicenycto@gmail.com, www.myspace.com/badchoicenycto)

THE BLINDS – Yaya this is good. Uncontrived garage with plodding dunce-like vocals. Rad lyrics that aren't trying to communicate more than they are. Vocals/lyrical style reminiscent of the GERMS, the HIVES, and FLORAL BEEF. Super energetic and simple instrumentation. Greatly appreiciated. (Helen) (13-song CD, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/theblindshc)

BOTOX PARTY – This is anthemic pop punk with vocals in the style of Ben Weasel and music in the style of NOFX. If you still like stuff like that, then you'll love this. (Helen) (6-song CD lyrics included, botoxpartyva@yahoo.com)

DEATHRATS – One of the best hardcore demos I've heard in a long ass time. DEATHRATS plays "dark and heavy" hardcore that is likely influenced by bands such as DROPDEAD, DEATHREAT, TO WHAT END?, and SKITSYSTEM among others. The songs have a lot of great riffs, cool instrument breaks, crucial feedback at exactly the right moments, and vocal phrasing that works really well with the music, all played a bit faster than usual for this style. Christine's livid vocals seriously send chills down my spine, and there's a refreshing earnestness and intelligence to her anger, as she takes on people that project their own misery onto how they treat others, how the male gaze keeps her from developing a positive self-image on her own terms, and how the need for girls to stop hating each other and band together is just as relevant now as it was in the heyday of riot grrl. All of this serves as further proof that girls/women in punk have more reason to be pissed than their male counterparts. Upcoming 7" on To Live A Lie Records, but get this in the meantime. (Dan) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, 1213 Delafield Pl. NW, Washington, DC 20011, deathrats.wordpress.com, deathratsdc@gmail.com)

THE FAST LUCK – Weird hot-guy vocals and normal jud-jud guitars with sparse shwa-na-na to emphasize the emotional charge of said vocals. (Helen) (12-song CD, no lyrics included, www.fishbowlrecordings.info)

FOUR FINGERS – The cover of this demo is *very* '90s straightedge. It sounds like they're trying to combine that sort of thing with generic OP IVY or RANCID stuff, with the end result being riffs that point to the latter in mosh breakdown form, gang vox on some songs, "whoa-oh"s on others. All of the songs except the MISFITS cover start with samples. (Dan) (6-song CD, lyrics included, c/o Tohm Bakelas, 24 Field Lane, Denville, NJ 07834, www.myspace.com/4fingers)

GOVERNMENT FLU – I assumed these guys named themselves after the classic DEAD KENNEDYS song, but apparently not, as they play an entirely different song with the same name. Still despite that little bit of oddness, this tape is great. GOVERNMENT FLU plays fast angry hardcore and this has really solid production for a demo. The music is in a similar vein to LIMPWRIST, furious fastcore with a strong youth crew influence. These are all hand-numbered out of 100, so if you want it, act fast. Oh, they're from Poland, as well, and they have an EP out now on the always-great Refuse Records, so keep your eyes peeled. (xYosefx) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/governmentflufuckyou, governmentflu@gmail.com)

HARLEQUIN KID – This tape opens with a track of fucking heavy and noisy doom with some pronounced drone influences, which I really liked. The next two tracks are rock-influenced pop punk, but still heavy and pretty noisy, a really strange transition to my ears. These are followed by a more experimental rock number with some really beautiful parts and more heaviness, and then the tape ends with what sounds like a manipulated tape of ethereal singing. This is an odd one. (xYosefx) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, $2 ppd from Zacc/BFG, 311 1/2 Edna Ave., Neenah, WI 54956, zbaehman@yahoo.com)

HENTAI LACERATOR – 40 really short hardcore songs whose titles all end with "suck" (ex: first suck, drained suck, curbside cunt suck, rainy day suck, etc etc etc). This concept is sometimes entertaining and always a hyperactive vomitous expression of what may or may not be fucked-up feelings in the mind of the song writer. Reminiscent perhaps of THE LOCUST or some other shock-related post-HC-harsh-noise situation. Part of a scene including REALICIDE—disappointed in the status of status quo punk scene, HC exclusivity. It's nice that they say the name of the songs before they start. (Helen) (40-song CD, no lyrics included, www.outfallchannel.com)

ILEGAL – This recording sounds legitimately ancient. The first time I heard it, I was convinced someone was playing me some obscure demo of an old Italian hardcore band, even though the vocals are in Spanish...I'm forever destined to be an ignorant American. ILEGAL features a Mexican vocalist, American guitarist and bassist, and a Finnish drummer and all four members illegally reside in Montreal, Canada, which is one of the punkest cities in the world as far as I can tell. ILEGAL's sound is raw as hell and is punctuated by roll-filled, manic drumming and a vicious, slashing guitar tone. The vocals are spat out in the classic style of cramming tons of words into each verse. I'm partial to the squealing, off-time guitar solos and the falling apart nature of the music, but I also appreciate that these songs contain plenty of hooks to encourage the abuse of the rewind button on your tape player. (Cissie) (9-song cassette, iq32iq32@yahoo.com)

KAISER WAVE – With a title like "Smash to Fuck the Fucking System" I had some pretty high hopes for this tape. Fortunately I wasn't disappointed. This is some killer powerviolence from Vermont (or as they label themselves, "true northern VT mapleviolence"). KAISER WAVE sounds like a noisier NO COMMENT—fast and heavy and punishing and just plain good. Unfortunately for us all, it looks like they're already done as a band. Shitty. At least you can still get this tape—there's only 100 copies pressed, though, so I'd hurry if I were you. (xYosefx) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/grimeology, grimeology@

gmail.com)

KOMMIE KILPATRICK – This is some snotty, poppy hardcore/punk from Detriot, and it makes me think of CIRCLE JERKS right off the bat—a good sign if their ever was one. Ridiculous yet awesome lyrics, check this one out from "Facepunch," "Gettin' punched in the face / Gettin' punched in the face tonight / Gettin' fucked in the face / Gettin' fucked in the face tonight." Those are the complete lyrics. This is either total genius or a total piss-take, but either way I'm into it. (xYosefx) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd from 5012 Commonwealth, Detroit, MI 48208, www.myspace.com/kommiekilpatrick)

MARY TYLER WHORE – I picked this up because I loved MARGARET THRASHER and DEAR STABBY, so I figured another pun on a pop culture female, albeit totally boring and predictable, might prove at least slightly impressive. That issue may go unresolved. Their sound is as though THE URINALS and PUNKS NOT DAD melded into a totally boring, ignorant, and corny rock 'n' roll band that also manages to get you to tap your stupid toe to the songs and have a contest between yourself and them to see if you can finish typing the review before the song ends. I win. MARY TYLER WHORE loses. (Helen) (20-song CD, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/marytylerwhoretheband)

NO ILLUSIONS – I fell like I hit the demo tape jackpot today. More fast '80s-worshipping hardcore, this time with some strong influences from early harDCore and some post-punk a la GANG OF FOUR and WIRE. New York's legendary HEART ATTACK might be another good reference point. Regardless of all comparisons and name-dropping, this is a fucking great tape. (xYosefx) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/noillusions2008, noillusions2008@gmail.com)

NUCLEAR TOMORROW – Teenage hardcore with a timeless suburban SoCal feel, and they might even have some GORILLA BISCUITS and YOUTH OF TODAY records mixed in with the early-'80s classics that likely comprise the bulk of their record collections. A bit generic, but well done nonetheless, and they don't fuck it up with a shitty guitar tone or too clean of a recording either. (Dan) (11-song CD, lyrics included, nucleartomorrow@gmail.com)

PIGEON RELIGION – If you were one of the small handfuls of people crammed into the Stoar at Gilman to see these guys play, or if you have had a chance to see them live elsewhere, then you are a lucky person. If not, I pity you a little. No need to fear though, as the sonic aspect of their live show has been captured quite well on this 18-minute live tape. These Arizona punks play abrasive noise rock in the AmRep style, like the bastard child of SCRATCH ACID, BIG BLACK, and SAVAGE REPUBLIC. So. Fucking. Good. (xYosefx) (?-song cassette, no lyrics included, pigeonreligion@gmail.com, www.religiousnoise.co.nr)

POSITIVE NOISE – This is the total 2008 output from Michigan youth crew enthusiasts POSITIVE NOISE, featuring the tracks from their *No Hardcore* EP, a split EP with CRUCIAL SECTION, a comp, and an upcoming split tape with SMARTBOMB, DURESS, and SHATTERED BADGE. Fifteen originals and covers from CROSS THE LINE and VILENTLY ILL. If you're into WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, early VITAMIN X, or THE REAL ENEMY, check this shit out. (xYosefx) (17-song cassette, lyrics included, Sock, 3209 Peck St., Muskegon Heights, MI 49444, pullupmysocks@riseup.net, www.otherwisedead.com)

REALICIDE – REALICDE lyrics appear to come from a super dark and eternally dissatisfied place, more angst than I remember anyone ever having, even in high school. Otherworldly rage that is baffling and pretty off-putting. Only the sickest beats by MAVIS, keeping the harshness as harsh as possible, REALICIDE does not rip anything off, as far as I can tell right now. Seeing REALICIDE live is a real fucking treat and I recommend it to anyone who has any sincere interest in anything at all. (Helen) (7-song CD, lyrics included, www.outfallchannel.com)

RESIST CONTROL – I love the rap-rock beat! It's so good and people write it off just because LIMP BIZKIT used it a lot. It's actually a really good tool for building tension in a song. I want to thank RESIST CONTROL personally for realizing that and using it. As for the recording of this demo, it's a little too muffled not to notice. They write songs about the recession and make metaphors about failed activism being akin to broken eggs. Does this mean a broken yolk in a fried egg or a raw egg? I like the fried egg better. (Helen) (12-song CD, lyrics included, Resist Control c/o Perterwalkee, 408 Richmond Ave, Buffalo, NY 14222, www.peterwalkeerecords.com)

REVENGE – This Western Mass band plays moderately slick metalcore with a sort of grind or powerviolence approach to songwriting and abrupt song endings, though the tempo only gets above a mosh pace for the first two songs. The singer's gnarled voice is one of the better things about this demo. (Dan) (8-song CD, lyrics not included, www.myspace.com/revengema, thexstabbing@yahoo.com)

SEA OF SHIT – Stark black and white images of brutal wounds, typewritten lyrics in white on black…must be fast brutal hardcore. It's not straightforward DROPDEAD/CROSSED OUT-style powerviolence like I had thought I might be, but rather crusty hardcore with some seriously dirgy parts that crawl right under your skin. This is pretty damn good, but the tape only plays out of one channel, which sucks hard. They should remaster this and put it out on vinyl. These are hand-numbered out of 100, and mine was #99, so I don't know how many of these are left. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, robertjkomen@yahoo.com, www.myspace.com/seaofshitseaofshit)

SOUNDS OF SWAMI – The vocals harmonies in this band are somewhere between BAD RELIGION and SIMON AND GARFUNKEL. Standard American HC coming from England. (Helen) (6-song CD, no lyrics included, www.myspace.com/soundofswami)

TOM PETERSONS ARME – More lo-fi hardcore punk rock from the Northwest here. I know I can come up with a better description than that, because it's really good stuff, but I think I'm getting demo burnout after sitting here for a few hours. The lyrics show a really passionate hatred for the rich, religion, and politics without falling into bogus lefty ideals—this is just really visceral. These kids are also pretty down for shoplifting and dropping out of school, so they're all right in my book. The demo is hand-numbered out of 50 and comes with a patch, a pin, and an oversized lyric sheet in a silkscreened envelope, Nifty. (xYosefx) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, 1021 N Bryant, Portland, OR 97217)

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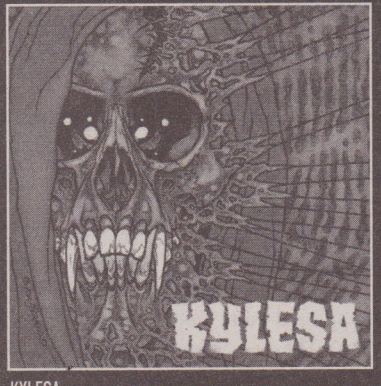

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(DA) Diane Anastasio
(JD) Judy Balmin
(BB) Brace Belden
(JB) Julia Booze
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(BG) Bob Goldie
(CH) Cassie Harwood
(MJ) Meredith Jones
(MM) Marissa Magic
(JM) Jeff Mason
(CR) Casey Ress
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(VX) XYosefX

13 YEARS OF GOODLUCK / $1
5.5 x 7 – printed – 89 pgs
This zine is an excellent medley of stories, drawings, and other writing put out by Microcosm Publishing, down in the most humid place I've ever been to: Bloomington, Indiana. Notable authors in this zine include Cristy Road and Cindy Crabb, as well as excerpts from *How to Make a Zine, Making Stuff and Doing Things, On Subbing,* and *Notes from the Underground*. The appealing thing about this compilation is that there is something for everyone, and if you don't like one excerpt you can read another. I really enjoyed this, and the diversity of the authors and subject matter (everything from making your own compost heap to comics and poems) fit my bathroom ADD reading. (MJ)
Microcosm Publishing / 222 S. Rogers St. Bloomington, IN 47404
www.microcosmpublishing.com

BENEFICI INTERNO #XIV / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs – Spanish
A Spanish zine out of Costa Rica that I can't understand given the language barrier, but it comes with a CD-R with two songs from each band interviewed herein. The songs on here are great, and listen like a comp of lost '90s bands akin to *America In Decline*: bands of somewhat varied punk subgenres whose music isn't breaking any new ground, but play with a determination, heart, and genuine alienation that defies genre confines and that most US bands can't touch. I'm not sure if all the bands are from Costa Rica or nearby, but the majority sings in Spanish. (DG)
Esteben Campos / APDO 4229 -1000 / San Jose, Costa Rica
www.myspace.com/subsuelo
beneficointerno@gmail.com

DISTORT #22 / $?
8.5 x 12 – printed – 14 pgs
This is a cut 'n' paste style hardcore punk zine. It's mostly record and zine reviews. It sets itself apart, because the reviewer has a creative command of language and isn't always completely literal. I laughed when they called the name of the band Vagina Boys "homostupid." They complimented the guitar work of the band No Talk by writing, "The guy really trashes the guitar, I can picture him dropping elbows onto it from his guitar amp." *Distort* also collects photos of homemade punk shirts and has a two-page section of the zine devoted to these photos. Though the zinester is from Australia, they put a section of top-five Ohio punk records in this issue. Go figure. There's also a two-page rambling hate-rant against a Christian band called Dry Rot. That band must have really *fucked up*, because *Distort does not* like them. (JD)
DX / PO Box 239 / North Carlron / VIC / 3054 / Australia
Distorttheworld@gmail.com

DOLL #264 / no price listed
8 x 10 – printed – 124 pgs – Japanese
Yo, the photos look great. This installment features recent Swedish and DC acts, as well as a million Japanese bands. There aren't that many ads, considering the enormous amount of content. It looks like it would cost at least $8 in a store. (JM)
No. 303 Aota Bldg / 3-1-9, Kita, Kohenji / Suginami-KU, Tokyo / Japan

EQUALIZING-X-DISTORT Volume 9, Issue 2 / $?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 16 pgs
Equalizing-X-Distort has been chronicling Stephe Perry's radio show on CIUT in Toronto for nine years now. For the most part the content is culled from the interviews that Stephe or one of his cohorts does on air, which makes for varying quality, but having a physical artifact for a radio show is cool concept nonetheless. The interviews in this issue are with Canada's Bored Stiff, England's Restarts, and Australia's Deathcage. This issue also contains a round up of records released in

2008 and reviews of newer records, CDs, and demos. The pages are rounded out, as usual, with Toronto show listings and a random assortment of flyers. Even though *Equalizing-X-Distort* leaves a bit to be desired aesthetically (pixelation, ugh), I always find something worthwhile in its pages and I'm glad that Stephe keeps pumping 'em out. (CI)
21 Foundry Ave, Unit 5 / Toronto, ON / M6H 4K7, Canada
www.ciut.fm
equalizingxdistort@ciut.fm

FEEDBACK #4 / $2
3 x 5 – copied – 16 pgs
I like comics. I like punk shows. *Feedback* is a comic book about punk shows. It says it's a review zine, but it's kind of more just like, "I was here. I was here." you know? It was mildly entertaining, but for the most part it was just, "We went here, a band played..." I wanted the strips to be longer and say more—they're all four panels and like "*Blah* played at *Blah Blah*, they're a punk band." So yeah. It's alright, it could use some work. (MM)
John Isaacson / 3613 SE 10th Ave / Portland, OR 97202

GIVE ME BACK #5 / $1.50
8.5 x 11 – printed – 64 pgs
The best thing about *Give Me Back* is the sense of punk rock community that emanates from its pages. Maybe you know that this was started as a sort of continuation of *HeartattaCk* zine, and my feeling in general after reading this is that it would be rad if they had started on their own terms without any stylistic reference to any predecessors somehow. There are interviews with Pygmy Lush, Dead Friends, Next Victim, the artist Sean Mahan and Kimya Dawson. The interviews tend to read like conversations between friends rather than rote Q and A seshes, which I liked. To be honest I am not a huge fan of any of the bands interviewed, but I read em all, and enjoyed reading them because of the above fact. There are columnists, and record reviews, and though this is a pretty typical music zine in terms of how it's put together, it's got a lot of personality too. Nearly everyone that has come over picked this up and flicked through it... If you err on the post-*HeartattaCk* side of life you should contribute to this punk. (LG)
PO Box 73691 / Washington, DC 20056

GOOD LIVING ILLUSTRATED #1 / $2
US $3 World, Trades preferred
5.5 x 8 – copied – 16 pages
Can't say I would *recommend* this zine to anyone, per se. It's super random cut 'n' paste collage style. It looks like boredom ipecac-ed all over a copy machine. It seems that someone in suburb-town idly clipped bits out of some newspapers and magazines and pieced it together again with a few mixed thoughts hidden in between in tiny, brief sentences. It's fine. I don't mind being informed about an old man wandering around Redwood City City Hall naked at 3:43 p.m. Or that some dude in Bakersfield took PCP and ate his son's eyeballs. A couple band names peeked out from the garbled everything in these pages at some point. They were Amps For Christ and Man Is The Bastard. I also spied great free jazz composer Anthony Braxton in there, oddly enough. (JD)
D. Bolleri / 1033 Rosewood Ave. / San Carlos, CA 94070

GRIOT #6 / **PUDD'NHEAD** #5 / $2, 3 stamps, or trade, free to prisoners
7 x 8.5 – copied – 44 pgs
Both these titles trade in the punk rock memoir—cute little stories, maybe sad or ironic or trying for all three. *Pudd'nhead* tells the story of the editor's time in his town's only punk band, and how high school graduation ended it. *Griot* talks of being a kid, then being an across-Ohio biking punk rocker, and recounts the dialogue behind the dining room door at his job. Also interviewed is an actual Griot, which is a travelling African poet/musician, but the interview isn't any better than the other stuff. This split ain't terrible, but I didn't find it especially compelling. If you're living through or nostalgic for the scene described in *Pudd'nhead*, you might send for this, as there is plenty to read, particularly on that side. For the quantity of material, the price is fair. (JM)
Griot / B. Deller / PO Box 10563 / Columbus, OH 43201
ieatfood123@hotmail.com

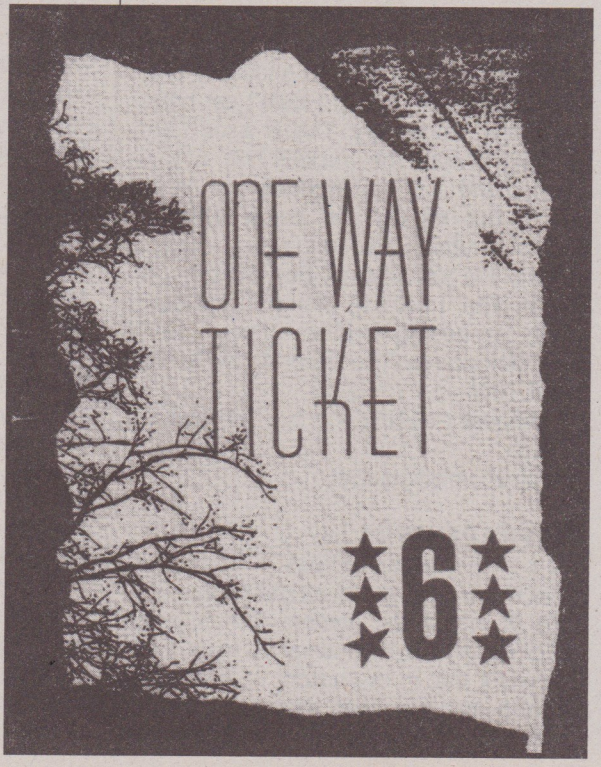
GUTTERSLUG #1 / free or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Messy, confusing, heartfelt, bleak, while also hopeful seeks same out of Queensland, Australia. I think the main aim for this zinester is making connections with people who are on the same wavelength—so, if you are into squatting and causing trouble then you should definitely get in touch. The writing wavers from really sad and painful descriptions of shelter housing, substance abuse, and homelessness, to positive and boisterous calls to action and adventure. Includes shocking and unbelievable newspaper clippings, rants, cool pictures, and a layout that is frenetic and haphazard, sort of how it must be like to hang out with this girl. (JB)
squat.the.world.89@gmail.com

A HOW TO GUIDE ON STARTING A DIY EVENTS CALENDAR (in your town) / free?
4 x 6 – copied – 24 pgs
Pretty self-explanatory. I can totally get it, these days everyone is really lazy about getting people to do things because of the ease of the web. Nobody makes flyers, people rely on their small groups of friends and word-of-mouth and groups stay separate. I'm on the same team. But this zine is so basic and sparse without too much to really say. If you weren't aware of the benefits of having a non-internet source of information, then you might reap some laffs from the how-tos presented here. I appreciated the examples of other calendars, there's some hott artiness coming out of Pittsburgh. But...really? It isn't obvious...? Good effort, anyway. (JB)
doitpgh@gmail.com

THE LAST WORDS OF A FUCKING ASSHOLE #2-4 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
I can't say I enjoyed reading these three issues of *The Last Words of a Fucking Asshole*. To the author's defense, he says that he writes the zine to expel his inner demons, which is a totally understandable reason, but I find no appeal in reading everyday quips, mental illness diaries, childhood reminiscences, etc. Issue two has a weird story about his roommate's drunken assault on another roommate, but it leaves out huge chunks of the story for being too personal. Domestic abuse is a pretty touchy subject, so I don't know why it was brought up without filling in all the gaps. Instead the story is just like, "Whoa dudes. This crazy shit happened at my house," which is kind of unsettling. Other topics in these three issues include walking around town and listening to an iPod, the author's fear of hell, moving to a small town after a lifetime in a big city, an open letter to Chuck Palahniuk, a history of Luther Blissett, and musings on adolescence and mental health issues. Each issue concludes with a list of the author's favorite writers, filmmakers, bands, activites, etc. In general I find personal zines to be self-indulgent and tedious and *The Last Words of a Fucking Asshole* did nada to change my opinion. But then again, I'm just another asshole too. (CI)
declarationofmutiny@hotmail.com

MY TIME ANNIHILATOR / $1 + 2 stamps, or trade
5.5 x 6 – copied – 32 pgs
This project examines science fiction fanzines from the 1930s and '40s, which the author got access to with a found student ID. Being sympathetic to zines overall, I was interested and admiring of the people who reached out to each other in this scene. Some material is reprinted, and the author also comments on what he found in the piles. This is a bit of a short read, but still a treat for zine nerds. (JM)
Chris / 553 Mud Splash Rd. / Glendale, KY 42740
shakes@riseup.net

ONE WAY TICKET #6 / $2ppd
4 x 6 – copied – 52 pgs
The cover of this baby is totally beautiful, cardstock with multiple colors letterpress printed. I was enchanted by it, but a little disappointed once I got a few pages deep. The writing skips around like *crazy*. I can dig the honesty, enthusiasm of a two-week new band challenge, and even the travel musings, but when I got to the letter to Nietzsche, I was having a hard time. If it were more of a first-person explanation of what makes the author tick, I could have dealt with it. But this way it comes off as waaaay pretentious in an otherwise less-than-intellectual gathering of writings. Still, there is a sense of self-effacement that endears the reader to the writer when he admits feeling like a sellout if he buys a train ticket instead of hitchhiking or walking. He goes on a bike trip, and then suddenly he's like, in college, and then in Europe somehow. I like that there are so many different reflections herein, but it makes it choppy and hard to tell what exactly is the grand point of it all. (JB)
One Way Ticket / 5532 Baywood St. / Pittsburgh, PA 15206
onewayticketzine@gmail.com



ONT' ROAD #12 / $?
5.75 x 8 – copied - 40 pgs
This guy gets around, including touring the UK and Ireland with Sotatila and Ruidosa Inmudicia. Only a few photographs appear in what is a typical tour story. The editor also travels to the Caribbean for his mom's wedding, to Fluff Fest '08 in Rokycany, Czech, and to a "stag weekend" in Lisbon, where the carnage inflicted by English dudes on themselves is a little low by the standards of the genre. I liked that the editor isn't shy about labeling bands dull, "going through the motions," etc. This issue is all right, not crucial. (JM)
14 Hessle Mount / Leeds / LS6 1EP / UK
ska1ska@yahoo.com

OUTRAGE #3 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pages – French
This looks like a worthwhile political zine; lots of articles that look like world news and coverage of protests and stuff. But it's in French, so I don't know. (MM)
outrage@riseup.net

THE PERFECT MIX TAPE SEGUE #5/ $1
4.25 x 6.5 – printed – 24 pgs
A zine detailing Microcosm honcho Joel Biel's mysterious chronic sickness, from its puzzling beginnings through to the correct diagnosis, fifteen years later. All the naturopaths, acupuncturists, homeopaths, random friend's advice, and theories are expounded upon, until finally an expat British doctor figures out that he has hypoglycemia. Reading this actually made me nervous that I too suffer from a much less intense version of this; I have low blood pressure and like to eat! I feel like people who have read Biel's zines over the years will dig this, and it will certainly exacerbate any hypochondriac tendencies you may have, but for me it was a brief but only vaguely interesting read. I think it was initially part of an anthology called *Sick,* which I would like to read. (LG)
22 S Rogers St. / Bloomington, IN 47404

PIPEBOMB #41 / 2$
5.5 x 8.5 – copied - 44 pages
Another sex zine. Listen, I was seriously gonna do this review, but Bruce Roehrs came over and guilted me into drinking with him and now I'm on the *coordinator* computer. On the back of this zine, which has comixxx about *sex* but in *Spanish*, I found a sticker, which sez "I Love Buttsex," seriously. Don't you hate it when people dot their lowercase i's with X's???? Fuckin' *you*! This is the only zine to review they gave me this month. You shouldn't order this zine. Order *Distort*. I didn't eat breakfast. Now I'm hungry. This is issue *fourty one*???? What the fuck??????? It's all *comics* and *art*. I'm seriously not in the mood. But it's OK and better than last month's comics and art zine I had to review. I'm jus' kidding. Buy this zine, it's my favorite. I bet $10 *they* edit that out. I guess I'm getting fired now. I read one of the comics twice. The scientists are a good band. (BB)
Stankhouse / 33 NE Cook St. / Portland, OR 97313
zinepipebomb@gmail.com

PLOPPY PANTS #8 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 60 pgs
Here we've got a pretty alright fanzine with tons of interviews, random comics, news articles, reviews, and what is most likely the worst title in the history of zines. This Scottish mag has been around for quite a while and is still going strong with a special "DIY or Fuck Off" issue that includes a free comp CD that features the likes of Alcoholocaust, Active Minds, Ablach, and a slew of other local bands from across the planet. There is also an interview with now-defunct *Reason to Believe* hardcore fanzine, as well as one with Californians Loser Life. This is an all around good fanzine that will hopefully keep going for a while more. (DA)
Roddy Neithercut / Sabhal Mor Ostaig / Sleite / An t-Eilean Sgitheanach / IV44 8RQ / Scotland
dirty_little_punk@hotmail.com

ROCK AND ROEL / 19.95 Euro
6.75 x 9.5 - printed - 122 pages
Roel Smit is a Dutch punk artist who has done artwork for oodles of bands for the last 25 years, including Larm's cow image, Kangaroo Records' logo, work for Seein' Red, Betercore, 97A, Sugarcult, his own band Human Alert, plus some awful work for Epitaph and a "pop merchandising" company called Large (though everyone's got to make a living, I suppose). Whether it's bandana-clad punx having fun in the pit or Cupid shooting a pencil at a Nazi, Smit draws in a humorous, irreverent, sometimes cutesy cartoon style, and this book showcases his various work over the years, with short descriptions of each, and a couple of autobiographical comics thrown in to put everything into context. While his work doesn't have the sort of signature elements that would make it instantly recognizable, his talent is undeniable, and this book now has a home on my shelf. (DG)
www.roelsmit.info

SEVEN INCHES TO FREEDOM #7 / $2 ppd US, $3.50 ppd world
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 36 pgs
Another issue of this absolutely killer Florida zine in my inbox here at MRR, and I'm a happy man. The centerpiece for this issue (at least for me) is an article on Australian powerviolence/punk rock legends Rupture, including a bio, a pretty complete discography (and they were/are a hugely prolific band), and a reprinted interview from 1998—total gold. Also featured is a short piece on another one of my favorite bands, Born Against, plus a few "my first record" stories, a Florida scene report, a piece about punks and communal living. and some record reviews. The writing is solid throughout and the design is just awesome. I have nothing bad to say about this zine. The print run is 250 copies this time instead of the usual 500, so get one quick before they're gone. (XV)
Joe Lachut / PO Box 457 / Ft. Myers, FL 33902-0457
hiszeroisgone@yahoo.com
www.wtfhttapes.com

SIC BOI #3 / $2
5.5 X 8.5 – copied – 18 pages
This zine is done by a prisoner, and even though the content is only so-so, I have to give him credit for doing a zine while incarcerated, and organizing folks on the outside to contribute articles and artwork, type things up (as he lacks a typewriter, which he discusses a bit), and presumably handle distribution. There's an article on the meat and dairy industries, an interview with the Dwarves, a reprinted guide to making a stencil, and the zine's lengthiest piece tells the story of him and various cellmates' continued bullying of a "rat," who asked for protection from guards after the zine's author punched him in the face without physical provocation. He talks more about his experiences as an inmate in earlier issues, which I think would be of more interest to me and more of a unique read than a lot of the standard zine fare that makes up this issue, though I can completely understand his desire to express himself as a whole person and not just a prisoner doing a prisoner zine. (DG)
Randy Johnson F-22545 / PO Box 2500 / Susanville, CA 96127

SMILE, HON, YOU'RE IN BALTIMORE #11 / $3
8.5 x 11.5 – printed – 60 pgs
Undeniably not the typical zine that floats through these halls, and I'm all the more appreciative because of it. In fact, this has been one of the best things I've read in quite some time (outside of last month's issue of *The Match*). How could a zine that essentially has nothing to do with punk rock per se, and especially one that's devoted exclusively to life in the city of Baltimore be so interesting you ask? Well, I don't know what to tell you. If you enjoy good writing from a large selection of people (30 contributors to this issue alone!) who share little moments of everyday life, who offer up reflective vignettes that give color to an otherwise drab urban environment (er...sorry Baltimore), then you will be in for a treat here. In these pages you'll find no dreary and pretentious poetry, no rants on anarchist activism, and no lackluster interview questions with bands you never heard of before (and will break up in a month). Nope. But this is still relevant for *MRR* because the whole mood and attitude is "punk" in a non-mainstream sort of way, and the entire effort is completely DIY. Recommended! (BG)
Eight-Stone Press / PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD / 21212
wpt@eightstonepress.com
www.eightstonepress.com

STUDENT INSURGENT Vol. 20, #2 / $15 sub or free to prisoners
14 x 11.25 – printed – 28 pgs
I wish the school I attended had an activist rag that fiercely advocated for the environment and sustained the fight against capitalist greed and the injustice of the state (enforced heartedly by the fuzz). Eugene has long been one of those cool college towns full of weirdoes, punks, coffee shops, used book stores and hippies, yet some of the surrounding areas have rednecks, loggers, and white power freaks who make that town an oasis of sorts. With two extreme sides so close together clashes of ideals are inevitable. *Student Insurgent* has been at the forefront of the battle for some time now, supporting everything from local efforts to save forests to coverage of other protests and activist movements across the globe. This issue has, among other things, the standard letters from prisoners that are seemingly always found in these types of publications; but it also has unusual entries such as a hilarious *Dear Abby*–type advice column, and even some sexual recommendations (hey, angry dissenters like to get laid once in a while too!). Always fighting the tough fight and always an enjoyable read, this is a journal worth checking out. (BG)
EMU / Suite One / University of Oregon / Eugene, OR/ 97403-1228 sialtmedia@hotmail.com

always, nothing did. This is the difficulty with chronicling and publishing your life—most of the time it's just not very interesting. Alas, the drawings are good and it's got a nice design, but I can't help asking what is the point of such a publication. (CR)
1-42 Namiuchi-cho, Kita-Ku / Nagoya, Aichi / Japan / 462-0041
biguglyrobot@gmail.net

SUN DOGS #7 / $3
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Are all three-panel slice of life comics merely a reincarnation of *Snake Pit*? Maybe not, but it's difficult to escape the comparison. Adam's comic zine showcases his life in Japan, which seems to consist of sitting around with his child, going to school, eating, and taking trips around Japan. It's hard for me to objectively critique a zine like this. Part of me wants to say, "Who gives a rat's ass what you ate for lunch?" while another part of me has to admit that I read every panel. I don't know if it's interesting, but I kept reading. Maybe I was hoping something really cool or terrible was going to happen, but like

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #94 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 40 pgs
This looks like something that woulda been reviewed in *Factsheet 5* in the '90s, a hastily laid out zine about a local community music scene that's perhaps not of much interest to those outside of said musical community. It is one of those zines that has been going forever, and perhaps if you are a longtime reader you appreciate its existence? There's an interview with Cheap Girls, and a *ton* of show reviews, mostly of bands that are more *Pitchfork Media* than *MRR*. There are a few columns, and you do get a sense of the writers and the scene they exist in, which I always appreciate from a local music zine, but to be honest, this was a pretty boring read for me... (LG)
PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65205-1444
ttwn@hotmail.com

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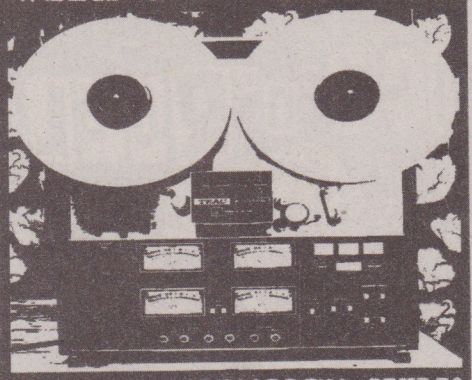

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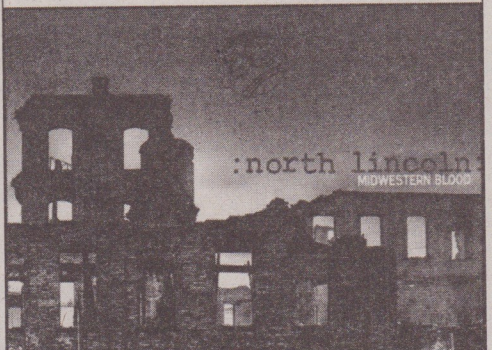

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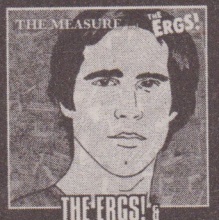

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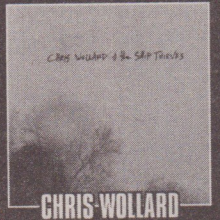

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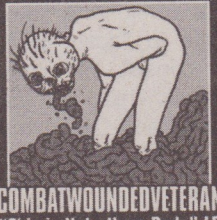

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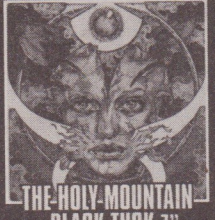

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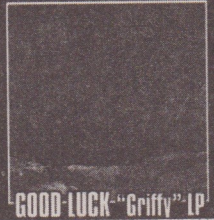

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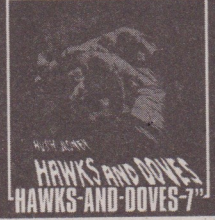

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